

OUR PILGRIMAGE
TO THE
OLD WORLD

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GEORGE H. LUCE



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# OUR PILGRIMAGE.

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A CHRONICLE

— OF —

## A VISIT TO THE OLD WORLD

After a Residence of Thirty-Five Years in the New.

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BY THE LATE

GEORGE H. LUCE,

Of Honolulu.

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## PREFACE.

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THE narrative of "our pilgrimage" needs no paragraph introductory to those readers who have enjoyed the privilege of knowing its writer. Some of them in Honolulu have heard its recital by the dear and honoured friend whose absence they mourn, but whose kind memory requires no cenotaph for its preservation. Its words are an unchanged transcript from the "pilgrim's" journal; but, except to those who remember his reading of it, this printed record will but poorly indicate the poetic ardour, the artist's enthusiasm, and the affectionate loyalty to his native land, which characterized the writer.

In 1885, after an absence of thirty-six years from England, during most of which time he had resided in Honolulu, he realized a long-cherished project by setting out with his wife for a visit to their native country; and this chronicle abounds with expression of the earnest and observant interest in all around him with which he made the journey. He died on February 28, 1888, a little more than two years after his return.

Mr. Luce was a trustee of the Anglican mission in Hawaii, from the time of its formation in 1866, and a member of the Cathedral Building Committee. He held offices of trust under five successive Hawaiian Kings, and in 1885 received the decoration of the Royal order of Kalakaua.

A man of refined literary taste and much reading, his conversation was delightful to those who were privileged by his friendship; his life, quiet and unpretentious, was that of a

Christian gentleman. His high integrity and unselfish kindness of heart made him respected and beloved by those amongst whom he dwelt, native and foreign, and the warm and sunny hospitality of his household will long be remembered by many a visitor to these shores.

HONOLULU, February, 1889.

THE END.

The chronicle closes as it was left by its author. His failing health prevented his completing the record by narrating his return from San Francisco to his home in Honolulu, where he was warmly welcomed, and where his memory will long be dear.

# OUR PILGRIMAGE.

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A CHRONICLE OF A VISIT TO THE OLD WORLD AFTER A  
RESIDENCE OF 35 YEARS IN THE NEW.

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ON a bright sunny first of April—ominous day, as some of our friends thought—we left Honolulu in the good ship “Alameda,” Captain Morse, on our pilgrimage to the dear old land of our birth, after an absence of thirty-six years—more than half the span allotted to man by the psalmist. But we had an object in view, of which I will tell you hereafter, and, in spite of the rending of cherished ties, we went on our way rejoicing.

Many kind friends came to bid us God-speed, and, according to the pleasant custom of this pleasant land, where we had spent so many happy years, garlanded us profusely with *leis* of fragrant “*maile*” and roses, your humble servant being the recipient of a higher honor, of which more when we meet. As we moved off from the wharf, lined with much-loved and well-known faces, the Royal Band played the noble anthem that ever stirs a Britisher’s heart, be he where he may. Much waving of handkerchiefs, I fear a few silent tears, and so past the lighthouse,

out through the well-known channel, into the vast Pacific. Diamond and Koko Heads, with each familiar landmark, were quickly astern ; and as the shades of night were closing round us I must confess that we began to feel we were very lonely, and to wonder at our own temerity in undertaking so long a journey. But we plucked up our spirits, and took comfort in the anticipation of the pleasures we hoped to find at the other end ; nor were we disappointed.

We were not a large party of voyagers, but a very sociable one ; and we shall never forget the kindness we received from Professor W., of Yale, and his most estimable wife, and the pleasant social intercourse never to be forgotten by us that we enjoyed with them. Our genial captain's smiling face was always refreshing to see ; even if the sea was washing in through the side-ports or the crockery fetching way on the dinner table, he managed to make things go smoothly with a pleasant word or joke and put us all in good humour, sometimes no easy matter at sea, especially on this so-called Pacific. What a misnomer 'tis ; what were the early voyagers thinking of ? I know it pretty well from Lat. 59° south to Lat. 59° north, from the American coast to the Asiatic, and more than once have thought it would be better named the Terrific. Ah, well, the sea anywhere is a strange place to go to for pleasure, and few but of the unimaginative Anglo-Saxon race seek it there. We had a stormy passage, with heavy sea and the ship rolling about a good deal. Good Friday and Easter day both passed unnoticed, although we had two ministers of the gospel on board ; but I suppose the troubled waters were too much for them. On the afternoon of the 8th, in the midst of a thunderstorm, we entered the



Golden Gates, through which so many thousands have gone with high hopes and returned with them all blasted, or not at all, others more fortunate finding an El Dorado in this glorious land.

How different the scene that meets you now, to my first experience of it on the 10th of July, 1848, when I arrived there from Sitka all unconscious of the wondrous discovery of gold made accidentally while digging a mill-race but a few weeks previously at Sutter's Fort, on the Sacramento river—a discovery which well-nigh changed the commerce of the world, and gave birth to the magnificent fleet of clipper ships of which the "Sovereign of the Seas," "Typhoon," etc., were the types. In those days a lonely ocean, no pilots, no lights, no buoys, I had almost said no charts—in faith, they were very imperfect, and I know the Farralones (I had been in and out several times before I saw them at all) and Blossom rocks were terrible bugbears to me. Inside the heads a few vessels deserted by all hands, and amongst them one whaling bark with both anchors down but sails loose and unfurled, drifting up and down the bay with the ebb and flow of the tide. About a mile of mud-flats between you and the shore at low water, and when it was high water, one miserable little boarded wharf—Leidesdorff's—about twelve or fifteen feet long, to land at. When on shore a few scattered stores and houses, generally along the beach, with little pretension to streets, one hotel—the "City," I think—and in the Plaza a long, low, dilapidated adobe building that served for Custom House and various other offices. Captain Folsom was military commandant, and Lieutenant Gilbert, who afterward started the *Alta California*, and was

killed in a duel, his second in command—courteous gentlemen, both of them. It was sand, scrub and bushes, with plenty of quail in them, too, almost down to the then water front. Now magnificent and palatial residences, hotels, banks, offices, etc., cover the sand and the mud also, showing the power of gold and the energy of a great people. In the days I speak of the town was deserted, save by a few traders; all were at the mines; and now see the busy corners on Montgomery, Merchant, Kearney and other streets, whose sites then were principally peopled by long-tailed black birds seeking for food in the sand.

But I must pull up, or my memory will run away with me, and tire you with the tale oft told by abler pens than mine. To resume: We drove to the Occidental Hotel, much frequented by islanders, to whom I fancy they pay especial attention; it is certainly a most comfortable hostelry, with excellent table, and all that the most exacting of mortals could desire. I will not enlarge on San Francisco, with its busy marts and streets, nor on the contrast it now presents to the comparative solitude I once knew as Yerba Buena. But in passing I will say it is, I think, the most cosmopolitan city in the world, with about 200,000 inhabitants, from almost every country under the sun, as a ride in any of their most excellent street tram-cars would show you, for a more polyglot set of passengers it is impossible to imagine, and English is certainly not predominant. Should fate ever take you there, mind you go to the Golden Gate part, once a desert of ever-shifting sand hills, now a noble park with drives, groves and conservatories, and beautifully laid out; also, to the Cliff House for a grand view of the noble bay and

ocean, not forgetting the Seal rocks, almost at your feet, with many monstrous denizens—from whom they are named—disporting on them, and myriads of sea birds mixing their plaintive cries and screams with the deep bellowing of the sea lions. You will not forget the scene in a hurry, especially if there be a brisk breeze blowing, and the sea rushing furiously on the rocks. I trust the authorities will interfere to prevent the erection of a bridge from the shore to the rocks,\* as seems to be contemplated, and so the consequent driving away of their present occupants. It would be an awful act of vandalism. We met many of our old island friends, and with the traditional "Aloha" all we Kamaainas have for each other, enjoyed their society very much and received great kindness and assistance at their hands. And be sure we felt it, too, for you must bear in mind our usual lotos-eating sort of existence, and almost ignorance of the manners and customs, as well as the hurry and bustle, of the busy world.

Friday, 10th, at 3 P. M., we left San Francisco by ferry for Oakland, which is a fine flourishing town on the opposite side of the bay, and starting point of the Central Pacific Railway. It has many charming suburban residences, of which some are owned by San Franciscans, the frequent trips of the large steam ferry-boats making it almost a part of that city. Please to forgive me, O ye Oaklanders, jealous for the honor of your pretty town. We took the cars in a depot close to the ferry, in fact built on piles, as is this part of the track. M. did not like it at all, and shut her

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\* NOTE.—This has been prevented.

eyes while passing over it. A couple of miles or more from shore, should they ever give way, oh! Here we begin our long transcontinental journey. Nothing very notable in the country we were rushing through, or the sluggish, muddy River Sacramento along whose banks we sped. But about 5 P. M., at Benecia, something notable to me and characteristic of our energetic kinsmen certainly did occur. Without any fuss or bother, smoothly and quietly, so that you hardly knew it, the whole train with its baggage cars, etc., was put on board a huge steam ferry-boat, and carried across the mighty river to its right bank. On without delay, and at 7 P. M. the lights of the city of Sacramento, capital of the Golden State, were twinkling around us, sparkling in the river, and stretching in long vistas far away. On again, during the night ascending the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. What a pity, and to us a disappointment, to miss the noble scenery of the mountains and the terrific grandeur of the precipice called Cape Horn, round which the track lies. Add to this the stifling atmosphere of the cars while passing through the snow-sheds, kept almost at boiling heat by the colored gentlemen who act as porters and love the warmth, for the air grows keen as we ascend among the snows; then, too, the jarring and shaking of the train, especially to us unused to travel, and you may fancy we did not get much sleep, and hailed with delight the coming day. Beds and their paraphernalia put away, what a glorious freshness to step out on the platform of your car, see the snowy summits of the Sierras behind you, and the turbulent, dashing Truckee river rushing along to the northward almost beside you to its bourne in Paradise lake, and final loss



in the sinks of the Humboldt, in the Great American Desert. We had not seen snow for many years, except at great distances on the Cascade range in Oregon, Mounts Baker and Hood, or our own grand Maunakea or Maunaloa ; and we drank in long draughts of the fresh morning air so invigorating to us after our "stuffy night." Should I ever travel that way again I trust the cars will go through by daylight, as I understand was once the case. Of course being obliged to close all apertures in order to prevent the entrance of smoke and ashes while passing through the long line of snowsheds is one great cause of the discomfort. But why, oh why, heat them up to 212° or thereabouts? The summit of the range is attained at Soda Spring, 6,749 feet above sea level, about 3:30 A. M., but so good has been the engineering, and so gradual the ascent you do not realize that you have passed over a mighty range of hills, or around the terrible precipices of Cape Horn, 2,000 feet deep ; the only thing to be said in favor of the darkness being that you did not *see* your danger. Awful and dangerous as it may seem no accident has ever occurred here, great care being always exercised. Well, down we go, and at 6:30 A. M. stop for breakfast at Reno in Nevada. Here we begin to make our acquaintance with the sage brush of which we are to see so much hereafter in the alkali desert, but the thrifty inhabitants are fast digging it out and planting trees and sowing alfalfa in its place.

We made short stays at several stations, some of which were mere wayside shanties, others more pretentious, with streets, hotels, churches, and post-office—the nucleus of perhaps flourishing towns. We saw bands of Piute

Indians with their squaws and papooses. They were in the early days of Californian emigration the white man's most inveterate, cruel and unrelenting enemy, ever on his track for robbery and murder, now subsisting mostly on his charity and curiosity. The children are carried slung across their mother's back, the poor unfortunate little wretches being swathed up in a sort of box, or bundle, ornamented with bits of gaudy-coloured cloth, looking much like little dirty mummies, and exhibited to the passengers in hopes of a few dimes. The parents, miserable, degraded-looking beings, clad mostly in dirty coloured blankets, an occasional "brave" being painted, and with a bunch of feathers in a dilapidated hat. Oh Uncas, Uncas, thy glory has departed!

We shortly after noon reached Humboldt, where we stopped to lunch, or dine, as you may be pleased to call it. 'Tis quite an oasis of trees and grass in the Great Nevada Desert we have been passing through this morning, and made so by a plentiful supply of water brought at no small labour and expense from, I suppose, the Humboldt river, the "sinks" of which we passed an hour or so ago. Here we got a fairly good meal, with excellent mountain trout, which the Indians are offering for sale at many of the stations.

On yet the iron road wends its way; sometimes it stretches straight as a dart before and behind you into the illimitable, treeless waste; at others, winding in devious track, almost doubling on itself, this being made necessary by the exigencies of the road when some spur of the low, sterile hills by which the desert is bounded comes near to our line of travel. Behind you as you go westward some

snowy peaks are visible, but ahead and around, what a horrid waste! A vast plain, in some places apparently the scene of a late volcanic cataclysm of fire, and with huge rocks and boulders lying scattered about. Then great and seemingly endless stretches of alkali glittering white in the sun. Sage brush everywhere, and little other sign of life except numerous large long-eared rabbits, one wolf louping along, and an occasional bird, probably a hawk, seen at a distance. No water visible except at the sinks of the Humboldt, which look like a long chain of shallow lakes stretching away to the horizon. Here, however, were many water fowl. At 5 P. M. we got to the palisades of the Humboldt river, some relief from the monotony of to-day's travel. At 7 P. M. we stopped at Elko, a town of some size, for another meal. Here are hot springs showing as high as  $185^{\circ}$ , and many Shoshone Indians hanging about the station. Thence on through the night thankful that it hides from us the hideous desert, with the glare, heat and dust of the day.

Next morning, Sunday, 12th, we were in Utah Territory. It was a glorious sunrise, and the country vastly improved in appearance under the laborious care of these most energetic Mormon people who have made the desert blossom like a rose. At 7 A. M. crossed the Bear river, and soon the Wasatch range of snowy mountains came in sight, with occasional glimpses of the Great Salt Lake, the country improving steadily in appearance as we speed along, villages, snug dwellings and farms, with fields divided and fenced, by hedges of peach-trees blazing pink with blossom in the morning sun. In some places so numerous were they that the distant view

seemed all of one ruddy hue. What do they do with all the peaches?

Got to Ogden at 8 A. M. It is a town of some importance on the Weber river, just before its entrance into the Great Salt Lake, and the station where the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads meet. We breakfasted here, and at 8:45 left by the Utah Central Railroad for Salt Lake City, which we were very desirous to see, and also as a pleasant break and rest from the jolting of the cars. We got to the Walker House, a capital hotel, with every modern comfort and convenience, including the electric light, in about a couple of hours, and revelled in the luxury of a bath after our long and dusty ride. This city is beautifully situated on a vast plain discovered by the Mormon pioneers in 1847, then no doubt a howling wilderness, but a magnificent site for a town with the Great Salt Lake. They did not know it was so intensely salt—flashing in the morning sun not many miles away. Here they stayed and commenced to build their Zion and the result is something wondrous, even in the annals of our wondrous race.

After a rest and some letter writing we sallied forth on foot to see the town and the Tabernacle in particular, but had not gone far when a voice said, "How-d'ye-do, Capt'n L.!" I did not recognize the speaker, but M., whose bump of individuality is larger than mine, did so at once as that of young H., a Honolulu boy whom you will remember as living in Nemanu Valley. We were mutually pleased at the rencontre and had a pleasant chat over our sunny isles. He was not a resident, but knew the city well and kindly guided us to the Tabernacle, which, after some



waiting, we entered by a side door. It is a huge building of wood, 250 feet long by 150 feet wide, with semi-circular ends, the ceiling being 70 feet high. A gallery resting on wooden pillars runs around three sides of the building, and will seat nearly 4,000 people. The whole edifice, it is said, will seat more than 13,000. There is a noble organ with orchestra seats, platform, etc., at the west end, where the bishop, elders and church dignitaries sit. Seen from the outside it has an undignified appearance, and seems to be roofed with a huge dish cover, but inside has a certain air of grandeur, especially when filled with a vast assemblage as it was to-day and with the tones of the great organ mingling with the voices of such a concourse of people "singing heartily to the Lord." After the singing of a hymn, and a prayer or two by some of the occupants of the platform, commenced the celebration of the last supper. The sacred elements were represented by several large plated baskets of bread, cut into goodly-sized pieces, and flagons of pure water. These being duly blessed were carried around to the vast assemblage, all of whom, young and old, partook thereof. In the same sitting with us were a family party of three generations, grandmother, father and mother, and daughter, whom I knew at once to be Hawaiians, well dressed and apparently very happy. During a pause in the services I whispered our kindly magic Aloha in the mother's ear. I wish you could have seen the delighted look of surprise upon her honest face. Afterwards we had a long chat about Hawaii nei, and of many old Kamaainas now sleeping with their fathers. They were very happy, they said, and lived at the Hot Springs a few miles off, where I should have liked to go had time

permitted it. Services over, Elder J. I. Carne, delegate to Washington, and just returned from thence, gave an account of his mission. He seemed to think they were very hardly treated by the American government, and were a very ill-used people. He is an eloquent speaker, and said much in defence of the doctrine of polygamy, during his address making one startling proposition, viz., that "prejudice is the child of education!" This he explained by saying that "Gentiles, having been educated in the narrow doctrines of monogamy, were prejudiced against their wider views." Quite right and conclusive from his standpoint. The congregation were a well-dressed, comfortable looking body of people, as indeed are most of the population of this city. And yet there is an indefinable look of care and anxiety on most faces, particularly of the women; but this I think is a trait of most of the Western people, attributable perhaps to climatic influences.

Near by they are now building a very handsome edifice of grey granite to be called the Temple, and to be used exclusively for religious exercises and worship, the Tabernacle being used for meetings, etc., as well. It will be a very imposing structure when finished, with three square towers and spires on each end. In the evening we went to St. Paul's Episcopal Church, where Bishop Tuttle confirmed some eight or ten people.

Next day, having had, as M. says, the first good, comfortable sleep since we left, the sky being grey and cloudy with frequent showers, we got a carriage and went to see the sights of the place. The city lies at "the southwest corner of the foot of a western spur of the Wasatch

Mountains on the east bank of the Jordan, twenty miles southeast of the Great Salt Lake." The streets, running with the four points of the compass, are very broad, with sidewalks of twenty feet. A stream of water, and row of trees, line each side of most of them, the houses being situated twenty or more feet back, with well-kept gardens and orchards front and back. In the suburbs this remark does not always apply. Some of the residences are very handsome, particularly that called the Amelia Palace, which President Brigham Young built for his last and favourite wife; the Lion and Beehive houses, former residences of the president and his family, all adobe structures, and well worthy of a visit, as is also the Eagle Gate, and Zion's Coöperative Store, with its sign of the All-Seeing Eye and "Holiness to the Lord." There are many fine public buildings—as City Hall, Theatre, Assembly Hall, Banks, etc.; in fact, it is a great wonder in a great wilderness. Spite of the rain, we drive up to the Military Station, beautifully situated on a hill at the back of the town. Here are large barracks for both infantry and cavalry, excellent quarters for the officers, and a battery of field pieces commanding the town. The view is magnificent—the city at your feet, with one street, as our driver was pleased to tell us, stretching—hold your breath—thirty miles in a straight line to—I don't know where! Snowy mountains surrounding two-thirds of the landscape, and the Great Salt Lake in the distance in front. I thought I should like to be an officer in the army of the United States, and live here.

Returning, we saw the burial place of Brigham Young and of several of his wives. That of the former is covered

by a vast mass of granite, in one block, and weighing so many tons that I do not see how they could have got it there. But everything seems possible to these people. I do not want to tire you, and yet I must tell you something of the Great Salt Lake. It is a vast body of intensely salt water some seventy miles long by thirty miles wide, with an average depth of seven or eight feet ; there are several large islands in it near the center, but no living things in it except microscopic life. There are several places of bathing resort, much frequented in the summer, and one good thing is that, even if you are not a swimmer, you cannot drown—unless determined to do so—for you cannot sink. There are on the lake a small steamboat and numerous little sailing yachts. The lake was discovered and described by Colonel Frémont in 1843, but I fancy the Mormons were unaware of its existence when it broke on their astonished eyes. We are glad we came to this beautiful city, with its wealth of trees and flowers, and promise of the wealth of fruit to come.

After another good night's rest we left at 7:30 A. M. for Ogden to meet the Eastern-bound express, having telegraphed the day before for "sleepers." Just before we got to Ogden we saw a heavy squall of wind and rain coming from off the lake, and arrived at the depot just in the height of it, to find all the Pullmans full, and no place secured for us spite of my yesterday's telegram. I was an angry man, for I was wet through running about in the miserable uncovered station—and I fear I said so in very unmistakable language. But there was no help for it, and so with a promise of a "sleeper" at Granger we were forced to get into a second-class coach, wet as I was—and,



mind you, we had paid first-class fare—the coach full to overflowing with a rough lot of Mormon men; women and children going—I don't know where. The cars were abominably stuffy and crowded, and I caught a bad cold, being in my wet clothes; but minor troubles were soon forgotten in the magnificent scenery of the Weber Cañon, in the Wasatch range. Here the road winds in and out, as it is forced to do by the formation of the cañon, and you have the Weber river first on one side of you and then the other, crossing it often in your passage through the defile. Grand rocks of reddish-coloured stone are towering above, noticeable among which are the weird forms of the witches, dark, grey masses seeming to confer together; the range called Battlement Rocks, and the towering bluff called Eagles' Nest, where, I am told, the eagles build every year. Further on, the Devil's Slide, a curious, slate-looking formation cropping out of the hill-side and running in two parallel ledges from a height of 800 feet down into a pool of water at the foot. Soon we come to the Thousand-mile tree, a pine with a board on one of its branches, proclaiming the distance to be traveled ere you reach Omaha. We are now about 870 miles from San Francisco, and will soon enter the Echo Cañon, another wondrous valley, in places almost a gorge, with the strangest, wildest forms of rocks and pinnacles on all sides of us, and snowy peaks, grand in their desolation on either hand, at short distances from us.

Speeding along, if I may use the term, for our rate is seldom more than twenty miles an hour, at 4:30 P. M. we arrived at Granger, in Wyoming Territory, and, to our great delight, got a "sleeper," and I was able to change

my clothes. I think our late companions branched off here to the northward. Beautiful scenery all the way with buttes and bluffs, reminding me much of some of the country near Kahuku, but on a vaster scale. Leaving behind us the distant snow-clad peaks, north and south of Uintah, and Wind and River ranges, glittering in the westering sun, we, at 6:30, arrived at and crossed Green river over a trestle bridge of great length. The river was now full to its utmost banks from the melting snows, trees and bushes marking its course as it flows southward to the Colorado. Oh! how the souls of former emigrants, leaving behind the vast, arid, treeless plains that are ahead of us, must have been gladdened on seeing this lovely river. Dined here, and very good the dinner was; I never ate a better beefsteak, and I could not help telling our buxom-looking hostess—evidently our country woman—that I thought so. All the waiters were girls—I did not see a man about the place—and swiftly and deftly they did their work. But it was curious to note how marked was the Celt, Scandinavian, or Anglo-Saxon in each bonnie face. What a treat after the coloured waiter of the great hotel to be attended to by these quiet and unobtrusive damsels! The former is a capital fellow as porter in a railway car or steward of a ship; but save me from him when black-coated and white-neck-tied in a big hotel! In paying my bill I gave our hostess a three-dollar American gold piece; she said she should keep it, as she had never seen one before. Well, on our return to the islands, she showed it to me, but alas, there was a man beside her now! I trust the old serpent has not entered into their Eden. From Echo Cañyon, I suppose, we must say that



we have really begun the ascent of the Rocky Mountains; we have now vast stretches of country ahead and around us, with a good deal of snow on both sides of the track, and the air outside is decidedly cool.

Wednesday, 15th, day breaks on the seemingly boundless prairie, and we are still ascending the mighty range. At 7:20 A. M. breakfast at Laramie—the most important town in the Rockies, with a garrison at Fort Laramie, not far off—girl waiters again, and at 8:40 we are at Sherman, the highest point on the line, being 8,235 feet above sea level, and yet no ascent apparent to us. True, we have been travelling for days at an elevation of from 4,500 feet to 6,000 feet. What a treat it is to get out of the train, with its smell of smoke and heated atmosphere, and have a brisk walk to and fro on the platform of the station, drinking in long draughts of the clear, invigorating mountain air, and feeling the blood quicken in your veins with the exercise! But, mind you, put your overcoat on or you may take cold in the thin, bracing air of these high regions after the heat of the cars. At several of the stations where we have lately stopped for meals were fine trophies, composed of the horns of elk, antelope and deer, showing that game was once plentiful; now I fancy it is scarce. We saw none, and only on one occasion, I think, had venison on the dinner table. No loss—give me beef.

Travelling had been smoother and pleasanter since leaving Ogden, either from a better laid track or from our becoming more used to it. To relieve the monotony of some part of the journey, our porter used to put the table up and we indulged in an occasional game of bezique.

Much interest was taken in it by our fellow-passengers, to whom it was evidently new, euchre being the universal game.

What strange specimens of humanity you meet with here ! But I am pleased to say that we always met with the greatest kindness, consideration and courtesy from "all sorts and conditions of men" that fate threw in our way, perhaps because we were old folks and "pilgrims"—anyhow, the fact remains. The pistol-carrying, hard-drinking, gambling bully we never came across ; I fancy he is of the past. Most of our fellow-travellers seemed honest, self-reliant men, and we never heard an oath, or saw a drunken man in all the West. True, hanging about the platforms at some of the stations, mingling with the Indians, and an occasional soldier or two, may be seen some hard-looking characters ; but that you must expect in all new countries. One little incident, I think, I must tell you. M. got into conversation with a fine, big, honest-looking fellow, who told her he was going East to see his old mother, after twenty-five years of absence. He had left her a mere lad, and gone out into the far West to seek his fortune, and was now going to gladden the old woman's declining years. Fortune had been kind to him, and he had left behind at his comfortable home "the best wife in the world," a fine family of boys and girls, a noble ranch, and vast herds of cattle. M. said : "You must be very thankful for all these good things." "No, marm ; not thankful, but proud !" was the answer. Still M. reiterated her views, and still came the same response—"not thankful, but proud." Who can tell the secret springs of the human heart?

But I must move on, for if I stop too long at this great altitude you will be getting cold. Now we begin to descend rapidly the eastern slope of the mountains, and I cannot help feeling every moment as if I must see the sea ahead : and so we do—not “old ocean,” but a vast, rolling sea of prairie stretching onward before us. At 2:25 P. M. we got a very bad dinner at Sydney, in Nebraska—men waiters. Here again fine trophies of elk, deer, and antelope horns ; but the day has passed when passengers by train used to fire at them and the buffalo as they went along. We saw many burrows of the prairie dog, but, as it had commenced to rain, the little occupants wisely kept in-doors. On our return we saw lots of them. During this day on the vast plains, now covered sparsely with thin grass, which on our return was long and dry, and many path-like locking—I suppose—cattle tracks, we saw several parties of emigrants with their wagons, and in some instances cattle, going west. We stop at several insignificant stations, and there are occasional small farms, each with its windmill for raising water. No doubt this is a fine grazing country, with lots of stock—fat as we came back again ; but oh ! the bleakness and loneliness of such a sea of grass rolling apparently in endless billows. I fear I could not be induced to live here, notwithstanding the frequent assurance that “This is God’s own country, sir,” or “The Almighty’s pasture grounds.” Raining now pretty cheerily, at 8 P. M. crossed the North Platte river—we had now descended more than 5,500 feet—on a long pile bridge. This river, which is shallow, and meanders about the country in a very devious and uncertain sort of way, covering at times large tracts, had an

evil reputation in the old emigrant days on account of the ever-varying and shifting quicksands of its bottom, and was obliged to be forded with great care. Many a team and wagon have come to grief in it. On some fine, bold rocks before we came to this, we saw painted in almost inaccessible places, in huge letters, "Use St. Jacob's Oil!" "Smoke somebody's Cigarettes," "Try so-and-so's Bitters," etc. This vile practice obtains in almost every place where there is anything of the grand or sublime along the whole route. During the night we had a terrific thunder-storm; it was perfectly magnificent to watch the lightning flashing forth and illuminating the vast expanse around us, and then the boom of the thunder in the dense blackness over the apparently boundless space. M. did not like it, but I felt irresistibly attracted to the window by its awful grandeur. It was raining too hard to go on the platform.

"And this in the night"—

"Oh night, and storm, and darkness, ye are

Wondrous strong, yet lonely in your strength"—

• "Not from one lone cloud leaps the live thunder"—

"And the big rain comes dancing to the earth, and now again 'tis black."

The storm continued during the greater part of the night, and morning (Thursday, 16th) broke grey and dispiriting-looking, with a continual drizzling rain. Farms and homesteads are becoming more numerous as we roll along. We have passed several rising towns and stations during the night of which I know naught. At 8 A. M. we got to Omaha, on the Missouri river. This is a city of importance, many lines of railways converging here, and with the mighty river on its front, making it necessarily the focus of much traffic from east to west and *vice versa*.



I do not think I should care to live here if it always looks as it did this morning. However, we had not much time for observation, for in a few minutes we were off again over the huge bridge that carries the Union Pacific Railroad across the turbid stream. This is a wondrous piece of engineering skill, and, previous to its construction, passengers and traffic were carried across in flat-bottomed steamboats, not always safe in the shifting currents and sand-banks of the river. It is an iron bridge, supported on immense hollow iron columns lowered into the bed of the river, and afterwards—solid bottom being obtained by excavating within them—filled with stone and concrete. It is fifty feet above high-water mark, and 2,750 feet long, approached by an embankment at either end. Not many minutes brought us to Council Bluffs, in Iowa, where we changed cars for Chicago via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad. Here let me remark upon the excellent system of checking your heavy baggage right through to your destination, which is adopted upon the American railroads; you need not trouble yourself at all about it, and will find it safely at your journey's end on production of your check. With small hand-luggage carried with you it is another thing, and you will wisely be liberal with your "tip" to the porter of your car, not only to insure attention while travelling, but assistance in removing your small traps when changing from one line to another, railway porters not being so numerous as in England. Civility and attention are, however, the rule everywhere. Council Bluffs, now an important town, with large railway depot, where many lines meet, was not very many years ago the far, far West, and received its name from a great

council of officers of the United States Government and Indian chiefs, held in its neighborhood, to conclude a treaty as to divisions and occupation of land. There is some very fine and striking scenery on either hand after you leave the depot, but the constant down-pour of rain that fell to our lot made the country look wet, muddy, and lugubrious. Spite of the still often-repeated assurance as to the ownership of the country—mentioned before—I could not help thinking it had rather an unfinished look. To-day we had our first experience of a Pullman dining-car, and an excellent institution it is. As good a dinner is served to you, with “every delicacy of the season,” dessert, etc., for the very moderate sum of seventy-five cents—that being the usual price paid at all refreshment places on the route across the continent, from San Francisco to Omaha—as you can obtain in a first-class hotel in any city. Wine or beer is, of course, charged separately.

Many towns and stations passed, we were stopped at 7 P. M. by a telegram saying there had been a landslide in a cutting ahead of us, caused by the constant rain, and that the track was blocked from side to side. The same thing had occurred in the same place—somewhere in the neighborhood of Tama City—a fortnight previously. Fortunately our dinner-car was with us still. Between 9 and 10 o'clock some of the officials proposed that we all should get out and walk a mile and a half or two miles to another train beyond the obstacle, as they could not say when it would be cleared away. What a pleasant prospect in the rain, mud, and darkness of the night! Upon rejection of the proposal, with utter scorn



by some, they told us we might go to bed, which you may depend upon few lost time in doing.

At 4 A. M. on Friday, 17th, the track being pronounced clear, off we went again. Raining yet, and it continued to do so all the livelong day, making the country look water-logged, cold, cheerless and dispiriting. The trees were not yet out in leaf, and M., mindful of our perennial verdure, sorrowfully remarked on the great quantity of dead trees. Remember how long we had been living in eternal summer, and do not laugh! The scenery would have been charming had the weather been fine, for we passed many snug-looking farms and homesteads, steadily improving in looks of finish and comfort as we went eastward. One thing strikes a stranger, and he wonders why they invariably paint the barns and out-houses red, and the dwellings all the colors of the rainbow, with green blinds. In many cases the former look better and more substantially built than the latter, and I must confess astonishment at much untidy farming and the dilapidation of doors, gates, and fences, to be occasionally seen.

Crossing the Cedar, Black, Wapsacumma, and other rivers, we, at 10:45 A. M., came to the father of waters, the mighty Mississippi, whither I suppose they too were all bound, and passed over a magnificent bridge from Sabula into Savanna, in the State of Illinois. This is a wondrous structure of iron—as indeed are many of the bridges in this land of big rivers, lakes and forests; it has a huge swing opening, working smoothly and evenly by hydraulic power, to permit the passage of steamboats, many of which we now see up or down the river. I do not know its length, but, with the approaches on either shore, it is

very great, and the train proceeds over slowly and with much care, for of course the vibration is considerable—especially where the opening, swinging on its axis, occurs. On again at a good speed, past towns and villages, looking wet and desponding, till we got to Elgin, the most important we saw. This is the great watch manufacturing town, and is certainly another wonder. I heard, but do not remember, some statistics as to the number of hands employed, watches made in the year, etc.; but I know they all went a long way up into the thousands, and the place is one forest of tall chimneys, that seemed to me to extend almost for miles. There is now a marked improvement in the houses as we approach the queen city of the lakes, many of the merchants having villas out this way. At 3:30 P. M. we arrive at the Grand Central depot at Chicago, a noble building in which, I think, all of the numerous lines running to this city concentrate. Much apparent bustle and confusion, but, after a while, we get off and go to the Palmer House. This is a splendid hotel, very big and vast, as everything seems to be here—making up 850 beds, with all things on a corresponding scale—the staircase balustrades, stairs, and a balcony, with seats for guests, and overlooking the great central hall of the building, being of white marble. It is said to be fire-proof, and perhaps it is so. But oh, the noise and din by day and night! It is the great center for “drummers,” and as there seems to be a sort of exchange in the hall, is a pandemonium of noise. Glad to get to bed, with a good, open fire in our room, and, after a much disturbed night, got up on Saturday, the 18th, to find it ‘dark, cloudy and raining still. This vast city, although its creation since

the great fire is almost a miracle, failed to impress us favorably. It looked wet and dirty, streets being badly kept, and yet it is a wonder. There are many noble streets and buildings, but in the immediate vicinity of some of them, too visible from our room, the eye is offended by miserable shanties of wood, covered with gaudy signs of various kinds, and heaps of dirt and refuse in the public ways. I am told that some of the parks and suburbs are very beautiful, but the weather precludes the opportunity of seeing them, as well as want of time; however, we took a hack and saw all we could. The place is, I am told, exceptionally wet, caused no doubt by the situation on the great lake; but it is unrivalled, for the same reason, in its facilities for commerce. At 4:15 P. M. we left Chicago by the Michigan Central Railroad, skirting along the southern end of the great lake of the same name. It was blowing half a gale of wind, with hard squalls of rain, the sea breaking heavily with white caps of foam on its grey waters, and many large schooners were struggling to windward under short sail. This inland sea with its steamboats, sailing craft, lighthouses, and ports, interested me much, this being my first experience of such a scene. Darkness was soon upon us, and we knew naught till about midnight, when, hearing some unusual sounds and bustle, I looked forth, saw the lights of a big town, and found from our porter that we were crossing the Detroit river, at the town of the same name, from the United States into Ontario, Canada. It was all done without any fuss. I fancy we were ferried over, and I found by seeing a paper with the English crown engraved on it stuck on my valise next morning, that our

luggage had been "passed" during the night. Now we go on by the Canada Southern, a good line running along the northern shore of Lake Erie. The travelling is excellent since leaving Chicago, as indeed it has been from Council Bluffs.

Day broke on Sunday, 19th, clear, brilliant and invigorating, but feeling cold to us, and we enjoyed it immensely. Caught our first glimpse of Niagara Falls about 7 o'clock; some of our fellow-travellers had professed to hear its roar long previously, but our ears were too dull to do so. Here, at the station, we got out. Taking a hack and rolling ourselves up comfortably in the buffalo-robcs, of which every carriage contains plenty, we were soon at Prospect House, a nice—now quiet, for the season has not begun, and many hotels are not yet open—comfortable hostelry. It is quite near to the falls; indeed, the spray from them frequently dashes in showers on the front veranda. I felt thankful at arriving when we did, escaping the bustle of a crowd of sight-seers, and getting the best rooms in the house, facing on the river. Glancing through the pages of the registry-book in the office, and seeing the numerous eminent and illustrious names in it made us more thankful still, for what should we quiet islanders have done amongst what Pat calls "the loikes of thim!" Although the sun was shining brightly, there was a good deal of the winter's snow yet lying about on all sides, and the rocks in the river below the falls were vast, shapeless masses of ice from the spray of the cataract. I feel almost afraid to attempt any description, this having been so often more graphically done by many others; but, as you want to know my impressions, I will try to convey them



to you if I can, fearing it will be but imperfectly. Well, then, first picture to yourself a mighty river, the outlet of the three great lakes—Michigan, Huron and Erie—about two-thirds of a mile wide, and as you look up it from the Canada side for a mile or more above the falls, appearing just like the reef at Waikiki inside the surf when a heavier roller than usual has broken and is running over the rocks in shallow water toward the beach, only that it is of a greenish hue, instead of the blue of the Pacific. We afterwards saw an excellent painting of this in the Royal Academy Exhibition by Colin Hunter. The vast volume of water is divided by an island called Goat's, 500 feet in width, which is attained by bridges from other smaller islands on the American side. The height of the cataract is about 160 feet, and the Horseshoe Fall, on the Canada side, 1,900 across, without a break; the American side 900 feet from edge to edge, but broken by rocks. The Horseshoe Fall is, to me, much the grander of the two. The awful idea of irresistible power of the waters comes, I think, more home to your mind as the river plunges into the boiling torrent at the foot of the falls, and seems to shake the solid earth on which you stand. In fact, while in bed in the quiet of the night we felt the vibration distinctly, but whether of the earth or air I could not undertake to say. The effect of the sun shining on and through the vast liquid mass of green water is very fine, and must be seen to be understood, as well as the rainbow across the torrent below the falls, caused by the spray from them. We did not go behind the falls, as many do, wrapped up in water-proof oiled clothes. M. did not like the idea, but we saw most of the wonders of the place,

and they are many. Among them are the burning springs, through which gas comes bubbling up and flickering in a blue flame on the surface of the water when a lighted paper is applied to it, and the awful whirlpool rapids a mile or more down the river, to which you go down in a hydraulic sort of incline that almost frightened poor M. out of her wits. One great drawback to the perfect enjoyment of the wondrous scene is, that it is made one "big show" and everybody inhabiting the place seems to think you are fair prey, and stands by to fleece you. I do not by any means apply this remark to the hotel at which we stayed, where the charges were moderate, and the people polite and attentive. There is a town of some importance on the American side with many factories of one kind or other, our practical cousins having utilized the great stream. Why the Canadians have not done so is an occult mystery to me, unless it be they have not the go-aheaditiveness of their neighbors. Why not is hard to say; they are the same race.

The "show" evil of which I spoke before has grown to very great excess on the American side, and the State of New York has wisely determined to buy up all vested rights, and so put an end to the exorbitant, frequent and annoying demands made on your purse, and make a park for the people. I trust the Canadians will follow suit in very short time, and so infinitely enhance the pleasures of the place. Visitors can then buy Indian curiosities, photographs, etc., if they wish, but will not be continually stopped at gates, or bridges, with a demand for half a dollar for entering this or that place. And be sure your Jehu, who probably gets a commission, insists on taking



you to them all. We met here two gentlemen who were friends of our friends Mr. and Mrs. W., and very pleasant it was to chat with them of our island home, and "mutual friends." The roar of the mighty waters lulled us to sleep each night we stayed here; it was not too loud to be unpleasant; and the blue sky, and bright sun by day, made our visit most enjoyable. We had telegraphed to our friends along the line, and received answers, and now we hear that the Honorable S. P., of Honolulu, and party will be here to-morrow. How I regretted we could not stay to meet them and have a chat over Hawaii nei, but our arrangements were all made, and at 8 A. M. on Tuesday, 21st, we left Niagara with regret, crossing by the wonderful suspension bridge below the falls, and taking a last, long, lingering look at them. The train crosses very slowly, and stops a few minutes to give passengers an opportunity of seeing the cataract.

We were now traveling by the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, an excellent line, with much lovely scenery, among which we were particularly struck by the beauties of the valley of the Mohawk. I cannot attempt to enumerate the many fine towns and stations we stopped at, or passed through on our route, but was much struck with Rochester, Syracuse and Utica. About 5 P. M. got to Schenectady, and on the platform to our delight saw our old friends Mrs. P., with her daughter and her daughter's husband, whom we had known as Lieutenant-Commander Y., of the United States Navy, and two of their children. How mutually glad to see each other we were I need not dilate on. The ladies got into the train with us, and in five minutes' time we were

off again, and talking of old times, old things, and old friends, in the sunny isles, to our hearts' content. Oh, it was very pleasant !

At 6 P. M., all too quickly we felt it, on our friends' account, we arrived at the noble town of Albany, founded by the early Dutch settlers, and consequently one of the oldest cities in the United States. It is finely situated on the Hudson river, with the beautiful suburb of Green Bush on the opposite bank. We parted here with our kind companions, who had to go back to Schenectady, and with the painful feeling that we were leaving them too abruptly. But we were not quite masters of our own movements, and found awaiting us here with their carriage Mr. and Mrs. P., brother-in-law and sister of Chief Justice J's wife. Although strangers to each other previously, so considerate and genial were they that in a very short time all seemed like old friends. We were soon on our way across the river by a noble swing-bridge, which we saw open easily and expeditiously, to afford passage to a passing vessel, and arrived at their handsome villa on Green Bush Heights, situated in beautiful grounds, and from which you enjoy a charming view. Our host, hostess and family were more than kind to us, and this evening will ever remain as one of the green spots in our existence. Here we met with our first disappointment. We had hoped and planned to go down the river to New York by one of the splendid day-boats that run on this stream. But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," and as the river was only just clear of ice, and the first day-boat did not start until Monday next, and we were to leave New York on Saturday, our plan had very reluctantly to be

abandoned. However, we did the next best thing possible to us. Leaving with regret our kind friends—our hostess taking us to the station—we, at 10 A. M. on Wednesday, 22d, left by Hudson River Railroad for New York. It was a lovely morning. All snow and ice had now disappeared, nature was beginning to put on her vernal array, and we were glad to think that railway travelling was nearly over. This beautiful river, down whose left bank we are now rapidly gliding on an excellent road, was discovered by Henry Hudson, an English navigator then in the service of the Dutch East India Company, commanding the good ship "Half Moon," A. D. 1609. He was in search of a northwest passage to "far Cathay," the dream of every mariner in those days, and thought he had found it; what terrible disappointment when he saw his error, as he no doubt soon did. Many fine towns with historic and well-known names are on its shores, where, too, lies the scene of Arnold's treachery and Andre's fate. The track nearly all the way is in view of the river, with its beautiful scenery and many islands. Craft of all sizes and rig are passing up or down the stream, and the scene is very animated and lovely, especially as we draw nearer to our destination. The Catskills loom up in distant grandeur, but the Palisades, I regret to say, we could not get a good view of. Past Peekskill, Sing Sing, Tarrytown, Yonkers, Harlem, Spuyten Duyvel, we at 3:30 P. M. arrived at Grand Central depot of New York, and were soon rolling in a hack to our hotel, the Brevoort House, in Fifth avenue. The day had been warm and sunny and all nature looked gay, as did the part of this fine city through which we passed on our way to the hotel. It was founded by the

Dutch in 1621, and then called New Amsterdam ; on its subsequent capture by the British, the name was changed to New York. Being fatigued and M. suffering from a bad cold, we did not go out that night. I should think this must be a capital climate for taking colds, as they tell us that at 4 this morning the thermometer stood at 36° and at the same hour in the afternoon at 86°. Oh, ye islanders, with your even temperature, what do you think of that ?

Thursday, the 23d, was a lovely day, not so warm as yesterday had been. Soon Mrs. R. H., with her niece, Mrs. J. B., called—the latter, you know, we used to look upon as almost one of us, as L. B. in the olden days. How mutually glad we were to see each other and how kind they were to us I need hardly tell you. We sallied forth with them to see the sights, the shops, stores and traffic of the city, and noble thoroughfare of Broadway in particular. What a change to us after our quiet island life ! It is really a splendid street, but to assert that there is nothing in the world to compare with it, I do not think strictly correct. The lines commencing from the church of the Madeleine, in Paris, and running to the Place de la Bastille, and column of July, or from the Gardens of Tuileries to Neuilly, are, I think, finer. And in London from Regent's Quadrant upwards, and the line of Piccadilly past the parks, or Oxford street, will compare favorably with it. Collins street, in Melbourne, is said to be one-third wider, but none of them are fourteen miles long, as this is, nor do they contain so many stately buildings in one continuous line. The elevated railway is, I think, a serious drawback to the beauty of



many of the New York streets, and what a nuisance it must be to the dwellers in them. Fancy a train of cars with engine rattling at frequent intervals past your drawing room or bed-room windows, within a few feet. I cannot think how folks stand it, or how it was ever permitted. Underground travelling is bad enough, but it relieves the crowded thoroughfares, and does not block them with unsightly structures. Having letters from our friend McD. to Messrs. W. H. Crossman Bros., we called at their office and received so much kindness and assistance from them that we shall ever remember it with gratitude. Really, it seems to me as though people were vying with each other in their consideration for us. A young gentleman, one of the sons, took us to the New York Exchange, a very fine and extensive building lately erected. We ascended the central tower, one of the highest in the city, by elevator, and from the summit enjoyed an unrivalled view. The vast city seemed to lie at our feet—on one side the East river with its stupendous suspension bridge, one of the marvels of the age, connecting it with the twin city of Brooklyn; on the other the Hudson, or as it is here called, the North river, and on its further bank again Jersey City, connected with this by ferry. The two rivers meeting in an apex above the city at Harlem, form the island of Manhattan, on which the town is built. Forests of masts line the inner bank of each river, more particularly the North. Almost beneath us is the Battery with its well laid-out grounds, and in front of us one of the finest harbors in the world, with several islands, most of which are fortified; and on one, Bedloe's, is to stand Bartholdi's



great statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," a torch in her uplifted hand serving for a lighthouse. Away to our left the ocean vast and grey, it and the noble bay being liberally covered with all sorts of crafts, from the tiny yacht to the stately merchantman and magnificent "ocean greyhound." A clear sky, brilliant sun and pleasant breeze combined to make this a never-to-be-forgotten picture. Taking leave of our kind guide, we returned up town and partook of a most excellent lunch at the Vienna Bakery in Broadway, thence to "do" some more of the sights, and back to our hotel and letter writing.

Next morning, charming weather again, off with our kind friends for more sight-seeing. I can only speak in general terms of how much we saw and how pleased we were. We travelled by the elevated railroad to the Croton aqueduct, which carries a river across a valley, and were delighted with our trip. We also visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and I think some of the windows are among the most exquisite I have ever seen. Lunched with our friends at the Buckingham, a beautiful hotel near Central Park, and where I should like to stay were I to visit New York again. Our hotel, the Brevoort, is a very comfortable house, with an old reputation for it, and in a very quiet part of the Fifth avenue. A strange custom obtains here, of which at first I was loath to avail myself. They help you so bountifully that if you are two in party, as we were, you need only to order your soup, fish, or joint for one, with plates for two, and you get all you can possibly desire. I felt some compunction

about it at first, but everybody, they tell me, does it, and 'tis considered quite correct.

Saturday, 25th of April, was our last day in New York, of which we had not seen half we wished to. After breakfast, on a lovely morning, we took a coupé and drove to Central Park. I have lost a card on which I made some notes, but believe it is about six hundred or eight hundred acres in extent; it is more than two miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, with many miles of beautiful drives winding in and out among fine trees, now just swelling into leaf, in which the birds are twittering, and an occasional grey squirrel darting in and out. Many fine buildings surround it, with numerous statues, and ornamental waters with gondolas and small pleasure boats thereon, not forgetting the twin obelisk, Cleopatra's needle, to the one on the bank of the Thames, and unfortunately like that suffering from an uncongenial climate. All this, and much more, in a place that very few years back was an eyesore of quarries, pits and holes of water, and a sort of general depositary of rubbish. Truly, the New Yorkers are to be congratulated on their park, which we enjoyed and admired much. At 1:30 p. m. embarked on White Star steamship "Celtic," at 2:30 casting off and bidding good-by to this fair city. Weather being fine and water smooth ours was for that evening a very merry lot of passengers. We were about 175 in number in the cabin—prospects of a war with Russia crowding the German steamers at the time—made up of the usual promiscuous people to be met with in travelling. There were returning missionaries from Japan and China; Californians going to Europe; a gay coterie of New York-

ers ; some nice, quiet Southern ladies, with whom we struck up a great friendship, two sisters being married to officers of the United States Army and Navy ; a lot of Cook's tourists going to "do" Europe, as far as Rome, in sixty days, and they "do" it well and cheaply, too ; a family party from Brazil ; also one of Spaniards, from some West India island ; a lady with a fat French "bonne" of much more importance than her mistress ; the residue chiefly composed of individuals of all nationalities and creeds, travelling for some commercial houses on one side or other of the Atlantic, among them one braw Scot who, on sundry occasions, when inspired by usquebaugh, assured me that "though an American citizen, yet he was British down to the grun."

## II.

THE "Celtic" is an exceedingly comfortable ship, but not fast, making on an average about 335 miles a day, and we missed, too, the electric light that we had in our staterooms on board the "Alameda." We got, I think, more than our due share of head winds, and a good deal of very cool, rough weather. It yet remains for me to experience crossing "when the Atlantic is like a mill-pond;"—perhaps I am a "Jonah." We saw a good many steamers and vessels of one kind or another, and on Wednesday, the 29th, a nice fine day—we having passed the south end of the Banks during the night, as well as several icebergs—the cry was again raised of "ice!" Now I feel I must tell you of the only disagreeable episode that occurred to us in all our "pilgrimage"—except an impertinent answer from a "cabbie" in Bristol, and I bracket them together. You know that I have passed Cape Horn thirteen times, crossed the Banks of Newfoundland when other ships were beset, and yet had never seen floating ice at sea. We went on deck and there, sure enough, was an enormous long, low, berg on our lee-beam, some miles off, and the weather rather hazy. Our captain, to whom I had never yet spoken—who, in fact, noticed but few of his passengers, as is no doubt correct—was explaining and showing, through his binocular, to a party of ladies and gentlemen, apparently friends of his, all about it. Their inspection over, I

advanced, bowed, and said: "Captain"—I did not know his name, but have since discovered from an article in *Harper's Monthly* it was Gleadell—"would you kindly loan me your glasses for a minute?" He seemed astounded at my temerity, looked at me for a second or two, and then answered "*NO, Sir!*" in the biggest, most emphatic No it has ever been my lot to hear, after a pause adding, "My life depends on this glass." Meekly I replied, "Mine, too, I presume," bowed and left. Poor M. was bursting with indignation. I, too, felt indescribably chagrined, as I probably had commanded a vessel before he ever saw salt water, and it was so gratuitous an insult before so many. This incident caused much remark on board, and was coupled with an idea of collusion entertained by many, but which I do not think could be the case, that on some days when the distance—by dead-reckoning in particular—was posted up, one individual was always the lucky man in the "pools" made in the smoking-room. Too much gambling and drinking is allowed, and on Saturday night the smoking-room was a bear-garden of noise long after eight bells, or midnight, the quiet passengers complaining of it much.

Except for the above vexing affair our passage was fairly pleasant. We had some very nice people on board, whose society we enjoyed. One German gentleman, finding we were from Hawaii, said, "Where do not you English go to?" and was much surprised to hear how many of his compatriots I counted among my best friends in our distant island home. We had the usual concert and recitations, as well as divine service on Sunday, the doctor, a very gentlemanly man, and good reader, conducting. And



both followed by a collection in aid of the Seaman's Orphan Fund, I think. These occasions are very pleasant breaks in the monotony of life at sea, there nearly always being some good musicians among the party. Nothing of interest occurred, except strong head winds, and they interested us much then, until Monday, 4th of May, when going on deck at 6 A. M., found many sail of all kinds in sight, and the Irish coast lying along our port beam a few miles off. There is always much excitement on board ship at making land, but when it is the old historic world, seen for the first time by natives of the new one, then it is intensified, of course. One young lady of our party seemed quite disappointed on being told that a tower she had discovered on a headland was only a prosaic coast-guard and rocket-station, and not the ruins of a castle "grim and old." 10 A. M. off the beautiful harbor of Queenstown, and the eye is charmed at once with the verdant hue of the grass, contrasting with the brilliant gold of the patches of furze seen through the peculiar soft haze usual on this coast. A tug-boat was soon alongside for the mails and passengers to be landed here. A goodly number of the latter—Hibernian, no doubt, from their light-heartedness, had come over in the steerage, and now went ashore with every demonstration of joy. One young fellow threw his hat up and overboard in its exuberance, and was immediately imitated in his action by a compatriot who remained on board. I think there was almost a feeling of disappointment at finding that war had not been declared between Russia and England. Newspapers were eagerly sought for, and some of two days old obtained for sixpence each. Sent telegrams

ashore to some of our friends, and off we went again, after about half an hour's stay, for Liverpool, parting from our fellow passengers with wild cheers. Steaming along the Irish shore, wind ahead, rather hazy and light showers of rain obscuring the land, we were at 4:30 P. M. off Taskar light, and heading across for the coast of Wales, which the thickness of the weather, I am sorry to say, prevented our seeing. Can it be possible this is May, thermometer showing 49°? Dark and hazy all night, so it was of no use going on deck to look for the old familiar lights and headlands. I had counted much on the pleasure to be experienced from this, but took my disappointment philosophically, and "turned in." At 5 o'clock next morning, 5th, awoke and found we were at anchor in the Mersey. The dear old land was in sight once more, a happiness we had thought would never again be ours, and filling our hearts with thankfulness and emotions I will not attempt to define. Think of it, we had not stood on British soil, except in some of the colonies, for nigh six-and-thirty years, and now here it was in sight again on each side of us.

"Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!"

Much was familiar. The beautiful tower of old St. Nicholas Church, with its illuminated dial, where in my youthful days the officiating clergyman used to marry sailors and their lasses in batches of twenty or thirty at a time, making one service do for all; the gilded figure of Britannia, shining in the morning light, on the cupola of the Exchange; and a long stretch of docks filled with the

commerce of the world. There was much of the unfamiliar, too. I missed the Bootle landmarks, their site and that of the old fort being long since built over; and the dock-line on the Liverpool side had actually grown miles. The Cheshire shore, where we had known many detached villages, Tranmae, Birkenhead, Rockferry, Seacomb, Ege-mond, etc., in some cases with waste-land and sand-hills between, was now practically one big town, Birkenhead, with noble docks, and forests of masts within. A steamer was soon alongside—bringing a large packet of letters for us which we were very glad to get, sent off by our tried friend Mr. L.—to take on shore the mails, passengers and baggage. Disembarking at the landing stage, built on floating caissons of iron, rising and falling with the tide (here some twenty feet), we proceeded to the customs depot—on the stage—our luggage being taken there for examination. We anticipated a severe scrutiny in consequence of the recent dynamite explosions in the Tower and Houses of Parliament, but the officers were satisfied with opening our trunks and a cursory glance at their contents. Did they know, think you, that we were but pilgrims? We had neither scallop-shell, staff or sandalled shoon; only umbrellas, rugs and multitudinous small things, which avoid when you travel.

We were soon at the Northwestern Hotel, terminus of the London & Northwestern Railway, situated in Lime street, opposite the fine building of St. George's Hall. I do not purpose giving you a description of Liverpool, though the second city of commercial importance in the kingdom. It has some fine streets, and much has been done in the improvement of them of late years. St.

George's Hall is a superb building in the Corinthian style, with a massive flight of steps in front, guarded by recumbent lions, and equestrian statues of the Queen and Prince Albert. The free public library and museum, the munificent gifts to the town of Sir W. Brown, are noble piles; Custom House and Exchange, too, are well worth a visit. In front of the former is a statue of Huskisson, M. P. for Liverpool at the time. He was the first victim to railway accidents, being killed at the opening of the Liverpool & Manchester Railway. In the square of the latter building is a bronze monument to Nelson, who is represented as falling in death into the arms of Victory, with the well known inscription around its base, "England expects every man to do his duty," several groups of accessory figures making a grand whole. The docks have no equals in the world for magnitude and extent, though there are individual docks larger, being six and a half miles from north to south, with quay frontage of twenty-two miles. Of its cleanliness the Liverpudlians cannot boast much, especially near the docks, but then we must take into account its enormous traffic. I think, too, there are more street Arabs, of both sexes, in their vicinity than I ever saw in any other town.

Anxious as we were to proceed on our journey, we were forced to remain a couple of days here, being in pretty much the same predicament as "Miss Flora McFlimsy, of Madison square;" in my case soon surmounted, a call on Sartorius at 10:30 A. M. of one day producing the necessary integuments at 8:30 on the following one. Next day broke with gloomy easterly weather, and some sharp showers of sleet and rain, but clearing about noon



we ran down to Southport to visit some friends. The track is uninteresting, running along the estuary of the Mersey and the sea coast, amidst many sand wastes and gorse, but in some places flowers—yes, actually flowers, in this keen weather—in the railway cuttings, and green fields, oh, so green! I could compare it to nothing but the brilliant hue of young rice. Southport is a pretty place enough when you get to it, many Manchester merchants residing there for the salubrity of its situation; but it has no “port,” and I think it would be difficult to make one, as it appeared to me that the sea receded for miles, leaving long stretches of bare sands at low water. We enjoyed our visit to our kind friends much, but had to hurry back to Liverpool to fulfil others to friends there, whom we esteemed much and had known at the islands, and whose kindness to us we shall never forget. Next day about noon we left by Nor-western for Ludlow in Shropshire, the first part of our journey not very cheering in appearance, especially the country around Runcorn and Widnes, vegetation looking blighted, and the trees stunted from the effects of the many large chemical works in their vicinities. Crossing the Mersey by a fine bridge at the former place into Cheshire, the prospect rapidly improves. We are soon at Crewe Junction, and from thence into Shropshire. How calm and peaceful it all looks! In one place I noticed a hen pheasant on the railway-bank, her mate with his gorgeous plumage in the adjoining field, neither of whom flew away as our train passed by. On past Shrewsbury, we at 3 P. M. were at Ludlow, the venerable father of our dear friend Mrs. D., whom we had left very ill, meeting us at the station. Arriving soon at his



charming home on the Teme, we experienced the traditional warm English welcome usually accorded to old friends. After a stroll in our host's pretty garden, glowing with early flowers, along one side of which the river flows murmuring gently down, on the opposite bank a rookery, its denizens cawing a noisy good-night, and where I saw a thrush sitting on her nest in peace, I went in the long spring evening, now lengthening into summer, for a stroll to see some of the beauties of this ancient town. A few minutes' walk brought me to a fine old bridge of "three fayre arches," as Leland says, built in the fourteenth or fifteenth century; it once had a chapel to St. Catherine on it, and a number of houses also. The view from it up and down the river is charming, and I stayed as long as time would permit and enjoyed its quiet loveliness. From thence up a steep street with an old archway yet standing across it, in which the portcullis grooves and great iron hinges of a former gate still remain, and a few minutes' walk brought me to the fine old Church of St. Lawrence. It was unfortunately closed, but I could see from its exterior that it was a beautiful old building, with much fine glass. Some of the windows are said to be exquisite. They were all taken out and hidden previous to the Protectorate, to save them from the Parliamentary soldiers' fanatic zeal, but have since been fully restored. The castle, one of the finest ruins in England, stands on a hill, the town sloping down on all sides from it. It has much historic interest, having been the residence of several Plantagenet kings, as also of the Lords Marchers of Wales, who held court here in great state. Near to this Caractacus was defeated by the

Romans. To this castle Arthur, eldest son of Henry VII., brought his young bride Katherine of Arragon, and here he died from illness, it is said, brought on by seeking her, she having been lost in the forest while hunting, all one stormy night, during which she was carried off by a marauding Welshman to his cave. The apartments occupied by "Miss Katherine of Arragon" were duly pointed out to me by my aged cicerone, who seemed almost to be a part of the castle itself. From here the two young princes, sons of Edward IV., were taken to the Tower of London by their uncle Richard, to become victims of his ambition. Sir Phillip Sidney resided here as a youth; Richard Baxter, too, of Saints' Rest renown. In rooms over the principal gate-house Butler wrote his *Hudibras*; and in this castle Milton's masque of "Comus" was written, and first performed in the council chamber of the Court of Marches, the incident that gave rise to it being that the two sons and daughter—lady Alice—of the then governor, were benighted in Heywood forest near by, the lady for a while lost, but afterwards discovered by her brothers; they all took part in the representation, as well as the poet himself. As the sun was sinking I ascended the great Norman keep, the massive stone stairs being still in fair repair. My guide begged to be excused; his knees were too stiff, he said. What a lovely prospect lay beneath, and on all sides!—woods, river, meads, and the old town, with part of its ancient walls, nestling at your feet on one side; on the other, an almost abrupt precipice. Ah, those old kings and barons looked out for strong places, and no doubt they wanted them, here especially, to keep

their turbulent and war-like neighbors, the Welsh, in order. I must not weary you with this charming and once important town, but I would fain have spent a month here listening to our host's interesting fund of antiquarian lore.

At 9 A. M. next morning—lovely weather now, but cool to us—after an excellent night's rest, we left by railway for Gloucester, passing through Leominster, Hereford and Ross, getting to the former place, with its beautiful cathedral, but of which we got glimpses in passing, at 2 P. M. Here we changed for Bristol, where we arrived at 4:30 P. M. I cannot make you comprehend the beauty of the country through which we have passed to-day, only that we were anxious to get to our destination, where dear ones were waiting so patiently for us. I felt that, had it been possible, I should have liked to walk the whole way. Towns, villages, hamlets, farms, mansions, churches, rivers, the wealth of blossom on the fruit trees and marvelous green of the meadows, making a whole so lovely and so peaceful, the like few lands can show. And such a finish, such a calm beauty over everything, such wayside cottages and cottage gardens! But it took many centuries of war, rapine and bloodshed, with toil, labor and strenuous assertion of right, before this result was attained and the land had peace. Britons, you have much to be thankful for in the "silver streak" that keeps your "isle inviolate still."

Well, and this is well-remembered Bristol, once to me the very Phoenix of cities. Old friend, you do not look so imposing as of yore; still I love you, if you are a little grimy. Many happy boyhood hours were spent in

you, and for their sake, Aloha nui! Bristol—or *Caer Oder* of the Britons—is a very ancient city, and once held second rank in England, its merchant princes being renowned the world over. From it Sebastian Cabot, who was born here about A. D. 1477, set forth on the famous voyage that discovered Newfoundland, with Labrador and the continent of America, on June 24th of the same year. Its history is full of stories of battle, siege and warfare from the time of Alfred, who walled it—probably against the Danes—down to its surrender to the Parliamentary forces. It has many noble charities and schools. Among them may be mentioned Colston's, the boys of which wear a brass dolphin on their breasts. Tradition says a ship of his, laden with a cargo of great value, struck on a rock and began to leak badly. This suddenly ceased, and on her return home it was found a good-natured dolphin had stuck his head in the hole, and saved the ship, and her owner from ruin. Hence his gratitude and the dolphin badge. The cathedral is not remarkable for beauty, but a Norman archery leading into Lower College Green was pronounced by Horace Walpole—no mean judge—the finest in England. Opposite the cathedral, on the other side of College Green, is the Mayor's Chapel, where, during repairs some years ago, a workman by accident knocked some bricks out of a wall, and the result was the discovery of a number of very beautiful tombs and effigies of Crusaders that had probably been nailed up to prevent their destruction by the iconoclastic Puritans, and forgotten. The gem of Bristol is, however, the Church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which, with its beautiful grained interior and maze of stately columns, was pronounced by Queen



Elizabeth "the fairest and stateliest" parish church in England. The style is early perpendicular, though some exquisite doorways belong to the decorated period. It has been restored in late years, and is a beautiful structure. In a small room near the western entrance we saw a rib of the dun-cow, said to have once supplied all Bristol with milk, going from door to door for the people's convenience. It looked to me like a whale's rib, and it is known Cabot presented one to the city on his return from his celebrated voyage in 1497. In the muniment room of this church "the wondrous boy Chatterton" professed to have found the parchment and MSS., in prose and poetry, beautifully illuminated, of Rowley the priest. He began these wondrous forgeries when little more than twelve years of age. His lamentable death, and story is too well known to need repetition here. He lies in a nameless grave in a London church-yard, but a handsome monument in this one commemorates his brilliant genius and unhappy fate. This city is singularly rich in noted churches and ancient architecture.

But I must get on and ask you to go with me up Park street to lovely Clifton, and Dunham, and Clifton Downs—in my boyhood, breezy, healthy heights, now being fast covered with crescent terraces, streets and squares, but very beautiful and health-giving still from their commanding height above the river Avon, here crossed (from St. Vincent's Rocks to Leigh Woods) by one of the highest and most beautiful suspension bridges in the world. Its height above the river is 270 feet and the view from it up and down the lovely winding stream magnificent, with stupendous cliffs on one side and umbrageous woods on



the other, and far beneath in the chasm, river, ships, houses and men.

Bristol was the first city to establish steam communication with America, the "Great Western" being built here. I saw her launched in 1838. Well, they are waiting for us in the West, and off we go by the Great Western Railway—broad-gauge, and I think the finest line I ever travelled on, and at the greatest speed. While on this subject I want to tell you that we made it a rule to always travel by third-class carriage—not, mind you, the third-class carriage of former years, uncushioned, unventilated, and on some lines uncovered, but comfortably upholstered and padded, both seats and backs, as high as your head, and travelling at high speed, on a mixed train of first and second class. Highly respectable people go in them, the rougher class generally using smoking cars, of which there are several in each train. We met on this very journey with two ladies, one of whom was a relative of the Bishop of E. going to visit him, and the other a member of an Anglican Sisterhood, whose brother we discovered was First Lieutenant of N's ship, and several others, evidently ladies and gentlemen, from some of whom we received much information as to the places of interest on our route, and enjoyed their pleasant society and conversation. This remark will fully apply to our many journeys up and down the land; the day of the traditional taciturn and chilly Englishman who could not speak without an introduction is, I fancy, passed. The school-master has been abroad, and so, too, has the insular Briton, thanks to cheap rail and steam. Leaving Bristol at 9:15 A. M., passing Weston-super-Marc, Bridge-

water, Taunton, Wellington—from where the great Duke took his title, a tall column being erected on a hill near by in his honor—we passed across the fair county of Somerset into lovely Devon, arriving at Exeter about 2 P. M., catching a passing view of its magnificent cathedral, of which I will tell you on a subsequent visit.

Crossing the river Exe, we speed on through most beautiful and diversified scenery, past Ponderham castles—old and new—seats of the Earls of Devon; Exmouth, on the estuary of the river, with a glorious view of the sea; Starcross, a charming seaside place, beneath a spreading yew in whose church-yard Boswell made a vow, all too quickly broken, never to get drunk again; Dawlish, etc., along the seacoast, with red sandstone rocks in most fantastic shapes, and here, turning more inland, past some of the prettiest villages in England, we got to Mutley, a suburb of Plymouth, at 4 P. M. N. was awaiting us at the station with his servant, in whose charge our baggage was left. A few minutes' walk brought us to the house; a row of five little expectant faces, whom we had never seen, at the nursery window; dear A., who was not well enough to go out at the door, and all our fatigues were quickly forgotten, long years of separation vanished, and the pilgrims were at rest, after their long journey by land and sea.

Now, to tell you something of this ancient town of Plymouth and its environs. Do not fancy from my use of the term ancient, in what I have to say of English towns, that I by any means desire to convey the idea of decrepitude; far from it, for nothing astonished me more than the vigorous life displayed in many of these old

towns in the way of new streets, fine buildings, and improvements of every kind. In the new suburbs of many, especially, and what pleased me much, was to see little signs, but yet of great significance, pointing to a growing sentiment of kindly feeling between the two great branches of the English-speaking family. I allude to the frequent repetition of the name of the late lamented President Garfield, as here in Plymouth only I noticed several terraces, places and descents bearing his name.

But to resume : Plymouth's origin is almost lost in the mists of antiquity, its splendid Sound having made it always from the earliest times a noble harbor. Properly it consists of three towns, and is often called by the inhabitants "The Three Towns," viz., Plymouth, Stonehouse and Davenport ; but, practically, is but one. This, as you are aware, is a great military and naval station, splendidly situated on what is generally known as Plymouth Sound—a noble expanse of water into which the rivers Plym and Tamar fall, and protected from ocean storms in a great measure by the formation of the land on the opposite shore of Mount Edgecomb, and by Drake's Island. Still the entrance to the Sound was open to the heavy seas rolling in from the Atlantic, and a magnificent breakwater has been built, a mile in length, seventy-five yards broad at its base and eleven at its top, and ships now ride within it in perfect safety. It is constructed in from three to seven fathoms of water, has a lighthouse on the entrance end, a pyramidal beacon on the other, and just within it a heavily-armed oval casemated iron-clad fort, said to be one of the strongest in the world. Indeed, the whole place seems to be thoroughly pro-

tected with the forts of Picklecombe, Bovisand, and Drake's Island seaward, and on the land side by a chain of most formidable works of earth and stone from east to west, surrounding the dockyards and arsenal completely in a ring of fortifications. The stone forts look grim and formidable enough with their heavy guns in casemates, but the earthworks, being covered with soft, green turf, and no cannon grinning in their embrasures, seem innocent as Landseer's picture of "Peace." The view from the Hoe, a high shoulder of rock, with a carriage road running along the water's edge below, constituting the sea front of Plymouth, and a most beautiful promenade, is, in my opinion, almost unrivalled, being of considerable extent and liberally provided with seats for the accommodation of loungers and pedestrians; no vehicles or horses are allowed on it. On the town side is a pretty park, where one of the bands from the troops in garrison plays at stated times. With fine houses and hotels fronting the sea, is a commanding bronze statue of Sir Francis Drake, by Boehm. The celebrated Eddystone lighthouse of Smeaton, taken down some time ago as unsafe, has been re-erected here.

Looking seaward, the vast Atlantic stretches, dim and grey, broken only by the thin line of the breakwater, or long trail of smoke from some marine monster, or, on a clear day, by the beautiful spire of the distant Eddystone lighthouse gleaming like a ray of light. On your right is the Hamoaze with men-of-war of every description, some at anchor there, others in dock—from the old three-deckers of 120 guns, now useless but for schoolships or storeships, to the modern iron-clad monsters with turrets, and smaller



vessels of every type. Among the former I may mention the "Royal Adelaide," "Implacable" and "Impregnable," with other historic names; and of the latter "Black Prince," "Defiance," "Bellerophon," "Shannon," "Inconstant," "Achilles," "Northumberland," "Hotspur," and many others. On the shoreward side of it lies a grand line of docks, basins, storehouses, steam factories, victualing yards, marine barracks, hospitals, and other necessary adjuncts of a great naval port and depot, but which I cannot stop to describe—as well as large dock accommodation for merchantmen, giving the beholder an idea of the vast power and wealth of the nation which owns it.

To your left is Sutton Pool, the old port for merchantmen, and the Catwater, overlooked by the citadel, an imposing structure capable of mounting 150 guns, built in the reign of Charles II.—once, no doubt, considered very formidable, but now, like its builder, obsolete and of little use in modern warfare.

No Englishman or American can stand on this far-famed Hoe, the fresh breeze from the sea blowing in his face and rippling the waters of the Sound, without a feeling of pride of race swelling up in his heart when he thinks of the great deeds of his common ancestry in connection with it. From here sailed the great mariners Raleigh, Gilbert, Grenville, Davies, Frobisher, Cavendish, and a host of other "adventurers" to the new-found world. On its height, it is said, Francis Drake was playing his historical game of bowls with some other old sea-dogs, and which he would not leave till finished, when the Spanish Armada was reported in sight. He and other gallant spirits, favoured by the elements, providentially



destroyed it and made England and America Anglo-Saxon and free, instead of Spanish and oppressed.

From the step of the Barbican on Sutton's Pool, just below to your left as you stand on the ramparts of the citadel looking out to sea, these heroes and many more sailed to humble the pride of Spain, to plant the cross of St. George in nearly every nook and corner of the world, and to create a newer and a greater Britain in the West !

From here, too, on the 6th day of September, A. D. 1620, sailed the gallant and devoted band of Pilgrim Fathers in the "Mayflower," to found another Plymouth in a new world, and of their gallant enterprise no man can yet foresee the wondrous results and benefits to unborn generations.

Of the town itself, I do not purpose saying much, though it is of considerable importance and size, with a population of 80,000. I like it myself as a residence, and some of its suburbs are charming, with many handsome houses and villas, notably that of Mutley, where we stayed. A stroll down the lines of Bedford and George streets, filled with a varied crowd of towns-people, blue-jackets and soldiers in uniform, was always very interesting to me, next only to a brisk walk on the bracing Hoe. The Seaforth Highlander, 60th Rifles, and a red-coated line regiment were in garrison while we were here ; and these with marines, artillery-men and sailors made a gay crowd. The Guild-hall is a handsome modern building, and St. Andrew's Church, nearly opposite, is a fine old one ; on a tablet over the door is a stone with the inscription : "H. VI. R. MCCCCLX." Once, I imagine, the town was but illy supplied with water, and must

have often suffered in the many sieges it has sustained. One of its suburbs is called "Penny-come-quick," and the story goes that a noted well once existed there, and that water was sold at a penny a pail; hence the name when the demand was frequent. Now it has abundance of water brought in "leats," as they are called, from the heights of Dartmoor, a very parent of rivers and brooks, flowing in their necessarily devious sources some thirty miles. The first was brought to Plymouth by the munificence of Sir Francis Drake, then representing the borough in Parliament, and its arrival was celebrated by public rejoicing, the Mayor and corporation in their robes going out to meet it. The country folk give another version. They say that the women, being sorely distressed for water, appealed to Sir Francis, who called for his horse, rode out to "Dartymoor," found a fine spring, which he bewitched with some magic words, and starting back on the gallop the stream followed his horse's heels into the town. Take either story you like, but the old hero's leat is really derived from the river Meavy, and the Mayor and corporation annually visit the source and drink in water from it, "to the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake," and then in wine, "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine."

There is no end of excursions by land or by water to be had from here into either of the counties of Devon or Cornwall. N. and I used frequently to run for a few miles by rail to some country station where we got out and wandered through secluded Devonshire lanes into the woods, or fields, with their green hedge-rows, studded with daisies, cowslips and buttercups; the cuckoo ever

repeating his own name, and the skylark invisible in the blue sky trilling his melody, and so back to catch a returning train and be home ere dark. To me it seemed as though two or three days were rolled into one, not from weariness, for very existence was exquisite in the lovely, cool bright weather, but from the many hours of daylight and variety of incidents occurring during them. I wish I could make you fully realize the beauty of it all; the deep, sometimes tortuous, romantic old country lanes that have existed for so many centuries that they are worn far below the surface of the surrounding country. It seems almost a pity that utilitarianism demands their being improved any. How we rejoiced in the noble oaks, elms and beeches growing above them, and the wealth of spring flowers now clothing their banks, with the gold and blue of primroses and bluebells in profusion, violets, ragged-robins, and all the host of spring beauties. Later on flourish the fragrant hawthorn or Mayflower, honeysuckle, wild rose, the gorgeous fox-glove, and in the autumn clusters of hazelnuts, and great bunches of blackberries. I was never tired of these rambles. Day after day we took some of them—now to the pretty villages of Plympton and Plympton St. Mary's, where Sir Joshua Reynolds was born—both very ancient, with ruins of an old castle and some remains of monastic buildings that existed before the conquest. Other rambles took us to Horrabridge, Marsh Mills, and many similar places; but I should only tantalize you with description and my unbounded delight in it all, debarred as you are from the realization.

I saw some capital steeplechase races at South Brent; no professional riders or jockeys, but all the horses belong-

ing to farmers or country gentry, and ridden by their owners. The day was cool and bright, the landscape of the greenest green ; horses, some of them first rate and well ridden, jumping in good style over a much diversified track, with a pale, tea-coloured Dartmoor stream, clear as crystal, bounding one side of the course. It was altogether a most enjoyable day.

Apropos of racing, I saw for the first time in my life some bicycle races in the drill-yard of the Ragland Barracks, a noble pile of buildings, the great event of the day being a five-mile race, time, eighteen minutes, ending in a dead heat.

One day we embarked at the Barbican in a small steamer, and went up the river Plym, landing at Oreston, and walked far into the country, and through the pretty villages of Turn Chapel, and Hooe ; the beautiful grounds of Radford, where I plucked my first bit of fragrant " May," past some noble fortifications on the breezy upland overlooking the Sound, and back home, having completed many miles.

Another trip took us over Brunel's celebrated tubular bridge across the romantic Tamar to the quaint old borough town of Saltash, in Cornwall, whose Mayor takes precedence of the Mayor of Plymouth. Old houses, with balconies and balustrades, rise one above another from the river's brink in streets so steep that iron posts are put at short intervals across some of them to prevent vehicles going down, as they never could come up again. The climate is said to be most salubrious, so clear and bright as often to remind you of the Sunny South. Its old church is most interesting, and contains many tablets



to naval officers killed in action or lost at sea. The fishwives of Saltash once bore the reputation of being amongst the best boatmen in the "West Countrie," and have on more than one occasion borne off the prize in regattas.

I must now tell you somewhat of longer excursions in which M., A. and the elder children accompanied us, made in a wagonette with a pair of horses, N. officiating as our Jehu, some at this time, and others on a subsequent visit in the autumn. First of a trip to Leamoor clay-mills, and Dartmoor, celebrated for the production of beautiful porcelain clay found in the form of vast deposits of disintegrated granite, the result of long ages of storm, rain and sunshine, which, after numerous washings, is finally made into large oblong blocks, and shipped to all parts of the world, even, they tell me, to China. Many of the brilliant streams that take their rise on Dartmoor are pressed into the service, and their beauty spoiled by being made to look like streams of milk and water, for the clay-works are numerous.

It was a lovely day, sunshiny and bright—quite cool enough for us tropical plants, but we were well wrapped up. The horses spun along over splendid roads and country lanes, past villages and country seats, with such a profusion of wild flowers I scarce can convey to you the reality. By noon we were on the open moor, dreary in its awful solitude were it not for the works and houses connected therewith dotted here and there over the slope of some hillside. Attaining the summit of the plateau, with the cool, invigorating breeze making the blood dance in our veins, we drove for a few miles on a fair road, by the

side of which I saw a rude stone cross, said to mark the spot where some poor wretch perished in a storm long years ago. Retracing our track we got under the lee of an old stone wall, on the soft velvety turf of the upland, a crystal stream of water close by, and there we lunched—you may be sure not before we wanted it, for the clear, keen air had made us ravenously hungry. Taking another route on our return, we passed through Ivybridge and Plympton—the former one of the most charming villages I have ever seen—and so back to Mutley, just after sunset, having spent a most enjoyable day. While on Dartmoor I may as well tell you of a later excursion, made in the autumn by the same party, and in the same manner. This time our route lay in a different direction, into a vaster expanse of this wild moor, in its desolate grandeur, and among streams not defiled by clay washings, and surrounded with the mighty tors for which it is celebrated. Dartmoor extends twenty-two miles north and south, breadth about twenty miles, and height above the sea ranging from 1,500 to over 2,000 feet. It is utterly barren and rocky, with in many places dangerous bogs; the greater part, except in the valleys, clothed with coarse grass, heather, whortleberry and moss.

Tradition says it was once covered with a vast forest, but this I doubt. Where could trees have found sustenance in the boggy, stony and scanty soil? I imagine the story comes from its having been proclaimed a royal forest by the Conqueror, as it once abounded in wild game, especially deer. The Dart, Teign, Tavey, Taw, and numerous other smaller streams drain from this huge store of peat and moss, most of them well stocked with

speckled trout. The most striking features of Dartmoor are the tors, enormous blocks and masses of granite, crowning the hills around in all sorts of wild, fantastic shapes, with strange names, redolent of the soil and of our pagan British and Saxon ancestors. Prominent among them are Yes Tor, Cawsand Beacon, Hes Tor, Whiten Tor, and a host of others. On one of the loftiest is the ruin of an ancient hermitage, from whence it is said a beacon-light flashed forth to those on land the arrival of the great Armada. Excellent roads have of late years been made across it in various directions, to Tavistock, Moreton Hampstead, Ashburton, Princetown (the Dartmoor convict establishment), Two Bridges, etc.; the two latter places are on the wild expanse of moor. The day was cool and gusty, with flying scud and an occasional shower, blue sky and bright sun flashing in between. I am afraid you and I would have pronounced it stormy; but, bless you, these English folk do not mind a little rain, and well for them. They just put on an ulster or overcoat, stout walking shoes—no rubbers—and off they go, defying the elements. It was a constant source of surprise to me to see the crowd of well-dressed men and women in the streets in what, to us, was quite inclement weather, the women's cheeks gleaming with health and exercise.

Well, to resume: Off we went, over good roads, through pretty villages, and ere long attained the plateau of the breezy moor, frequently crossing and re-crossing Sir Francis Drake's Leap. Turning to our right we get to Princetown, where the celebrated Dartmoor Prison was built for French prisoners in the Napoleonic wars, and of

which such wild tales are told. "For seven months in the year," says a French writer, "it is a *vraie Sibirie*, covered with unmelting snow. When the snows go away the mists appear." "Imagine the tyranny of *perfidie Albion* in sending human beings to such a place." Notwithstanding this terrible account, there are some very pretty summer residences in the neighborhood ; but I do not think I should care to live there when a snow-storm was howling across the waste. It is there that many an unfortunate has been lost on that dreary moor in snow or fog, and that a company of soldiers were once near perishing when marching through this very place. What it was ere roads were made, when travellers not only had to encounter storms and tempests, but bog as well, is awful to contemplate. The prison, which is very vast, has been greatly improved of late years ; little doubt but it was needed much, and a considerable extent of ground on a slope below is in good cultivation. This was not our destination, however, and as we had none of the above trouble to contend with, off we went again to Two Bridges, where is only a roadside inn, two or three cottages, and an ancient stone bridge of two arches over the clear, brawling waters of the Dart, here well stocked with trout, and a great resort of lovers of the "gentle craft" in the season, as the numerous fly-rods hanging in the passages of the inn testified. I saw several "whipping the water," but I fancy without much result, the day being too cool and bright. I should like much to spend a couple of weeks here in the season. We lunched on the margin of the stream, the day being fair now, with blue sky, the fleecy clouds driving across it above our heads.



That important function over, N., I, and M. T.—a bonnie English lass of sixteen summers—started off for a walk of about a mile and a half, over the wild moor, to visit Wistman's Wood, supposed to be part of an ancient Druidical forest, and cursed by one of the former priesthood, since which time the trees have never grown. Passing through the gate of a small farm-house yard, opened for us by a little flaxen-haired maiden of four or five summers, mindful of prospective pennies, with her ten-year old brother for a guide, off we set over the wild moor and bog. He was active as a mountain sheep, bounding from stone to stone, or from one dry, secure spot to another, inviting us in west country Doric to follow, as we did to our best ability ; but, alas ! we were not very successful, and slipped, floundered, and fell into crevices, between stones concealed by moss or grass, or into soft, boggy places, over our shoes in water, M. T.'s clear, girlish laugh ringing out merrily on the crisp air whenever she herself, or one of her elders, came unmistakably to grief.

Arrived at the spot we found growing, in the midst of gigantic blocks of granite, a number of very ancient oak trees—I should say several hundred of them—covered with long, parasitical moss, and none of them more than eight or ten feet in height, yet their weird, gnarled old branches stretched out on either side for quite as many feet. How they grow, what they are rooted in, or how they stand the storms of this desolate region, passeth my comprehension. I took one of the largest and grimmest-looking of these by a limb, and was able to rock it to and fro in its stony bed. Curiously enough, there are no

young trees coming up to take the place of these ancient monarchs, though the rocks among which they grow are covered with a dense mass of creeping and parasitical plants, and you have to be very careful that you do not slip between the boulders up to your chin—I did up to my waist—in the summer time not very pleasant, as the country folk say the wood is full of snakes and adders—"long cripples" they call them—and is a great resort of foxes. How we did enjoy it all! Sky blue as sapphire, the vast expanse of Dartmoor, with its grand hills and tors around, and the awful solitude of the place; the fresh breeze, full of health, driving the cloud-shadows across the moorland; the grim, weird, gnarled old trees, with their secrets of the ages, at our feet, and beneath them the dancing Dart, sparkling in the sunshine and hurrying downward to the sea.

After an enjoyable cup of tea, with Devonshire cream, at the inn, we started back as usual about sunset, and not an ache or pain resulting from our wet feet or tumbling about amid the granite blocks of Wistman's Wood. "'Tis a whish old place."

A few days subsequently the same party started on an excursion to the Duke of Bedford's beautiful cottage and grounds of Endsleigh. The day was decidedly boisterous, with a strong breeze from the westward, and looked rainy enough, but as our time was limited we braved the weather and went. Our route lay for some distance over the same part of Dartmoor as before, till we came to Roboro, thence past Horrabridge and other villages, to the charmingly situated old town of Tavistock. Here we stayed awhile at an excellent inn to rest and bait our horses.

While they are feeding, I will tell you something of what N. and I saw and learned in a short stroll we took. The town lies in a trough of the hills on the banks of the picturesque Tavy, and formerly was of much importance from a magnificent abbey of Benedictines, founded by Ordgar, Earldorman of Devonshire (son of the infamous Elfrida), in the tenth century, and endowed with vast wealth and lands. Some of the ancient buildings are still to be seen near the inn, and in the yard, used as out-houses, part of the old refectory. At the dissolution the site, and nearly all the manors that belonged to the abbey were bestowed by Henry VIII. upon John Lord Russell, whose descendant, the Duke of Bedford, is now the owner. The church opposite the inn is well worth a visit. The tower, with battlemented parapet and pinnacle, stands on four arches, and is thus a campanile, being one of the three or four to be found in England. Some human bones of great size were shown us, found in a stone coffin in the old abbey, and said to be those of its founder. Also, we saw part of an old Bible (the title page was gone), with the chain still attached to it that used to fasten it in the body of the church, so that it could be "read and understood of the people." The town is very pretty, and has many charming walks about it, particularly one by the riverside, outside the abbey wall. In this wall is a gateway where, it is said, a duel was fought, in which a former knight of the family of Fitz, slew Sir Nicholas Flanning, both, I suppose, west country notables. The place has suffered much in war and siege—probably from the wealth of the abbey—from the time of the Danes, who burnt and plundered it, down to the Parliamentary wars,

when it was held for the King, but is peaceful as you could wish it now.

It rained and blew hard enough during our stay here. The ladies of our party did not go out, preferring the cozy warmth of the inn fire, and yet we saw a man trolling for salmon in the river. After noon it cleared up, and the horses being rested, on we went, ascending from the town into a country more beautiful, if possible, than any we had seen, through the villages of Buckland, Monachorum and Milton Abbot, with their charming gardens, pretty cottages, and yew trees cut into the most fantastic shapes I ever saw. Near by—but time would not permit a visit—is Buckland Abbey, the present house built on the ruins of an old Cistercian monastery by the great circumnavigator, Sir Francis Drake, whose statue—a replica of that on Plymouth Hoe—stands in Tavistock, where he was born.

We were soon at the entrance of the beautiful grounds of Endsleigh, anciently Innesleigh, where art and nature have certainly seemed to vie one with the other to make an earthly paradise. The cottage, for it is nothing more, is picturesquely irregular and pretty, and no doubt comfortable; but the vast extent of grounds, with miles of roads and paths through them, the charming variety of hill and dale, the perfect landscape gardening; acres upon acres of rhododendrons, azaleas, hydrangeas, with every variety of flowering shrubs and trees; the land sloping gently down to the Tamar, winding its circuitous course below, makes a whole it would be hard to excel. Through the larger trees on the higher land are cut vistas, giving exquisite views into the vale below, where, on a terraced



lawn of turf, now gorgeous with masses of brilliant autumn flowers, stands the cottage, with the rose walk, a long avenue of trailing roses, on the frame-work, arching overhead, and the cypress walk, another one of noble trees, ending in an exceedingly pretty grotto, lined with moss and shells, in which bubbles up the clear stream of the "wishing well." Lower down still, nearly on a level with the river, on the bank of a pretty fish-pond, stands a keeper's cottage, rustic and thatched, the porch covered with honeysuckle and trailing roses. Here you can get your kettle boiled, and every accommodation for picnicking. Near by is the dairy dell, named so from the most charming dairy—shaped like a small temple—I ever saw, but I do not imagine it has been much used. All the tables have fine marble slabs covering them, and the milk-pans are of exquisitely painted china; clear, crystal streams of water running through it in all necessary directions, around tables, and floor paved with Minton tiles. A Swiss cottage, in the upper part of the grounds, was unfortunately closed, as the woman in charge had gone to visit some relatives. It is charmingly situated, and judging from the number of names cut in the tables for the use of visitors, that on the verandas must be a favorite resort in the summer months. Among the names I noticed many of our cousins from the United States of America. Here is shown an antique china jug from which the Queen has drunk, but it has a secret—I suppose imparted to her—that anyone not knowing it cannot drink from it without spilling the contents over themselves.

We are charmed almost beyond expression with the beautiful scene; but if so lovely as late as this in the sea-

son, what must it be when the apparently endless extent of rhododendrons are in bloom, and the wealth of summer flowers? Admission is obtained by getting an order from the Bedford office at Tavistock, and the people in charge are very civil and attentive. It was a mystery to me how, in such almost inclement weather as I thought it to-day, the dahlias, mignonette, etc., bloom so exquisitely in the cottage gardens, and the cottager's children, looking rosy and bright, run about the lanes seeking hazelnuts and blackberries. If I were a flower I don't think I would bloom at such a time. If you are not weary of excursions (we never were), I think I may as well finish those in the "West countrie" before we leave for "town."

Well, the same party as before, and by the same means of conveyance, left on an early day in September for a land-cruise into Cornwall, or "down-along," as Cornish folk say. Crossed the Sound by steam ferry-boat—boat hauled along by chain cables lying on the bottom and passing over a peck-drum—from Keyham to Tor Point; thence passing through Tharouts to St. John's, at the head of lake of the same name; through Auderton and Cremyll, skirting Mount Edgcumbe Park, with its beautiful grounds and herds of deer, up hill to Maker Church. On yet, through the narrowest and most winding lanes we had yet seen, but rich with wild flowers, to the trim villages of Kingsand and Carsand—the home of fisher folk, on Carsand Bay. Had we met any vehicle in these deep, narrow lanes what could we have done? As it was we nearly got into a "pilikia" in the funny, uneven streets of the above quaint villages. A collier schooner was lying in the mud in the bay discharging, and a procession

of carts from her coming up a steep hill into the town was unseen by us in its crooked street ; but the prescience of a post-office uniform saved us. He had seen us coming, and when the coal carts came in sight, ran back to warn us, so that we were able to pull up in a sort of corner till the unwieldy things had gone by, encroaching on the pavement and nearly into people's parlor windows. Up still we went to the village of Rame, on the head of the same name, with its sturdy old church that has braved centuries of storm, and is one of the principal landmarks for reaching Plymouth Sound.

What a perfect day it was !—a pleasant west wind blowing ; the vast expanse of land and sea stretching far up the coast of Devon and down the Cornish coast to Falmouth Bay ; blue sky, blue ocean flecked with sunshine, and numerous white sails lying far below us, and the sea birds—tenants of the cliffs—wheeling and sailing around and over us. On a headland near was the ruin of an ancient chapel and hermitage, where a good old monk once trimmed his beacon light to warn the mariner off the rocky coast. The many churches in strange out-of-the-way places, or as central points to scattered country hamlets, show how thoughtful they were for the spiritual as well as the temporal wants of their flocks in by-gone days. After an enjoyable couple of hours, amid the varied heaths, yellow gorse and passes of this elevated spot, our horses being rested, down we went again, past farms and orchards, rich with coming grain and fruit, through a country lane, till we came out on the fine military road along the cliffs over Whitsand Bay. What glorious views, and how the horses did spin along, seeming to feel the influence of the

noble scene and splendid weather ! Many holiday-makers were about the cliffs, and on the beach below in some little coves bordered with rugged rocks—probably townsfolk staying at some of the farm-houses near. I almost envied them the glorious sea, and yet it has sad memories of wrecks and disasters, below us in one place being a monument to the memory of a gentleman and his two sons who were lost in the quicksands. Having left behind us in a secluded bay a small fort and coastguard station, after a few miles' drive we turned inland to the important casemated fort of Teegantle, and thence through the village of Anthony, back to Tor Point and Plymouth. Such exquisite days as this do not often occur in one's existence, so I suppose we appreciate them the more.

Now I am going to take you on an extended excursion, even to the Land's-end ; and as it was likely to be a more fatiguing trip than either of the preceding, M. and A. decided to stay at home, Mari, N., and I making it alone. So on a clear, bright day in the middle of September, we left the Millbay station at 4 A. M., crossing Brunel's famous bridge, through Saltash, seeing in the grey light the junction of the Tamar and Tavy, past Ince Woods and Ince Castle, now a farm house, but once a square mansion with a tower at either angle, in which a member of the Killigrew family is said to have kept four wives at once, each in perfect ignorance of the existence of the other three. On through woods, orchards laden with fruits, by farms and mills, we pass the straggling old towns of St. Germans, Menheniot and Liskeard—close to which is the "Well of St. Keyne," celebrated by Southey—Los Mithiel, and lots of other places with queer Cornish names,



till we come to Truro, a place of some importance. The country has latterly much changed in appearance from the soft beauty of the landscape that greeted our eyes when the sun rose. It is milder and more broken. Frequent tall chimneys, big wheels and ugly piles of earth and refuse, tell that we are among the tin mines of Cornwall. Time would not permit us to visit Tintagel—for we had but this day—Camelford, said to be the Camelot of the Idylls, and the Arthurian, haunted spots round about us; so on we rushed, getting to Penzance at 9 A. M. What a charming, quaint old place it is, and so beautifully situated on Mount's Bay. N. fell desperately in love with it, and was for bringing A. and the "little maidens" down here immediately. It was full of visitors and excursionists, but as we did not wish to join the motley and rather noisy crowds that start for Land's-end in huge four-horse busses, or brakes, that await them at the station, we chartered a trap and driver on moderate terms to take us on.

After a good breakfast at a comfortable inn, near a curious old town-hall, in a steep street named "Jew Market"—everything is curious here—we sallied forth to see the town, and give our before-mentioned friends the start. It did not take us long, but it is very charmingly situated on hill-sides, sloping down the beautiful bay, with Mount St. Michael's castle-crowned islet standing about a mile from the beach. There is little doubt but this is the very castle where the renowned "Jack-the-Giant-Killer" slew the great Cornish Giant Blunderbore. Tradition says the Mount was then some five or six miles from shore, and that it was caused by the breaking of

Mrs. Blunderbore's apron-strings while carrying an apronful of rocks across the bay. Its present possessor, Mr. St. Aubyn, has nothing of the ogre about him, and visitors are always welcome, but not as of yore, for sinister purposes. The Mount is attainable at low water by a causeway, but how folks get to the castle on its summit without an elevator—or "lift," as English people call them—passes my comprehension on looking at it from the land. There is a fine Marine Parade built facing the sea, with very nice hotels and lodging houses, their fronts embowered in jasmine, fuschias and roses, the climate being so exceedingly mild and salubrious. While strolling here the aforesaid brakes came along with merry crowds of twenty or more in, and on, each of them, and all in turn stayed to be photographed by one or other of the many "artists" lying in wait to pick up 'Arry's stray sixpences. And yet, only a short two hundred and fifty years ago Turkish pirates landed here and carried off about sixty of the people. What a haul they would have had to-day, but how about the quality as slaves? No doubt the bonny, rosy-cheeked English lasses would be appreciated by their Moslem captors.

Our pleasant stroll over, we left, skirting along one side of the bay through a pretty straggling fishing village, and were soon in the open country among the fields, and orchards now laden with fruit. Asking our Jehu if we could purchase some, we got for reply, "Na sur; they all goes to Lunnun"—insatiate London. It is so with everything, as packages of fish, fruit, etc., at every railway station testify! Passing some pretty villages, and noticing on the roadside some ancient monumental stones, and

a wayside cross, we came to a steep hill with a notice-board and the inscription, "Cyclists are warned that this hill is dangerous." At the bottom of it is an old inn with thatched roof, bearing the ominous name of Catch-all. Turning to the left we were soon at St. Busyan, where is one of the finest old churches in the country. Outside of the gate is an ancient cross on a walled basement, and in the churchyard another, raised on steps, bearing a rude figure of the Saviour, and the date IIIL. In the building, which has a square, low crenellated tower, probably for defence in wild times past, like most of the Cornish churches, are the remains of what once must have been a magnificently carved wood-screen, some of which, richly painted and gilt with grotesque figures, and demons, amid grapes and foliage, boldly carved, still stands. Within the screen is a row of rude oak stalls, called "Misereres," the seats of which are hung on a pivot in their center, so that if the occupant was inattentive, or nodded over his "breviary" on some warm summer afternoon, he was very apt to be deposited upon his face on the chancel flags. On the lower floor is carved a richly floriated cross, with an inscription in old Norman-French, as follows: "Clarice, the wife of Geoffrey de Balleit lies here. God of her soul have mercy. Those who pray for her soul shall have ten days' pardon."

From here we went on, leaving the leafy lanes, with hedge-rows full of blackberries, behind us, into a much wilder and more desolate-looking country, with the fences formed of stones and turf, large fields, each with a big heap of farm refuse, earth, and manure piled in its center, and covered with gigantic cabbages, to be used, I suppose,

for fodder in the winter time. Grain was looking poor and stunted, but the root-crops apparently good ; no more trim farm-houses and farming.

Arriving at Teeryn village, we found our excursionist friends just setting out for Land's-end ; so leaving horse and trap at the little inn, off we walked for the Logan stone, through several fields, and over sundry old stone stiles. Arrived in view of the ocean, the grand headland of Teeryn Dinas, on the summit of which the stone stands, is before you, wild and magnificent in the confused and tumbled masses of granite of which it is composed. To your right a sandy bay where the Indian and French telegraph cables land, and the only place for many miles, available for such a purpose, on this wild coast.

Preceded by our guide, winding through rocks and boulders of grotesque shapes, we were soon at the foot of the vast mass of granite, on top of which, some forty feet above you, the loggin or rocking stone is poised. It is an enormous block weighing about ninety tons, and once said to be so evenly balanced that a mere touch would cause it to rock, and yet supposed to be impossible to be overturned. Some foolish boast of this sort made a foolish Naval Lieutenant, Goldsmith—nephew of the poet—overturn it with its cutter's crew, 1824. The admiralty ordered him to replace it, which he did, the Government lending the necessary machinery, and the expense being defrayed by public subscription. Holes, in which sheer-legs once stood, and bolts to which gyes were fast once, are still to be seen. Of course he did not throw it to the earth, but only off its pivot against another rock ; nor did he succeed in poising it so evenly that it will move as it



did before. Now you require to put your shoulder against it to make it do so. I did not try it myself, but N. and the guide did. The situation looks altogether too perilous with the small foothold you have, and the awful depth to the boulder-strewn beach below. You have to climb up the almost precipitous faces of two great rocks, worn smooth by many feet, to get at it. A rope fastened somewhere above, and a few notches cut in the rock-face, would make it comparatively easy, but of course that would not suit the guides. With assistance from ours, and from N's strong arms, I managed to clamber up, but must confess to an eerie sort of feeling on looking down into the awful chasms between the rocks below, and I felt relief when on *terra firma* again. And yet some of the plucky English girls clamber up, I think foolishly. Specimens of rare and beautiful ferns are found here in the almost inaccessible crevices of the rocks, one of which we bought from an "old salt," who, as a boy, had "held on" to a hawser when Lieutenant Goldsmith was expiating the consequences of his feats.

Horse and man refreshed, we resumed our journey into wilder and more desolate regions still, past poor and scattered cottages, with stacks of peat-moss and furze—the latter kept from the fury of the winds, that at times must howl across this waste, by great stones piled on top—intended for winter use. About a mile from our destination is the squalid village of Treviscan, consisting of a few houses built of cyclopean blocks of granite rudely wrought by hammer, the window and door jambs, and lintels being of enormous size. They are thatched with heather or gorse, kept in its place by great stones. I

could not have thought such human residences existed anywhere in England ; they look as if they had been there for centuries, and one wonders who were the builders, and how they raised the heavy stones. We are soon at the famed Land's-end itself, where is a fair inn open in summer only, and the view from here, with the Irish Sea on one hand and the English Channel on the other, over one of the sternest rocky coast scenes imaginable, the wild ocean waves one hundred and twelve feet beneath, is almost indescribably grand. Rocks of most fantastic shapes, and with most fantastic names, run beyond into the sea, but detached from Seal point, on which you may lie flat on your face, and look into and shudder at the awful abyss and turmoil of waters at its base. Before I had got close down I imagined I saw many of the folks who had preceded us, on some of the outer rocks. A nearer view showed me the rocks were detached from the mainland, and my supposed tourists, regiments of great sea fowl standing upright and looking unconcernedly, for they knew they were safe.

The descent from the elevated land above is not very easy, the short grass and heather being slippery, and yet in 1804 a dragoon officer had the temerity to ride a spirited mare down to the point. The beast growing restless, he wisely dismounted, but while leading her back by the bridle she took fright and backed over the precipice. N. would not suffer me to lie on my face and look over it without holding fast to my legs, rather humiliating, wasn't it? We were fortunate in having a beautiful day, with the sunlight dancing and sparkling on the waves at sea, and as they rushed in masses of foam on the weird

basaltic rocks stretching from the land, or on the slender shaft of the Largeships lighthouse beyond—between which and the shore there is a passage, for we saw a trading steamer go through into the Bristol Channel. Clear as it was we could not see the Scilly Islands, which a Cornish tradition says were once connected with Cornwall by a tract of land called Lyonese—the Idylls again—containing one hundred and forty parish churches. All this was submerged in one night, a man by the name of Trevillian alone escaping on horseback to tell the tale. On the bluff a short distance above is a small cottage where curiosities in the shape of geological specimens, charms made of serpentine, and photographs, are sold, kettles boiled for picnics, etc. It bears a sign, on one side of which is the legend “The first house in England,” and on the other, “The last house in England.” I can hardly analyze my thoughts and feelings as I stood here with the vast Atlantic stretching in front, and almost around us. One thought I know was present, that it was the nearest spot of English earth to our sunny home and those we held so dear.

Returning, we took another route to Sennen, the fine old church being a very conspicuous landmark near four hundred feet above sea level. The front has a Latin inscription setting forth that “This church was dedicated on the festival of the beheading of St. John the Baptist, 1441.” In the village, near the church and a few yards from the road, is a large rock called “Table maen,” on which tradition says three—or some say seven—Kings once dined together on a journey to the Land’s-end, about A. D. 600. Merlin has prophesied that a larger number will meet here for the same purpose previous to the de-

struction of the world—Pela paha! Further on, an ancient wayside stone cross is seen, and several Druidical stones, among them a circle of nineteen, but some are fallen; these are called the “Dawns Maens,” or dancing stones, and said to be young women punished so for dancing on Sunday. In a field across the road are two large granite pillars; these were the “Pipers” on the occasion.

How full this land of Cornwall is of legend and tradition, and so peculiarly rich in ancient stone crosses, as well as Druidical remains. Every place has its own wild tale, and little wonder, it is so utterly unlike the peaceful, beautiful looking country the traveller must pass through to attain it. Its very wildness and desolateness must have had great influence on the fervid imaginations of its former Celtic inhabitants.

Leaving the bold sea coast and turning into the more agricultural looking part of the country, we were soon at Penzance. Took train again for Plymouth, where we arrived at 8 P. M., rather tired, but having had a day so perfectly enjoyable and full of interest that I shall never forget it.

Now I am going to ask you to go back with me for near forty years—don't start—while I explain a little. When M. and I were wed, our bridal trip was to have been to London, but sudden and unexpected orders came down to join my ship, which rendered it impossible. A subsequent chain of events beyond our control had made it equally so until now, but as this had ever been one of our day dreams, we were very thankful its accomplishment was near, and on the 29th of May, M's birthday, started for London on our wedding-trip, solacing ourselves



with "better late than never." It was with no small trepidation on my part that we began our journey; neither of us had even visited the "big town," and our quiet life of many years past had, I feared, rather unfitted us for what we were about to experience. Yet, declining with thanks N's offer of placarding us as to where we were to be returned to if lost, off we set by London South-western Railway for town. Skirting the western side of Dartmoor brought us to Tavistock, Okehampton, and Exeter; thence to Yeovil, and Salisbury in Wiltshire, with its beautiful cathedral spire four hundred feet high; past Salisbury Plain, on which are the vast Druidical remains of Stonehenge, and made classic ground by the genius of Hannah More. Now through Hampshire, past Andover, and Basingstoke, into Surrey.

Let me pause awhile to express my delight at the beautiful country we are rushing through, with its thoroughly cultivated fields, hawthorn hedges, that lend such a charm to the landscape; dreamy looking cattle in lush pastures by quiet rivers; and general appearance of high-class finished farming—especially noticeable in well ordered rick-yards and farm buildings—in the several counties on our route. Devon is not noted for the perfect farming of the Midland counties, but mayhap that gives it a charm peculiarly its own. How pretty, too, are the many country stations you pass, or stop at, on the different lines of railways. Trim, well-kept hedges each side of the tracks, tasteful buildings, and gardens full of the most lovely flowers; at some of them in our wanderings up and down the land, we saw the most beautiful roses I think I have ever seen. The reason for the perfection of these gardens is,

that the railway companies give prizes to the station-masters for the best show. The Metropolitan, and other stations in large towns, though many of them very fine buildings, are rendered hideous by the number of advertisements of all kinds plastered over their walls. Colman's Mustard, and Keene's Mustard, seemed to me to be the chief offenders, and I could not help thinking that a foreigner would be of opinion that the English people lived on mustard! It is often difficult amid the many advertisements to find out the name of a station. A story is told of a lady asking a French gentleman who was her fellow passenger, what station they had arrived at, and he replied: "I believe, madame, it is Colman's Mustard."

Well, to resume: On we go past Woking, getting into the region of market-gardens, schools, mansions, villages and small towns, so numerous and close together, you cannot exactly tell where one ends and the other begins, till suddenly you find yourselves running over tops of houses and busy streets! I look at M. and say, can this be London? A lady fellow-traveller, who had been very kind to M., people seemed intuitively to know that we were pilgrims, and strangers, looks up with a quick smile and says, "Yes, sir, this is London." Little need for the assurance, as looking ahead our eyes caught sight of the noble dome of St. Paul's, to the left the gilded pinnacles of the palace of Westminster, and to the right the grim old Tower, "on the pool." On stopping at Waterloo-road station, I was for a while dazed by the apparent confusion, yet there is nothing but most perfect order in these great metropolitan termini; how, otherwise, could a thousand trains pass in the twenty-four hours through

Clapham Junction and no accident occur? M. was cooler and more collected than I was, so acting on her advice, to "do as others did," I got a porter to call a cab, and in a few minutes we and our belongings were rolling over Waterloo bridge, across the historic Thames, to Craven street. What a quiet, pleasant street it is, with its comfortable Queen Anne's houses—in one of which, two or three doors below us, Benjamin Franklin once lived, as an inscription on the wall relates. Its lower end debouches on the Thames embankments and its upper into the roar and traffic of the Strand, consequently it is the center of everything, and close to everywhere, and yet withal so quiet.

### III.

GREETINGS over and ablutions performed, our kind hostess—who seemed to take to us at once—suggested that as we had an hour before dinner, we should stroll down to the river, and back by Trafalgar Square. “No fear of losing our way?” “Oh, dear, no”—with a merry twinkle in her eye—“If you do, ask a policeman; he will set you right.” Down the street we went past the magnificent Hotel Metropole—opened two days later, and said by good judges to be the finest in the world—and turned into the embankment gardens, adjoining the residence of the Duke of Buccleuch. What a boon, and beauty, these open spaces are—walks, trees, green turf, flowers, garden seats, and in front of you the grand old river with its noble embankments, adorned with rows of trees, statues, seats, and splendid promenade. Leaning over the coping that borders the stream, we could hardly realize that our dream of forty years was fulfilled, and that we were indeed in the great modern Babylon, the center of the civilized world.

But a glance up and down the “great highway of the nations” which ends at London bridge, a mile and a half down stream, with its crowd of river craft, and the stately buildings on its banks, was incontrovertible evidence that it was so. It was a lovely May evening, and so we strolled nearly up to Westminster bridge, returning to rest awhile



in the pretty garden ; thence up Northumberland avenue, on the upper end of which the palace of the Percies once stood, with its well-known lion over the entrance, into Trafalgar Square, called by some "the noblest site in Europe." It is certainly a splendid square, with fine buildings around it, among which, on the upper side, is the National Gallery ; a large fountain in its center ; many statues adorning it, prominent among them the Nelson column, with Landseer's four great lions at its base. Turning thence into the Strand with its two crowded streams of traffic setting steadily and ceaselessly east and west, and being kindly piloted across them both by a genial blue-coated giant, a few minutes brought us to the quiet haven of Craven street, feeling perfectly at home, from henceforward having no fear of London or the London streets, and thorough confidence in Bobbie!

I do not purpose inflicting on you long accounts of all we saw, did, or heard, during our three different visits to fair London town, but as we enjoyed it all so immensely—yes, that's the word—will try to give you some idea why we did so.

Next morning was a glorious day, and we commenced it, accompanied by one of the kindest and most charming little cicerones, with a visit to the Houses of Parliament. No admittance ! I began to waver in my faith in Bobbie, who refused us entrance, until I found that both the Palace of Westminster and the Tower of London were closed to the public since the dynamite outrages. Turning back, we entered the noble pile of Westminster Abbey just before the conclusion of matins. Without writing a book I could give you but faint idea of this grand old abbey

with its nine chapels, north and south transept, and aisles, nave and choir, absolutely crowded with groups of statuary which detract, I think, in some cases from the grandeur of the whole by their numbers. Its early history is almost lost in the mists of ages, but tradition says that Sebert, king of the East Saxons, who died in 616, was about to consecrate the then abbey built by him, but that St. Peter, accompanied by angels and surrounded by glorious light, was beforehand with him, and did it himself in the night previous to the day appointed for the ceremony.

One thing is certain, Edward the Confessor built a magnificent structure for that age on this site, and the munificence and piety of many subsequent monarchs has left England the proud possessor of the abbey as it now stands. Its architectural beauty, within and without, you well know from the numerous pictures of it you have seen, so familiar is it to every Briton whether they have been in London or not. But no pictorial representation, however vivid, can convey to your mind the almost awful feeling of reverence you must experience on entering its august portals, and knowing that you are standing amidst so many of a mighty nation's mighty dead. Kings, queens, warriors, statesmen, poets, all that is great "in arms, and art, and song," lie around you. What other nation can show such a Pantheon? Do not think me rhapsodical, but when I walked silently among them, with the rich light of the painted glass streaming down upon bust, tablet, and "storied urn," in the Poet's corner, my heart came into my throat, almost choking me, and for a while I was oblivious of our work-a-day world. Around us,

what names from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spencer, "Rare Ben Jonson," Milton, Addison, and the long list of shining lights in our English literature, down to the familiar names of Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens and Longfellow, of our own day! All that was mortal of many of these great men was laid here, and you cannot help but feel how insignificant you are in such company, and yet how difficult to tear yourself away. Time and time again I returned to this corner, in the south transept, and never left it but with a feeling that I must go again.

A few words as to the beautiful chapel of Henry VII., to which you enter by marble steps, through exquisitely wrought gates of brass, rich in design and ornamented with roses, thistles, crowns, the three lions of England and the initials R. H. Its gorgeous ceiling is wrought in stone in such intricate tracery that I cannot describe—looking like fairy stalactites—you are familiar with from pictures; also the beautifully carved stalls with Gothic canopies, and the banners of the Knights of the Bath above, many dropping to pieces with age, on either side of the chapel. But I wish you could see the brass chapelry and tomb of Henry VII., and his queen, in the center, with their recumbent figures lying side by side upon it. The gate of this beautiful railing is kept locked, and so very rich is it in all its details of execution that common opinion believes it to be of gold. Most of the English sovereigns from Henry VII. to George III. lie here; and particularly beautiful is the canopied tomb of Queen Elizabeth, and the superb monument to Mary Queen of Scots, erected by her son James I., who also is buried here. Time will not permit a fuller description, nor do I wish to weary you.

Now we will go to the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, containing his shrine, "once the glory of England, but now much defaced, and robbed of its beauty by devotees anxious to possess some stone or dust from his tomb." It is grievous to see how vandals have carved their pigmy names, or initials, on so many of the tombs, or monuments, in this and other parts of the building, but they are too well looked after now for it to be permitted any more. This chapel with its dim religious light, and many monuments of mighty dead, cannot fail to impress deeply the beholder. Beside the ashes of the illustrious king whose shrine it is, it contains the tombs and remains of Henry III., Queen Eleanor, Henry V.—Harry of Monmouth, his recumbent figure being headless, supposed to be stolen, as it was said to be of silver—Edward III., Queen Phillipa, Margaret Woodville, Richard II., and his queen; also the superb tomb and coronation chair of the first Edward. This chair, which has since been used at the coronation of all English sovereigns, has under its seat a stone brought by that king from Scone, in Scotland, on which their ancient monarchs used to be crowned, and said to have been Jacob's pillow during his angelic vision. Many other interesting objects I have not space to describe.

The seven remaining chapels, beautiful and full of interest, as some of them certainly are, you must go and see yourself, as I fear I have lingered too long already. But when you do go, do as we did, dispense with a guide, but get a guide-book, and then you will not be hurried from one object of interest to another, and can linger longest where you feel the greatest attraction. How beautiful it all is! How gorgeous the many painted windows! How



sonorous, and yet how soft and sweet, the tones of its four organs—one at each angle of the transept—all played by one performer at the same time, and the voices of the choristers rolling up and dying away amid the long-drawn aisles, arches and tracery of the roof, I must leave to your imagination ; we thought it sublime. And yet, after worshipping here on different occasions, on one of which we heard the Rev. Edwin Price, Minor Canon, preach an excellent sermon, I cannot but confess to a feeling that the services were not as inspiring, warm or ornate, as the august fane seemed to demand.

The next church visited by us was the ancient one of the Knights Templars, in Fleet street, now belonging to the Benchers of the Middle and Inner Temples. It has recently been restored and the monumental effigies of its former owners, of which there are many recumbent in the nave, renovated and repaired. It is considered one of the most beautiful relics of Norman architecture in the kingdom ; and also celebrated for the excellence of the singing, and general beauty of the services. It is often difficult to obtain seats, unless you have an order from a Bencher, but our kind friend explaining to a solemn verger in long black gown that we were from the far Sandwich Islands, we were shown to excellent seats in the chancel—M. on one side, I on the other, as the sexes are divided. It was Trinity Sunday, and the church was full, the services choral—with antiphonal singing by a surpliced choir, all male voices—beautiful throughout and the anthem truly sublime. How we did enjoy it, never having heard anything so perfect in prayer and praise before. Service ended, we descended through the historic Temple gardens,

famous for their chrysanthemums, and celebrated by Shakespeare as the scene of the plucking of the red and white roses—badges of York and Lancaster—on to the Thames embankment; past Somerset House, formerly the palace of the Protector of that name; Cleopatra's needle; and the river glancing in the sunshine, with its host of holiday-makers, most of whom, poor souls, can get out no other time, back to our quiet street. The afternoon we devoted to two lady friends of ours in Chelsea, both of whom were past the utmost limit of life allotted by the psalmist, and had known us as boy and girl. How cheerful and bright they were, and how delighted they and their children were to see us, and we them. We had there and subsequently many happy reminiscences of early days, and many, alas! all too tender and sad, of dear departed ones. To them we were in kindly imagination boy and girl still, and our Christian names famelier in their mouths as household words.

A subsequent Sunday took us to St. Paul's Cathedral—Sir Christopher Wren's magnificent creation—to matins, where the services were beautifully rendered, with especially excellent chanting and singing, the Rev. Harry Jones preaching a powerful and stirring sermon. This superb structure, whose noble dome is visible all over London, and so well known that it is the first object that strikes a stranger's attention, is situated in the heart of the city—I had almost said in the center of the civilized world, for within a few minutes' walk is Lothbury, where is the Royal Exchange, as well as the residence of the old lady of Threadneedle street, the slightest rise or fall in whose pulse causes a tremor in that of thousands all over

the globe. It stands on the top of Ludgate Hill, on the site of an ancient Temple of Diana. Since then several Christian churches have occupied the spot, but this, the grandest of them all, was begun in 1675, and finished, but not completely, in 1710. The architect's grand designs have not even yet been fully carried out, and the beautifying and painting of the interior of the magnificent dome is still being proceeded with. It is a gorgeous fane, splendid and vast in its proportions, being nearly half a mile in circumference, and the elevation of the cross on its top 404 feet from the foundation. When you enter you are struck by the lofty vaulting and noble concave soaring above you to such a vast height. Like Westminster Abbey, it is full of monuments to the mighty dead, among them John Howard, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Sir John Moore, Abercrombie, Nelson, Wellington, and a host of others. In the crypt lie the bodies of the last named two, with other eminent men. The tomb of Wren, its builder, has the following inscription in Latin: "Beneath lies Christopher Wren, the architect of this church and city, who lived more than ninety years, not for himself alone, but for the public. Reader, do you seek his monument? Look around!" We did not ascend into the dome, nor did we go down into the crypt; time was all too short for the latter, and M. does not like dizzy heights, nor had I forgotten our experience at the whirlpool rapids.

In the evening our usual custom was to attend vespers at the chapel of St. Mary-le-Savoy, in the Strand. It is what is called a Chapel Royal, but why I do not know; there are several in London. All the prayer books and

hymnals in this one are marked as the property of the Queen. The Savoy, of which this was the chapel, was formerly the palace of the Dukes of Lancaster, and this building has recently been restored by the Queen. It is small and the sittings allotted to parishioners, but our kind friends took us with them and we always heard good sermons, had a calm, pleasant, soothing service—such a contrast to the roar and bustle of the Strand we had but just left—in the quiet chapel with the evening sun streaming in rich light through its beautiful windows, one of which was a thank-offering for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

Hospital Sunday we attended Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle. On entering at the outer gate you are given an envelope. I do not know if this custom always obtains, or only on this particular Sunday; in this you enclose your offering and drop it into a box on the wall. Entering the vast edifice, capable of seating many thousands of people, you are directed, if a stranger, to sit on a flap-seat attached to the end of the regular pews in the aisle until the owners or usual occupants are all seated, and then shown to your place. We were spared this by the kindness of a lady taking us into her sitting, near the pulpit, for which I felt very grateful. Immense as the building is, it was soon full and prompt to time the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon appeared. I should have known him at once by the many photographs I have seen of him, but I thought he looked tired and careworn. This soon passed off, however, when the reverend gentleman began the services of the day. He is a truly wonderful, as well as a good man, and the marvellous flow of his oratory in pure nervous Anglo-



Saxon English, whether in the soft pathos of prayer, or the grand exuberance of praise and thanksgiving, seemed to me an almost godlike gift. The congregational singing by so many voices, aided by a noble organ, was very fine, the hymns and their tunes being given out by the pastor. I did see in the newspapers next day the amount of offertory collected on this occasion, but have forgotten ; I know it was large. We should have liked much to have gone to the Foundling, but somehow or other could never manage it. Time seems to pass away so rapidly and there is so much to see and hear. Would you believe it, we never saw the British Museum !

On the "glorious first of June," and a glorious day it was too, we strolled into St. James' Park, and on the parade ground in rear of the Horse-Guards, witnessed the "trooping of the columns," by a large body of Royal Horse Guards and about eight hundred infantry. A very imposing sight it was, and how perfect the evolutions of these splendid troops. At the west end of this charming park, and lying, as it were, between it and the Green Park, is Buckingham Palace. On your right hand the stately Mall, with Marlborough House, residence of the Prince of Wales. Passing along the Mall in front of the palace, and skirting Green Park up Constitution hill—on which the pot-boy Oxford fired at the queen, and Sir Robert Peel was thrown from his horse and killed—we crossed Piccadilly to Hyde Park Corner, and passed through the principal entrance, where are five avenues, supported by Ionic pillars, to see the meet of the Four-in-hand club. How beautiful this line of parks is with their grand old trees, noble houses, ornamental water, and verdant grass ;

and so entering at the "Corner," with Apsley house, late residence of the Iron Duke, to your right and the great statue of Achilles—erected by the women of England from cannon captured in the Peninsular war—almost in front, we came upon a scene perhaps unequalled in the world; at all events, Londoners think so—another spacious part stretching away westward past Knightsbridge to Kensington Palace and gardens, with avenues, rides, and drives all planted with stately trees. Numerous statues are scattered about, and a short distance off the rather too ornate Albert Memorial, which you know from pictures; the Serpentine, with its aquatic fowl; great masses of rhododendrons and other flowering shrubs, all at this season looking so glorious with their resplendent colours set in the emerald of the grass. But the pride of the Londoner is the Drive and Rotten Row, and hence our visit to-day. We got chairs, of which there are any amount for hire at a penny an hour, and took our seats under the trees bordering the drive, already lined by a double row of carriages on each side, filled with the rank, beauty and fashion of this vast metropolis, and like ourselves waiting for the coming of the coaches. By and by a low, respectful hum among the thousands on foot, horseback and in carriages, a sudden lifting of the gentlemen's hats, and the charming and much loved Princess of Wales, with three of her daughters passes by, quietly followed by the Duchess of Teck, whom everybody likes; the grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and many of the nobility and aristocracy whose names are famous in our country's story. Soon came the coaches themselves, on the box seat of one of them the pleasant-smiling Prince of

Wales, looking a thorough Englishman, and bowing right and left to his friends with that peculiar grace that has made him so popular with the English people. We had been here on Saturday and seen the Coaching Club turn out with twenty-two coaches; to-day there were only eighteen of them, but what splendid turn-outs they are; built like the old mail-coaches, most elaborately finished, guards' seat, horn and all the other necessary paraphernalia of a stage-coach and horsed with four magnificent cattle. Some affect bays, some blacks, chestnuts, or greys, and others have wheelers and leaders of different colours. All their occupants, and they were well covered—for there is no one inside—both male and female sit on top, and a gallant show they make driving in procession from the upper part of the park down to the "Corner," and thence in the direction of Kensington. Crossing, a short distance takes you to the Row and Lady's-Mile; here another vast assemblage of rank, beauty and fashion, on foot and on horse-back. Lounging on the rails, chatting, or perhaps flirting with the fair horse-women, are many of the "gilded youth," others riding up and down at solemn pace; nearly all well mounted, but the ladies' riding-skirts too short to suit my old-fashioned ideas of elegance, and not many of them sitting their horses with the ease and grace peculiar to our island girls. But I was much struck with a fine aristocratic looking girl, with a natty groom "in tops and cords" behind her, mounted on a splendid trotting grey, and riding him at this difficult pace for a lady, with an ease few, if any of our "Kaikainahines" could attain. All the ladies have escorts, either a jolly looking father, a brother, or a groom. What a gay and

splendid crowd it is, and how perfectly managed by the attendant police. When you return to the "Corner" to go out, where the five avenues for the carriages, horse-men, and pedestrians all converge, you notice standing in the central space a policeman quietly controlling the assembled thousands who are moving to and fro, or desirous of going out. When a block occurs, or a number of folks on foot are desirous of passing, Bobbie simply holds up his hand, not a word is spoken, and all the carriages passing and re-passing at right angles to the gateway stop instantly, and remain stationary as long as his hand is held up. When the pedestrians are well over, a wave of his hand right and left, equestrians and carriages resume their respective courses, and all goes smoothly till the park is cleared of its vast concourse.

On a lovely sunny Sunday afternoon, which is by far the best day to go, not being crowded and entrance only obtainable by members' tickets, we went to the Zoölogical Gardens in the Regents' Park. This large and beautiful park is on the northwest side of the metropolis, surrounded with terraces of mansions, villas and private houses, laid out in shrubberies and artificial lakes, being plentifully intersected with roads and promenades. It contains also the Botanic and Zoölogical Gardens. It was full of people promenading, sitting under the umbrageous trees, or listening to temperance lecturers or field-preachers, several of whom we saw with fair audiences. Our time was all too short to see much of the park, and the Botanic Gardens we did not see at all. The "Zoo" was all we had been prepared to see—a most complete collection of almost every beast, bird, or reptile



known to man—in paddock, dens, or aviaries, suited to their respective habits or wants. The reptile house had a particular fascination for me, and the collection was very full and complete. M. soon quitted it, feeling, I fancy, like Arthur Sketchley's Mrs. Brown, who "couldn't abear them nasty, creeping things." The bird and monkey-houses, too, are large and handsome, with numerous occupants, but we did not affect them much either, the din and screaming being too great to be pleasant. We amused ourselves chiefly by walking about the beautifully laid-out grounds, or seeing the larger mammalia and carnivora, and when fatigued, sitting on some bench and watching the gay crowd of visitors passing to and fro. "Jumbo," alas! had gone, much, no doubt, to the sorrow of many a juvenile Londoner, but had left some splendid specimens of his race behind him. The collection consists of about two thousand animals, and you may imagine would take no small time to do justice to. Practically there is no limit to the numerous opportunities afforded visitors to the great metropolis for amusement, information, or pleasure. A years' residence, even if one or more of the many places available to the public were visited every day, would not suffice for seeing half of them; therefore, my notices must necessarily be few and brief. Of course, we saw Madame Tussaud's unrivalled wax-work exhibition, wonderfully improved of late, and in splendid quarters. Every country cousin going to town sees it, and admires the long line of English sovereigns, from the earliest times down to Queen Victoria, with many eminent men and women of all countries and climes, even to Arabi Pasha. We were much amused with Maskeleyne and Cook's per-

formances, and especially those of the automaton "Zoe," who draws excellent likenesses of prominent people in a very, to me, inexplicable manner.

We visited several of the numerous theatres, but I will only mention two or three—Drury Lane, with its vast stage and real water, where we saw Charles Reade's "Never Too Late to Mend" excellently acted, two scenes in which pleased us much—one of a farm-yard with living ducks swimming about in a pond, and pigeons flying around a dove-cot; the other, a river at sunrise, with a stream of actual water falling in a cataract over a ledge of rocks. At the pretty little Savoy we saw "The Mikado" on two occasions, and were vastly pleased; it was so well put upon the stage, the singing, acting, dresses, and scenery charming to see and hear.

We went, too, to the Lyceum, to see Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in the very affecting play of "Olivia," founded on Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, and were much charmed with their finished and perfect acting. At the two last-named theatres the plays had been running I am afraid to say how long, and yet it was necessary to get your tickets a week or ten days beforehand, so crowded were they every night. One evening at the Princess we saw two of the professional beauties whose names have been so familiar lately: Mrs. Langtry, in the play of "Peril," an adaptation from the French, which we did not like; and in one of the boxes—as a spectator—Miss Fortescue, whose action against Lord Garmoyle made such a stir at the time. The former is a beautifully formed woman, but not so handsome as I had expected to see, and as an actress by no means first rate—the latter, with her class-

ical face, far the more charming of the two, her profile being lovely. Mary Anderson, who is such a prime favourite with the English people, we did not see, she being in the provinces during our stay in town.

The Crystal Palace at Sydenham was part of our programme, and twice visited. With its many courts, theatre, great organ, endless variety of objects of interest, including statues and pictures, the beautifully laid-out gardens, temples and fountains, it is certainly a delightful place to spend a few hours, or even days, for you cannot see it all in one, the surrounding country adding so much to the charm. Of the truly magnificent South Kensington Museum I have-but little to say, as we were only able to afford time for one hasty visit, and certainly a week would be all too short to do it justice. It is a regular embarrassment of riches of everything rare, curious and beautiful, and our brief time was principally taken up with the Sheepshank collection, and the Cartoons of Raphael. I am almost ashamed to dismiss the two latter places so quietly, but I have so many more I wish you to accompany me to that I cannot linger on as I fain would.

Now come with me to the "Inventions," and walking through its many vast and lofty aisles, or courts, make the best use time will allow of your eyes in seeing the accumulated wonders and inventions from all the nations of the world. Each quarter of the globe, and the different peoples inhabiting them, are well represented in the courts called by their respective names. All sorts of arts, manufactures, and indeed almost every necessary of life is exhibited, and can be purchased if required. The dazzling and wonderfully rich products of Eastern looms, carv-

ing, cunning work in gold and silver, and handicrafts of every kind ; superb furniture, china and glassware from continental Europe ; magnificent pianos, useful machinery of all sorts and kinds from "Our American Cousins," with a literally endless variety of articles useful, as well as beautiful—of which, of course, John Bull contributes his quota—from everywhere, make a whole of which you never seem to have seen enough. All the stupendous machinery exhibited is in motion ; their beautifully polished shafts gleaming in the sunlight streaming through the crystal roof, decorated with myriads of flags, has a charming effect. The whole extent of various buildings and gardens is very vast, and during our frequent visits the latter were gorgeous in flowers ; we were ever losing our way in the labyrinth of courts, alleys or paths, but had not long to wait for an official to set us right. The place was always crowded, as many thousands come up from the country by cheap excursion-trains daily, during the summer, especially when the gardens and fountains are illuminated by the electric light in the evening. At the risk of being wearisome I must tell you something of this, for I never saw anything so beautiful. Well, picture to yourself a large open place in the spacious gardens ; in the center, issuing from piles of rock-work in an immense basin, are very powerful fountains, throwing, I do not know how many jets of water high into the air ; around the whole, elegantly designed buildings used for conservatories, tea-rooms, band-rooms, and other purposes of the exhibition. Noble trees and shrubs artistically grouped, strolling under which, or sitting on the numerous seats and benches, listening to the



sweet strains of Strauss', or some other celebrated band, are literally thousands of people watching the hands of the clock on an illuminated dial in a tower of the main building as they draw near 9. As the first stroke of the hour falls on the ear what a wondrous change! Instantaneously the clear darkness of the summer night is illumined with a wondrous blaze of light; every cornice, moulding or projection of the buildings are ablaze with coloured lamps; each tree or shrub has its thousands, or hundreds of them, according to their capacity; the fountains throw their magnificent jets high into the air, sometimes of one colour, at others mixed, green, red, blue, purple or white, and underneath the waters of the lakes are shining glass globes of lambent fire of all imaginable colours. This flashes on the astonished senses at once, and makes a scene so beautiful and fairyland-like that no description of mine can convey to your mind its beauties. You are simply entranced by it. No exhibition of fireworks I have ever seen—and we saw some very beautiful the other night at the Crystal Palace—can at all compare with it; its beauty is unique!

With an account of the extensive and well-stocked aquarium I will not trouble you, but I must ask you to come with me for a stroll through the streets of "Old London," a wonderful reproduction, in another part of the exhibition. Entering through a gateway with a battlemented tower on either hand, portcullis and all complete, you find yourself in a narrow, crooked paved street, with ancient houses, their second stories overhanging the crowded way; open shops beneath them, in which artisans or handicraftsmen are seen pursuing their vari-

ous callings in the habiliments and garb of centuries long past, armourers, workers in brass, wood-carvers, weavers, and many other trades. There are plenty of shops, too—all open to the street—in which a variety of pretty and fancy articles are sold, attended to by young women also in ancient costume of fardingale, ruff, slashed sleeve, peaked bodice and strange headgear. In the upper stories of the houses are exposed for sale articles of greater value, such as rarely carved furniture and costly brass-work, than in the street below. An old church with a beautiful chime of bells; the curious signs with their quaint old English inscriptions; the men standing in the doors of the shops and crying, *What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?* dressed in their old-time garb and cap, makes a charming whole which is very realistic, and I know would please you. One house you enter is called *Whittington's parlour*, and with its low ceilings, painted walls, and beautiful antique furniture, said to be an exact fac-simile of the renowned *Richard's*, thrice Lord Mayor of London, was of great interest to us. We were never tired of visiting this interesting exhibition, there being always something new to see, and refreshments of every kind obtainable, from a modest cup of tea with bread and butter, costing two-pence, to a gourmand's lunch costing perhaps half a guinea.

Of the galleries of art and pictures I will only mention three, beginning with the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. This fine building has a staircase on either side of the main entrance leading into the vast suites of rooms, filled with, I should say thousands of pictures—on the one hand devoted to foreign and ancient masters, on

the other to British and more modern painters. Of the former I do not feel that I am competent to say anything, nor, indeed, of the latter, for I do not set up for a judge, and only profess to know what pleases me most. Many of them are very beautiful, not a few well known and historical pictures, wonderful in their splendid colouring. There was always a crowd before Raphael's celebrated "Madonna," that occupied a central place on an easel in one of the rooms, and had just been purchased by the nation for £72,000 ! The colouring of this, and face of the Virgin, were exquisite, but the anachronism in dress of the attendant figures absurd. I must confess to some weariness of the crowds of medieval saints, martyrs, madonnas, and angels, beautiful though they be, and great the names of the painters. On the other or modern side you are struck on entering by the splendid collection of Turner's landscape and sea-pieces ; and yet at a first glance some of them seem almost as if painted with a broom, but their beauty comes out and grows on you as you look. Some of the Italian landscapes in particular are beyond my power to describe, and sea-pieces wondrous ; among the latter I liked "Towing the Fighting Temeraire" much. Landscapes of Gainsborough ; "The Rake's Progress," of Hogarth ; "Samuel," of Sir Joshua Reynolds ; "Peace and War," of Landseer—and I must specially mention his exquisite "Shoeing the Bay Mare," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse-fair," with hundreds of other well known and often engraved pictures, cover the walls, from the brushes of these and other eminent painters. Indeed, as you wander along, or sit on the comfortable lounges prepared for visitors, you feel that you are

among a host of old friends, and loath to leave. Being close to our lodgings and no entrance fee demanded, we often dropped in when we had a spare half hour.

In the rooms containing the splendid collection left by the late Sir Robert Peel to the nation, among other gems is the celebrated "*Chapeau du paille*," of Rubens. In another room the equestrian picture of Charles I. by Van Dyck, lately bought for £45,000! Goodly sums those I have mentioned, but I suppose well laid out. At the Royal Academy Exhibition, Burlington House, with its eleven galleries of oil paintings and water colours, and other rooms, containing between 1,700, and 1,800 subjects—exclusive of sculpture—of which, by the by, though much of it is very fine, I have said nothing in the National Gallery—I would fain linger long; but as it cannot be, yet I feel I must mention some of the pictures that struck me most. Ariadne deserted by Theseus—reclining on a rock—by Henrietta Rae. John Knox at Holyrood, reproving Mary Queen of Scots and court, W. P. Frith. "The Queen, God bless her!" J. E. Hodgson—a mid-day halt in the desert, officer bare-headed pledging the Queen. Standard bearer, Sir John Gilbert. A reading from Homer, Alma Tadema. Diadumene, an exquisite nude, E. J. Poynter. St. Eulalia—her body lying exposed in the forum after martyrdom, being covered by a miraculous fall of snow—J. W. Waterhouse. After the Arena, a young Christian's body, who has been killed, being lowered into the catacombs to his relations—E. Armitage. And a host of beauties by great modern artists, but as I am not writing a catalogue I must refrain. Let me, however, say there were many splendid portraits by



Millais and other eminent men. At the Grosvenor Gallery, in New Bond street, amid the four or five hundred examples of painting, sculpture, and wood-carving exhibited, much of which was beautiful, my attention was mostly taken by Alma Tadema's *My Doctor*, and C. W. Mitchell's *Hypatia*, from Kingsley's novel, where, pursued by the furious mob, she rushes up the nave to the altar, "appealing to the great still Christ—from man to God." A landscape by V. C. Prinsep. The first warmth of spring, H. Herkomer. And again I must refrain, leaving as before sculpture rooms untouched. At the Doré Gallery, among the many beautiful pictures of this most gifted and prolific artist, I most admired *Christ Leaving the Prætorium*; *Moses before Pharaoh*—both magnificent pictures, with life-size figures; "*Ecce Homo*;" *Dream of Pilate's Wife*, and the *Day Dream*. There are many other beauties, but these to me were the most striking.

I have told you that we had been unsuccessful in a former attempt to see the Houses of Parliament, but now, through the kind efforts of a very old friend in the Foreign office, whom we had known in Honolulu, we had got orders, not only for the Palace of Westminster, but for the Tower of London also. So taking our way down Whitehall and Parliament streets, we pass the Admiralty, where I had a few days previously met our old friend Admiral Cator—shabbiest of public offices for this great naval power; the Horse Guards, shabby too, but somewhat redeemed by the magnificent mounted sentries on either side the entrance—horse and rider still as a stone statue, and justly considered one of the sights of London. Opposite is the Palace of Whitehall, now used as govern-

ment offices, through a window of which the unwise, and unfortunate, Charles I. went to his death on a bitter winter's day. Downward still toward the river, and we soon reach the portals of the magnificent structure that is our destination. No difficulty as to entrance now; our friend's talisman, with "Granville" in the corner, had made all easy. This grand and massive pile, occupying an area of some eight acres, washed on one side by the Thames, stands on the site of a royal palace built by Edward the Confessor, and has been several times more or less destroyed by fire, altered and repaired. After the last great catastrophe of 1834, in which the celebrated tapestry depicting the destruction of the Spanish Armada, that then adorned the walls of the House of Lords, was burnt, it was determined to erect a new palace on the same spot for accommodation of the Houses of Parliament, the present gorgeous building being the result. I do not purpose a full description; I think you know it all pretty well from the many pictures you have seen.

I find my note-book says we were astonished, gratified, and almost awed, with the grandeur and magnificence of the whole. The beautifully intricate brass gates; exquisite wood carving; groups of statuary; brilliant beauty of the storied windows, and of those containing portraits of the kings and queens of England, from William the Conqueror to William IV.; splendid frescoes of the corridors, depicting events in English history; numerous bas reliefs in bronze, or richly gilt; lofty ceilings crossed by carved beams, sumptuously painted and gilded, and general gorgeousness of the vast pile. The Gothic splendour of the House of Lords particularly struck us, but as there

was some peerage case under discussion by a lot of legal dignitaries in wig and gown, we were not able to see it as thoroughly as we would have liked. The House of Commons is very fine, too, rich in carving and adornment, but lacking in a measure the lavish gold and colouring of some other parts of the pile. Of course, we had pointed out to us the accustomed seats of prominent men in either house, and sat in the premier's and speaker's chairs, considered the thing to do. We could not go into Westminster Hall, or St. Stephen's Crypt, both beautiful, and as part of the original palace very interesting; they being under repair from the dynamite explosions, were not open to the public; little mark of damage was now visible in any other part. We met several parties of American ladies and gentlemen, sight-seers like ourselves, and were glad to find they obtained admittance as well as we, probably through their minister. Armed with an order from Lord Chelmsford, Constable of the Tower, to admit Captain L. and party, let us now proceed thither, lingering a little on our way to note some of the spots we pass, famous and infamous, "in our proud island story," and annals of this famous London town.

What splendid pageantries of kings, queens, courtiers and dames; grim processions of doomed traitors guarded by armed men; troops of merry-makers going to the May-pole once erected in the Strand—removed by the Puritans—"when England was merry England still," have passed along the route we are about to take. The space called Charing Cross, one of the most central in London, as the numerous busses bearing a golden cross testify, is said to have derived its name from Eleanor, the "*chere reine*"

of Edward I., whose body rested here previous to its interment in Westminster Abbey, and in the center of which her husband erected the most beautiful of the nine crosses built to her memory, in the places where the queen's body rested. It was pulled down by order of the Long Parliament, and the stones used for paving the streets !

A later and more liberal generation has built a facsimile in front of the Charing Cross Hotel. The site of the original monument was made the scene of execution of many of the regicides ; here, too, General Harrison was beheaded, with his face toward Whitehall. Continuing along the Strand with its many memories of Train-Bands, mutinous London apprentices, and other old-time stories, past Somerset House, the Savoy, Exeter Hall, the splendid pile of the New Law Courts, we come to where once stood the structure known as Temple Bar, on the top of which, as you are aware, it was the gentle custom of our merry forefathers to impale on iron spikes the heads of unfortunates executed for high treason, an event not unfrequently occurring in the good old times. This spot marked the boundaries between the liberties of London and Westminster, and so jealous were the ancient citizens of their rights, that it was customary to close the gates in the face of royalty on occasion of the visit of a monarch to the city, until permission to enter had been demanded of the Lord Mayor, standing on the City side. The last time this ceremony occurred was in 1844, when the Queen opened the Royal Exchange. As the ancient gate-way standing across the street impeded the traffic very much it has been removed, and a bronze griffin—supporter of the arms of the city—standing on a pedestal, marks its



site. Entering Fleet street, with the beautiful Temple buildings on your right, what a crowd of literary celebrities your imagination conjures up, from Wynkyn-de-Worde, the famous printer, down through the long list of Jonson, Milton, Dr. Johnson, Boswell, Goldsmith, Dryden, Richardson, Dick Steele, and others of their days, to the many brilliant names of contributors to *Punch*, and other well known journals. The very air seems redolent of literary men, and every street, alley or court branching off it, full of recollections of them. We are now at the foot of Ludgate Hill, said to be called after a British King Lud, before the time of Julius Cæsar. Passing under a railway arch here crossing the street, we look up the hill and see the noble pile of St. Paul's, with its magnificent dome, and statue of Queen Anne crowning the summit. Passing along St. Paul's Churchyard, celebrated as the home of so many great publishing houses, with its pretty garden, where rests many a former citizen—no interments are permitted now—we pause to think if we shall continue along Watling street, once part of a great military Roman road that extended all across the island, even to the sea, and echoed to the tread of their armed legions, or by Cheapside, Cornhill, Leadenhall street, Aldgate and the Minories, deciding in favour of the latter route.

How much of the ancient history of this great town clusters about the names of places just written. In Cheapside, Wat Tyler and Jack Cade set up their respective standards, and slew their victims; and the great prentice-riot known as Evil May-day took place. Stowe tells us that in the time of Edward III. divers joustings were

held here, and bluff King Hal, disguised as a yeoman of the guard, once came, halbert on shoulder, to see how they kept watch and ward in his royal city. Cornhill has many memories of famous business houses, and taverns ; among the latter, the Jerusalem, the Jamaica, and Garraways. But we must hurry along Leadenhall street ; Aldgate, with its old-fashioned taverns of coaching days, now passed away, and celebrated pump on which so many imaginary orders are drawn ; by the Minories, headquarters of ready-made and "*old-clo*" merchants, on to Tower hill, grim with recollections of many awful tragedies. Among the host beheaded here I can only stay to mention Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey ; the Earl of Strafford ; Archbishop Laud ; Sir Harry Vane ; Sir Thomas More, great and good ; Algernon Sydney, and Lord Lovet, who suffered for his part in the rising of 1745, and was the last person decapitated in Great Britain. Pausing a moment before we enter, I feel that I cannot do better than quote from W. Hepworth Dixon a few lines relative to her Majesty's Tower : " Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes." \* \* \* \*

" Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry III. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The

Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mahommed II. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry VIII.; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war, Versailles was yet a swamp. Sans Souci and the Escorial belong to the eighteenth century. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Teheran, are all of modern date."

What an ocean of thoughts crowd upon your mind as descending the hill toward the river, and passing through an outer court, where are numerous specimens of beautiful and ancient cannon captured from the Turk, and other Eastern potentates, you come to the moat—now dry for sanitary reasons, and laid out as a flower garden—crossed by a stone bridge, and defended at the outer end by the Middle Tower, with portcullis, and at the inner by the Byeward Tower. Here, presenting your "order" to the sentry, you are passed on by him across the *ballium* between the inner and outer walls, to an official at the Bloody Tower, scene of the murder of the two princes by their uncle, Richard III., and are now within the inner defences of the fortress. Here we were put in charge of a Beef-eater in Tudor costume, a noble looking old fellow he was, too, his breasts covered with medals for services in the Crimea, India, and I don't know where else. He was very intelligent, and knew well much of the history of what he showed us; of the illustrious men and women who had landed here at the Queen's Stair or by the Traitor's Gate—Buckingham, Strafford, Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, Princess Elizabeth, William Wallace, David

Bruce, Surrey, Raleigh, Guy Fawkes, and a host of others who figure in our country's history, and few of whom ever emerged again from within these gloomy walls. The spot on which the gentle nine days' queen suffered is marked by an iron cross, and in St. Peter's Chapel close by she, with Thomas Cromwell, the noble Earl of Surrey, the good Duke of Somerset, the brilliant Devereux, Earl of Essex, Sir Thomas More, and many of her own sex, among them Anne Boleyn, sleep their last sleep. Entering the great White Tower, built by the Conqueror to overawe his restless Anglo-Saxon subjects, we visited the different armouries with their magnificent collections, ancient and modern, of all nations. Suits of plate armour, chain armour, leathern armour, armour beautifully damascened, or inlaid with gold and silver in richest devices; cross-bows, long-bows, lances, halberts, pikes, swords and daggers, many of exquisite workmanship, the hilts heavily encrusted with gems; helmets, morions, gauntlets, spurs; in short, every kind of military paraphernalia.

Nor must I forget the thumb-screws, boots, rack, and other instruments of torture of horrible device, that our gentle progenitors were so addicted to in the "good old times," and in such endless variety they would need a volume to describe.

The Horse Armoury, a modern building, opening off the White Tower, is a grand collection of equestrian figures in every variety of armour for man and beast, from the earliest times. Among them I may mention in their own actual suits and weapons Henry VIII.; Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk; Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester;



and hosts of other knights, and men-at-arms, each in appropriate costume.

Among objects of special interest is the ax and block by which poor Lady Jane Gray was beheaded, and, to show that nothing is new under the sun, several specimens of ancient revolving pistols, as well as cannon.

Queen Elizabeth's and the Indian armouries, beautiful and interesting as they are, I must pass by, merely mentioning as I go that off the former of these is a cell in the thickness of the wall, said to have been the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh, and where he wrote his celebrated "Historie of the Worlde." How he managed it, except he was allowed the privilege of the beautifully vaulted apartment from which it opens, I cannot conceive, as it has no light save from the doorway. On the jambs of the same door, cut into the stone, are the inscriptions:

HE THAT INDVRETH TO THE ENDE  
SHALL BE SAVID.

M. 10.

R. RVDSTON,

DAR., KENT, ANO 1553.

BE FAITHEVL UNTO DETH AND I WILL  
GIVE THEE A CROWNE OF LIFE.

T. FANE, 1554.

T. CVLPEPPER, OF DARTFORD.

These are the work of men taken in "Sir Thomas Wyatt's Rising of the Men of Kent," caused by the proposed marriage of Queen Mary to Philip, King of Spain. Numerous other inscriptions are to be seen in this and the outer towers, the work of sorrowing prisoners in weary years. The most elaborate are to be found in the Beauchamp Tower, among them the IANE, of Lord Guildford Dudley, sorrowing for his bride—a large piece consisting

of three wheat-sheaves (arms of the family), a crucifix, skeleton, a bleeding heart, and the word PEVEREL ; and near the fire-place a beautifully executed device of a lion and bear grasping a ragged staff, the family badge of John Dudley, Earl of Warwick, whose work this is said to be. All are carefully protected by metal stanchions sunk into the stone floor, through which a red-covered hand-rope runs, no one being permitted inside, but our good-natured Tudor-clad attendant did not stick rigidly to the rule. Time would not permit me to copy more than I have mentioned, and so return we again to the vaulted room we left in the White Tower, and ascending still by the winding staircase, built around a *novel* or circular column, and easily defended by a few resolute men, we come to the story containing the Chapel of St. John, one of the finest and most perfect specimens of Norman architecture in the kingdom ; in an adjoining apartment the dynamite explosion occurred, fortunately not doing much damage, or causing loss of life. Here, too, is the ancient Council Chamber of our kings, where the Protector, Richard, Duke of Gloucester, ordered Lord Hastings to instant execution in front of St. Peter's Chapel, for his apparent defence of Jane Shore.

You have also pointed out to you where John Baliol, King of Scots ; Griffin, Prince of Wales ; the famous troubadour Prince Charles of France ; Ralph Flambard, Bishop of Durham, and numerous others whose names are embalmed in our country's story, were confined for religious or political differences, or too often at the whim of a tyrant. Ascending with a lady friend to the leads above the tower—M., as I have said before, not liking

giddy heights—what a scene meets the view; the world has not its equal. The crowded, busy river—we are now below bridges—with its forests of masts on both banks; the huge city—pregnant with vast evil and I trust vaster good—its abject poverty and enormous wealth—stretching far as the eye can reach on all sides, and below at your feet the “Green,” with its bloody memories. Not here, though, but in old Palace Yard, Westminster, he being removed the day before, fell the “proudest head that ever rolled in English dust,” Sir Walter Raleigh’s—a victim to the machinations of Spain, and the pusillanimity of a weak Stuart king. Descending again, though loath enough to do so, we were taken to the dungeons beneath the pile, some without a ray of light, and all horrible enough; among them “Little Ease,” the prison of Guy Fawkes. Emerging therefrom thankful for the light of day, and that our lot was cast in happier times, as well as to our guide for his patience with us, we wended our way back to the westward by Eastcheape, our minds full of old-time stories, but failed to see Dame Quickly, Poins, Prince Hal, or the fat Knight, lounging at any tavern door.

Before I shake off the dust of the town entirely perhaps I ought to tell you that we one evening went to the Albert Hall—the largest in Europe, and capable of seating ten thousand people—to a Balfe Memorial Concert, and heard some splendid singing. Among the artists were Christine Nilsson, Madame Trebelli, Miss Hope Glenn (most charming of songstresses), Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Joseph Mass and others. What a treat it was to us to hear such music, so beautifully sung. And how aston-

ished, too, we were at the flute-like notes of the veteran Sims Reeves, who warbled, "Come Into the Garden, Maud," with cornet obligato, most deliciously. By this time I imagine you have enough of London, and so, learning from the papers that the queen will return to Windsor in a couple of days, let us go down there before the state apartments are closed.

On Kamehameha's day, then—11th of June—and as perfect a summer's day as even you can boast in Hawaii nei, off we set through a lovely country, the air rich with the perfume of flowers, past pretty towns, villages, and railway stations—preëminent among the latter Slough, with its rustic arbors, seats and gardens—the silvery Thames winding in devious course through emerald meadows, and covered with every description of pleasure boat, to see the world-renowned palace of a long line of monarchs. On our arrival at Windsor we found that a four-horse coach ran down from town every day during the summer, and regretted we did not know it sooner; how glorious it would have been to spin along after a good team in the balmy summer air. What a stately pile the castle is! How grand it looks towering above the streets of the pretty town, and how wonderfully clean, I had almost said new-looking—only that we cannot build anything like it in these degenerate days—free from the dirt and smoke of the great town we lately left! Advancing up the cleanly street of the pretty ancient town, over which the Curfew and Salisbury towers seem to keep watch and ward, you enter the castle precincts by Henry VIII. gate, but not before you have had many offers of "authorized guides" in uniform—but with whose services



we dispensed. Proceeding up the paved yard of the castle, having passed the sentry, with the houses of the military knights on your right; soldiers' quarters, St. George's, and Albert Memorial Chapels, and the beautiful horse-shoe cloisters, built by Edward IV., on your left, you then apply at the Lord Chamberlain's office for *gratis* tickets to view the State Apartments, armed with which upward still you go; beautifully laid-out gardens on your right, and to the left the splendid line of the North Terrace, overlooking the town, school, and playing fields of Eton, separated from you by the silvery Thames. A short walk, and passing through the Norman Tower, grim and solid in its antiquity, you are in the great quadrangle, having left the Round Tower to your right as you came in at the Norman Gate, and the main building with the State Apartments is before you. You are admitted in parties of fifteen or twenty, at intervals of about a quarter of an hour; attendants go round with you, but are strictly forbidden to receive a fee. While waiting near the low postern-gate by which you enter, for our turn to come—walking to and fro past which was a stalwart Highland sentry—I was much struck, and somewhat indignant, to notice one of the “sovereign people” here in the courtyard of the queen's palace, leaning up against its very walls, coolly smoking a short pipe, as if the whole concern belonged to him. Who shall say after that we are not a democratic, and mayhap an ill-bred people. Well, our turn coming we followed our guide through narrow passages, up many stone stairs, and emerged on a fine staircase with numerous paintings, on through the Ante-Room and into the Audience Chamber, the ceiling of which has a

beautiful allegorical painting of Queen Catherine as Britannia, with attendant nymphs and goddesses, by Verrio ; the walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry representing the story of Esther, portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, and other royalties. Next the Presence Chamber, another allegorical ceiling, in which Catherine of Braganza again is the principal figure, and the story of Esther continued in the beautiful tapestry on the walls, with more distinguished portraits. The gorgeous furniture heavy with gold, some of it ugly enough though, I will spare you, and now go into the Guard Chamber. This, like the Tower, contains a fine collection of arms and armour, and like it too, very ingeniously arranged in all sorts of curious and beautiful devices. I may mention suits once belonging to Lord Howard of Effingham, the great commander against the Spanish Armada ; Earl of Essex ; Henry, Prince of Wales, and Prince Rupert the dashing cavalier ; and, what interested me much, a piece of the " Victory's " foremast shot through at Trafalgar ; also an exquisitely wrought shield presented to Henry VIII. by Francis I. of France, at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, by Benvenuto Cellini. Next we enter St. George's Hall, 200 feet long, 34 feet broad, 32 feet high, a splendid room, gorgeously painted, both ceiling and walls, with the emblazoned arms of the knights, from its institution to the present time, commencing with Edward III. and the Black Prince, and ending with the Earl of Beaconsfield and Marquis of Salisbury ; at the east end is the sovereign's throne. The grand Reception Room is a gorgeous apartment in the style of Louis XIV., its walls embellished with the story of Jason and Medea, in Gobelin tapestry. The Waterloo Chamber contains

numerous portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence, of sovereigns of Europe, and great statesmen and warriors during the eventful years of 1813-14-15, and in it many of the state banquets are given. Thence through the Grand Vestibule and State Ante-Room, each rich in paintings, sculpture and fine art, into the Zucarelli Room, full of subjects by that artist, and so to the Van Dyck Room, with many splendid portraits by the great master. We leave these interesting apartments by King John's Stairs, and emerge close to where we entered, highly pleased; but I am ashamed to say having forgotten to mention much exquisite wood-carving by Grinling Gibbons. Retracing our steps to the left side of the Norman Arch—on our way out—we enter the Round Tower, built on the highest ground within the walls, and from the top of which the Royal Standard is hoisted when her Majesty is in residence. This tower is very ancient, and looks it, many distinguished state prisoners have been confined here, among whom we may mention King John of France, King David of Scotland, Queen Phillippa, and others. As you enter and go up the stone stairs, you will see an old cannon grinning through a hole in the wall right in your face, and commanding the staircase. Leaving M. in company and conversation with two American ladies—whom we often saw afterwards at different places—sitting on a stone bench on a landing, I, with our “charming little cicerone friend,” ascended to the summit of the tower. What a lovely view! I do not want to go into ecstasies, but I never saw aught so fair, I think. It was a perfect day in earth and sky, twelve counties lay before us, the castle gardens and terraces below, and far as the

eye could reach the lovely river winding in serpentine fashion like a silver ribbon, and in the vicinity of Eton covered with boats, barges and gondolas, gay with paint and flags. I will spare you the walks on the terraces with the charming views thence and the many objects of interest, because I want you to go with us into the beautiful St. George's Chapel. I will be as brief as I can, but it is so grand, and made such an impression on us, I must tell you something of it. I have not attempted any of the ancient history of the castle, for I thought perhaps you were tiring of such things, but the first chapel erected within the walls of Windsor, and on this spot, was by Henry II. in the twelfth century, dedicated to St. Edward, and when Edward III. in 1348 founded the Order of the Garter this present chapel was built for the knights of that order, of which St. George is patron.

I do not purpose a description of all the beautiful monuments it and the various side chapels contain, but I must mention the cenotaph, by Wyatt, to the Princess Charlotte, so very beautiful is it with its weeping group in white marble; a monument to the Prince Imperial of France and a tablet to Prince Alamayu, son of King Theodore of Abyssinia—who died in England—placed here by the queen. The windows are very gorgeous, particularly the west window filled with old glass found in the chapel, and containing numerous figures of saints, prophets, kings and knights. Under the window is a scroll with the prayer peculiar to St. George's order—in old black-letter English—"God save Our Gracious Sovereign and all the Companions of the Most Honourable and Noble Order of the Garter." You are now looking into



the choir, remarkable for its exquisite oak carvings of the date of Henry VII. The stalls are arranged on either side and over each hangs the banner, helmet, crest and sword of a Knight of the Garter. There are twenty-five knights, including the sovereign; princes of blood royal and foreign princes rank as Knight Companions without reference to this number. The stall on your right as you enter is that of the sovereign, gorgeous with canopy and curtains of velvet bordered with gold fringe; on the left that of the Prince of Wales. The back of the stalls is literally covered with brass plates emblazoned with the arms, names and titles of the knights from earliest dates, and retain their brilliancy of colouring wonderfully. On the death of a knight his banner is removed, but the plate remains, as we saw in the recent case of Earl Beaconsfield. There is a beautiful stained-glass window over the altar to the memory of the late Prince Consort. The Reredos of sculptured alabaster is very fine, representing The Ascension, Christ Appearing to His Disciples, and Meeting of Mary in the Garden. A grey marble slab in center of the choir marks the vault in which lie Henry VIII., his queen Jane Seymour, and Charles I. Near by is the tomb of Edward IV. and his queen Elizabeth Woodville; to the left of it a most intricate specimen of iron-work, almost lace-like in its fineness, and attributed to Quentin Matsys by some, by others to an English artist. Unfortunately for us, visitors were not then admitted to the Albert Memorial Chapel, in consequence of the dynamite outrages, and we were told that probably it would not be open again during the queen's life. The public are now admitted to the Tower and Houses of Parliament as before,

but I do not know how it is as regards this sumptuous chapel. Next we visited the cloisters of Edward IV., recently restored, around which are the houses of the lay clerks of St. George's Chapel. How cool and placid they seemed after the glare of the sun and tread of soldiery in the paved court-yard. Leaving—I may say tearing ourselves away from—the castle we got an open carriage and drove into the park, which, with the forest, contains 13,000 acres. We went down the Long Walk, a distance of three miles, with an equestrian statue of George III. at the end. Magnificent elms are planted on either side; on the left is Frogmore House, the Royal Mausoleum containing the body of the Prince Consort, the royal dairy, the royal aviary, and the Prince Consort's farm; on the right, royal tapestry works, Runnemede—scene of the granting of *Magna Charta*—and Beaumont College, none of which time permitted us to visit. What grand old oaks this fine domain contains; Herne's oak has fallen, but Queen Elizabeth's and Shakespeare's, with many other monarchs, who have worn their leafy crowns a thousand years, yet remain. Return we now to town, our senses satiated with the many beauties of this to us memorable day. Well may James Russell Lowell say :

“What is so rare as a day in June.  
Then, if ever, come perfect days.”

Now let us change our mode of locomotion and proceed by river to Hampton Court Palace; but ere we start, as I find I have never told you how we often got about the city, I will enlighten you on that matter first. Well, don't be shocked when you hear that if the day was fair and the line of route suited us, we invariably mounted on the top

of a "bus," they being so arranged that a woman can do it with ease. The advantage of this is that you see all the buildings, busy streets, and thousand-and-one objects of interest around you, much better than you could in any other way. No one knows you, and, if they did, *pehea ae nei?* Perhaps it would not be altogether correct for a lady to go alone, but if she has a male escort I should counsel, "go by all means." Well, to resume: On another fair June day, but cool enough on the river, our usual party embarked from a pier at foot of the street we lived in, on a steamer plying to above-named destination, gay with bunting, music and holiday-makers. The whole way is full of interest from the moment of starting until you arrive at your journey's end.

On your right hand is the noble Victoria embankment with the gardens and Montague House, opposite the long line of St. Thomas' Hospital and Doulton's celebrated pottery works, extending nearly to Westminster bridge. Passing under this noble structure—our steamer's funnel that works on a hinge being lowered to permit it—with the splendid edifice of the Houses of Parliament, their walls washed by the river, and gilded towers and pinnacles glistening in the morning sun on your right, you soon come to Chelsea, ever the famous haunt of genius and learned and eminent men; from Thomas More, great and good Chancellor of our VIII. Henry, to Thomas Carlyle, sage and grumbler, of the Victorian era. Its fine park, military hospital, the noted Cheyne-walk and botanical gardens, are on the Middlesex shore, and on the opposite bank the beautiful park and gardens of Battersea. On past numerous shipyards, notably Thorneycroft's,

where are built no end of steam-launches, wicked-looking torpedo boats and other mosquito crafts ; by Kew on the further shore, with its magnificent gardens, perhaps the finest in the world. Now past Brentford, Putney and Twickenham, rich in its memories of "Strawberry Hill," Horace Walpole and Pope ; and who has not heard of the "Ferry?" Richmond, on the other bank, soon claims your attention, the *Tivoli* of England, as it is called. The scenery here has become almost too exquisite ; the "Hill," so celebrated in song for its "sweet lass," crowned with noble buildings ; the splendid, well-wooded park ; the "silent highway" along which we are travelling ; and the many charming villa residences on its banks, you ought to see to be able to appreciate. The view looking down the river after leaving this I shall never forget the beauty of ; nor shall I quickly forget a young rapsallion who joined us here, running along the bank of the river just abreast of our boat, throwing summersaults, making wheels of himself, at every landing steps on the edge of the stream walking down on his hands or standing on his head, and yet managing to keep up with the boat all the way to Hampton. I do not think I ever saw such untiring energy displayed before by one so young—certainly not more than 10 or 12 years of age—and showers of pennies rewarded his exertions at every stopping place we came to. After passing through Teddington Lock, above which there is no tidal water, the now brimming river is, if it be possible, more beautiful still—fringed with willows and alders, noble oaks and elms further back ; many small wooded islets studding its bosom ; stately swans and cygnets sailing majestically past, unmindful of



man ; boating and fishing parties—the former enlivening the scene with merry song, laughter and jest ; the latter equally enjoying themselves in the silence best suited to the “gentle craft.” Splendid mansions and villas adorn its banks, their well-kept lawns sloping down to the river’s edge. Among them I must mention Lion House, formerly an ecclesiastical edifice, now rebuilt by a Duke of Northumberland, and surmounted by the well-known horizontal-tailed lion once over the palace of the Percies at Charing Cross, which also occupied the site of the Priory of St. Mary Rouncival, but is now covered by shops and the Grand Hotel. The perfect, quiet beauty of the whole landscape, bright sun and blue sky above, the gleaming river beneath, and the lovely verdure of our surroundings, could not fail to charm and soothe the most misanthropical of mortals, in which category certainly none of our party were this day included.

After landing, ten minutes’ walk through the pretty, clean little town brought us to the entrance gates of the splendid mansion of Hampton Court Palace. Built originally by Cardinal Wolsey for himself—the great churchman had an eye to the picturesque, though little remains of the original structure—it was greatly admired by his royal master, when the cardinal, probably consulting his own interests, generously presented it to him ; the king, not to be outdone in generosity, giving him in return the manor of Richmond. Since that time it has remained a royal palace, and been at intervals the residence of several kings. Henry VIII. lived here awhile, his son Edward VI., to whom we as churchmen owe so much, was born here ; and here his mother, Jane Seymour,

died. Charles I. was confined in this palace for a time, and Cromwell, Charles II., James II. and William III. have all made it their residence, especially the last-named monarch, who laid out the beautiful quaint gardens—containing forty-four acres—in Dutch style, with raised terraces, formal flower-beds, now glorious in their rich variety of colour, and trim arcades, not forgetting the celebrated “maze.” Here, too, among sculpture, fountains and vases, in an enormous hot-house—with its stem and root outside—you will be shown the far-famed vine, said to be the oldest and largest in Europe. It is of the Black Hamburg variety, its girth three feet, principal branch 114 feet long, average yield per annum 2,300 bunches of a pound each, and ’tis surmised that its roots have travelled to the bed of the river some thirty feet distant, hence, its great size and prolificness. This beautiful residence, no longer occupied by royalty is, except the State Apartments, which are open *gratis* to the public, occupied by decayed nobles and court pensioners, of whom we saw several in the gardens and grounds. Entering by the King’s Great Staircase—meretriciously magnificent—ceiling and walls covered with gods, goddesses, nymphs, satyrs, muses, zephyrs and cupids, of the time of Charles II., we enter the King’s Guard Chamber of William III., curiously decorated with old arms, thence into the Presence Chamber, with the Canopy of State of the same monarch, and much exquisite wood carving over fire-place and doors by Grinling Gibbons, in this and other rooms of the suite; “nothing can exceed the lightness and delicacy of the festoons of flowers and fruit”—carved by him—“in lime-wood.” In the same room, too, are the Hampton Court

Beauties of William and Mary, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and many other pictures. Next comes the Second Presence Chamber, wood carving by Grinling Gibbons, and many fine paintings by Tintoretto, Velasquez and other ancient masters. King's Audience Chamber, rich again in a perplexity of fine paintings and portraits, by Paul Veronese, Titian, and other great masters. Through the King's Drawing Room, adorned like the last, we enter William III. State Bed-room; this is a very splendid apartment, the lofty ceiling painted with designs emblematic of sleep, and said to be one of Verrio's best efforts; "Endymion" reposing in the lap of "Morpheus," "Diana" in her crescent watching him as he slumbers; also a fine figure of "Somnus" and attendants. "The State bed is not that of the monarch from whom the room is named, but of Queen Caroline, the hangings and coverlet beautifully embroidered in lilac satin." The chief attraction of this room being the famous collection by Sir Peter Lely, of Charles II., Beauties formerly known as the "Windsor Beauties," because they hung in the Queen's bed-chamber at Windsor Castle. Many are certainly fair to look upon, and the painter has succeeded in imparting to most of them that air of langour and voluptuousness, much prized in those days, and that no doubt pleased his royal master, and would have told us much of their stories, even had memoir writers been silent. I will not attempt to enumerate them, beautiful though they be, and will just remark in passing that the portrait misnamed "Nell Gwynne," is that of Marie d' Este. Spite of the traditional beauty of these stately dames I could not but contrast them in my own mind, much to their disadvantage, with

many lovely pictures of blooming English matrons and maids, charming and fresh in their purity and truthfulness, adorning the walls of the Royal Academy.

I must not detain you with attempted description of every room, but will merely name them as we pass, asking you to bear in mind that each and all have gorgeously decorated ceilings, rich antique furniture, rare china, many valuable pictures, exquisite wood carving; and in some, very beautiful tapestry. The next in order is the King's Dressing Room; then the King's Writing Closet with a private door into the garden, and a mirror over the chimney piece so arranged as to afford a view in vista of all the State Apartments this side of the palace. The scene from the windows of this room over grounds, parks and gardens, is lovely in the extreme. Next comes Queen Mary's Closet; then the Queen's Gallery eighty-one feet long by twenty-five broad, beautifully tapestried with the story of "Alexander the Great;" much and rare blue and white china, and a beautiful looking-glass, brass ornamented. Queen Anne's Bed-room, with all its original furniture worked in elaborate pattern of flowers and roses, on white satin, looks stiff and stately; I think I prefer my own for comfort. Next, the same queen's Drawing-room, the view from which is perhaps more strikingly beautiful than the one mentioned before. This splendid room is devoted to paintings by Benjamin West, among which I can only stay to mention "The Death of the Chevalier Bayard" and "The Death of General Wolfe;" perhaps I ought not to leave out "Queen Charlotte, aged thirty-six, with her thirteen children." Now through the Audience Chamber into the Public Dining-room, where George II. used occasionally to dine



in public, as did the former kings of France; through fifteen or sixteen more presence chambers, closets, drawing rooms, bed rooms and galleries, all full of treasures of art and beauty, go we now to the great hall on the ground floor. I am fearful of making you impatient with my raptures, but must ask you to bear with me a few minutes longer in "this magnificent hall built by Henry VIII. which, from its size, its height, its splendid and elaborate roof, its stained glass windows shedding a richly coloured light, and its beautiful tapestries, is the most gorgeous extant example of the internal decoration of a Tudor palace." And I may add to what I have above quoted, must be seen to be realized. Bluff King Hal used it for grand functions of state, plays, masques, and revels, and here Catherine Parr was proclaimed queen. The elaborate workmanship and decoration of the roof is beautiful beyond conception, and the great windows with their gorgeous colouring, and splendid tapestries representing the "Seaven Deadlie Synnes" and the "Historie of Abraham," make a splendid whole.

There are other chambers and much more tapestry on this floor, but I spare you, and will only just mention the great astronomical clock which, until a few years ago, had lain neglected in a shed for half a century. It was made for Henry VIII. in 1540. The face is 7 feet 10 inches in diameter, and beside showing the time, it tells the month, day of the month, position of the sun in the ecliptic, phases of the moon, time of high water at London bridge, and I don't know what beside. I cannot linger more in any of the terraces, walks, courts, or gardens, beautiful though they be, and full of historical recollections. We know

that in the Privy Garden "Henry VIII. strolled in amorous converse with Anne Boleyn, Jane Seymour, Catherine Howard and Catherine Parr; here Philip and Mary walked together during their gloomy honeymoon, and here Elizabeth had a clandestine meeting at night with the Earl of Arran." Leaving behind us these charming scenes, rich in their summer livery of brilliant colouring, the stately park with its umbrageous trees, herds of deer, and merry groups of holiday-makers and lawn-tennis players, we passed through the Wilderness near the Maze, and out by the beautiful Lion Gates—so called from an enormous figure of that animal surmounting each pier—and crossed the road to Bushy Park. This is another royal demesne with an area of 1,100 acres; a right of way to the public runs through the park, and is bordered with one of the most superb avenues of horse-chestnuts in the world, unfortunately for us just past the splendour of their blooming, but the carpet of white petals beneath them showed us what they had been. Groups of picnics and herds of deer were here just as in the grounds we had left, a stately mansion, too, at some distance up the avenue, but the inexorable railway time-table warned us to depart, and no public vehicles being admitted to help our locomotion in the park, we were obliged to leave. So in the soft, slow, gathering gloaming of a lovely summer's eve we returned to London, passing the pretty towns and villages of Twickenham, Richmond, Mortlake, Putney, etc., and wending our way to Gatti's, in the Strand, dined there, and as Mr. Samuel Pepys says, "So to bed, well pleased with our day's entertainment."

#### IV.

NOW we will take another river excursion, this time down the stream ; not on so genial a day as our last, for one of Charles Kingley's black nor-easters was blowing, that—

“ Strong within us, stirs the Viking's blood”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And drives our English hearts of oak,  
Seaward round the world”—

but it was the only day we could arrange to go. So embarking at the stairs where Hungerford bridge once stood—now the Charing Cross railway bridge, the river here being about three hundred yards wide—we pass quickly with the current down along the line of the superb embankment with its massive walls, statues, and trees, passing through Waterloo bridge of nine arches, said by Canova to be the finest work of the kind in the world, and by Baron Dupin called “a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris, and the Cæsars,” thence past Temple Gardens, Adelphi, and Somerset House terraces, through Blackfriars, and Southwark bridges, when we come to London bridge, the last on the river on its downward course to the sea. This noble bridge has “five semi-elliptical arches, exceeding in extent of span those of any other stone bridge in Europe.” The two streams of traffic on it, to either shore, are continuous and immense, and perhaps unique in the world; from it can be seen the Tower, Monument, St. Paul's, Cus-

tom-House, the many docks crowded with shipping, and all the concomitants of the center of the world's trade. But the river seen by night from, say Westminster bridge, how beautiful it looks with myriads of lights, stretching up and down, reflected in its waters; but alas! too often what sad secrets it hides! Down still with the last of the ebbing tide we go past docks and warehouses, the stream crowded with all sorts of craft going up or down, and widening as it goes, at Woolwich, to which the line of docks extends, its width is four hundred and ninety yards; at Gravesend, eight hundred yards; and its mouth at the Nore-light, what may be called the estuary of the Thames, and Medway, six miles.

Return we now from this digression to our destination, Greenwich Hospital. Landing on a noble stone terrace, with the Ship Tavern on one hand, and on the other the Trafalgar, both great resorts of Londoners for white-bait dinners, and in either case their walls washed by, and windows overlooking the waters of the river, you have the splendid pile before you. It occupies the site of the ancient Royal Palace of Placentia, in which Henry VIII. and his children Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and Edward VI. were born, and the latter monarch died. One wing of the present building was erected from a design of Inigo Jones in Charles II. reign, and it was finished, and endowed, by the munificence of William and Mary after the great battle of La Hogue, for maintenance of seamen pensioners of the Royal Navy. In 1732 the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater aided to enrich its revenues, lately amounting to £150,000 per annum. Not counting officers, medical staff, and nurses, there were maintained



sixteen hundred pensioners, who beside food and clothing, received a weekly allowance for tobacco, etc., of from three shillings to five shillings each. Of late the authorities, deeming that the semi-monastic sort of life led by so many men was not beneficial, and that they would be much happier in their country homes, have converted the vast pile into a Royal Naval College for officers, and Free School for one thousand sons of seamen (and two hundred daughters, at other schools), exclusive of the suites of rooms occupied by the Painted Hall, model rooms, museums, etc. Twelve thousand out-pensioners are now receiving at their own homes sums varying from £3 to £57 per annum. In the center of the court-yard of the boys' school is a full-rigged corvette—sunk up to her bends in the earth—on board of which a number of lads sleep and mess, and the regular routine of man-of-war life is fully carried out; also, they are exercised in reefing and furling sails, sending up and down masts and yards, with all the necessary work of a sailor's life. How strange it looked to see this beautiful ship up in the town, among the trees and houses.

Crossing the quadrangle, on three sides of which the noble structure is erected—the fourth being open to the river—we ascend by a fine flight of steps into the Vestibule of the Painted Hall, another flight leading into the Great Hall, formerly the Refectory of the Hospital, the upper chamber being appropriated to the officers, the lower to the pensioners; but as the revenue and number of inmates increased, new dining-halls were provided in other parts of the building. The two splendid rooms above mentioned are now devoted solely to portraits of eminent naval commanders, British and foreign, and pictures of great naval

fighths—their walls being literally covered with them. The ceilings of both are superbly painted in endless allegorical devices by Sir James Thornhill, who married Hogarth's daughter; in the center of one King William and Queen Mary, and of the other Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark. I could not attempt to enumerate the portraits of great commanders, from Sir Walter Raleigh downward, for they are legion, but among them I noted that of Vasco de Gama, and our brave antagonist, the Dutch Admiral Marten Harpertz Tromp, killed in the fight with the fleet under Monk in 1653. The numerous pictures of noted actions and sea-fights, from La Hogue to Trafalgar, by masters whose fame is as undying as the victories they celebrate, ending with Turner's representation of that great battle, and Benjamin West's Death of Nelson in the cockpit of the "Victory," stir up, perhaps too much, the old Norse blood within us. There are many fine busts of great captains, too, but as I am not writing a descriptive catalogue I pray you believe me that it is well named the Painted Hall, and forgive a little pardonable exultation with all these memorials of our country's glory around us. I was much interested in the Nelson relics, among which is the coat worn by him at Trafalgar, with the hole through the epaulette where the fatal bullet passed. Also numerous sad relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition, and an astrolabe presented by Queen Elizabeth to Sir Francis Drake. There are many captured flags too, here, as well as in the Tower, and different cathedrals, inclining one to the belief that we are a bellicose race, and our temple of Janus not often shut. Our guide was an intelligent old blue-jacket, with many medals, and no doubt recognizing in me a

brother "salt," took pains to show and explain to us much that was worthy of notice. Calling my attention to the beautiful effect of the light falling through a coloured window on one side of the great hall, he took us over to examine it more closely, when lo, no window was there, it was merely a painted illusion to make it uniform with the opposite side.

Like M., you will not probably care to go with me over the Royal Naval Museum. I own so much sight-seeing is very fatiguing, especially for the gentler sex, when you have many stairs to clamber up and rooms to explore, nor have the numerous diabolical inventions for destroying human life any charms for them; fortunately there are many and noble inventions here for saving it also. But I will not trouble you with the almost endless variety of models for everything appertaining to "those who go down to the sea in ships." Of men-of-war of every class, from the earliest times to the modern iron monsters and their attendants, there is no end; and I wish you could see how beautifully built some of them are, of ivory, bone, or fine woods. The "Harry-Grace-a-Dieu" (that carried Henry VIII. to meet Francis I.), and the "Sovereigne of ye Seas," with many beautiful frigates, interested me more than their modern successors, who are not so much ships as war machines.

We lunched at the Trafalgar in a noble room with several large bow-windows overlooking the busy river, in one of which we sat, the water but a few feet below us, watching the homeward-bounders with their glad hearts going up the now brimming stream, and the outward-bounders, doubtless sad at heart, starting on their long wanderings

over the "weary waste of waters." This important function ended we strolled up into the park, and as vehicles are not allowed inside, neither time nor strength permitted us to ascend the hills on which the famed observatory is built from which the world counts its longitude.

'Tis a noble domain, and like the royal parks previously mentioned, open to the public for picnics, etc., and judging from the *debris* under many of the majestic trees, they are no way slow in availing themselves of the privilege. Here, as in Hampton Court and Bushy Park, dogs are strictly "*Kapu*," lest they should chase the deer. With visions of a pleasant country ride before us, for the sun was now shining brightly, and eschewing rail or river, we mounted—as was our wont in fair weather—to the top of a "bus" for our return to town. The streets of Greenwich seemed to us to be of inordinate length, and we wondered when the green fields were to appear. A sign-board marked Old Kent Road soon disabused us of our error, and we were forced to reconcile ourselves to the fact that it was all London, from where we left to where we alighted at Westminster bridge.

We had been desirous (at least I had, M. gently dissenting) of going down to Sheerness by water to visit our old friend Mrs. C., whom we had known from childhood, and whose husband, a naval officer, had won his bride in Honolulu. Provokingly for me (M., I expect, laughing in her sleeve), the day broke with rain and some fog; the river was out of the question, and so we left by rail from the Victoria Station, down through the fair county of Kent, rich with waving fields of grain, hops, and lucerne, their varied colours of pale yellow



corn, green hops, and rich red of the latter, making a wondrously kaleidoscopic picture, divided into irregular pieces by the trim hedge-rows.

The latter crop puzzled us both very much; we had never either of us seen it before; perhaps it is new. Soon we arrived at Rochester, a very old town indeed, and one of the most ancient bishoprics in England, being founded in the year 604. This city, built upon the right bank of the Medway, is nearly surrounded by that river on two sides, and has an ancient cathedral, overlooked, both it and the town, by a massive square Norman Keep erected soon after the conquest. Numerous Martello towers and other fortifications crown the surrounding hills, and form part of the lines of the Chatham defences. It was once a Roman Station, being by them called "*Durobrivæ*" and subsequently by its Saxon occupants *Hrofsceaster* (from a chieftain of that name), hence its present nomenclature. Passing here all too quickly, for I should have enjoyed a stay very much, we were shortly at our destination, and found our dear old friend, and almost second daughter I. waiting to receive us. Coming as we did so lately from her former home and those she held so dear, and we remembering so vividly happy days passed in their and her society, I leave to your imagination the pleasure of our meeting.

Captain C. was away with his ship in Egypt, but I. with her two little darlings was at home, and spared no effort to make us happy. Be sure we talked long and late into the night of Honolulu and "*auld lang syne*." Mr. and Mrs. W., too, came down from Chatham, learning we were there, and mingled their recollections of Hono-

lulu with kind welcome, and pleasure at meeting us. How nice it is to find kind old friends among so many strangers; it strengthens one's belief in the love and brotherhood of our race. This town, with its arsenal, dock-yard and forts, is built on the Isle of Sheppey, at the confluence of the Thames and Medway. It has not much to recommend it in the way of beauty, in fact I fear naval men are apt to designate it as Sheer-nasty, but then you know sailors are privileged growlers.

Opposite our friend's residence (a pretty cottage facing the ocean with the "Buoy at the Nore" in the distance), is a long sea wall and esplanade, extending, I should think, two miles, to prevent the inroad of the sea into the town, but spite of which sometimes in heavy gales from southward and eastward the lower streets are flooded. We slept here with the murmur of old ocean in our ears, and next morning being fair, with nice breeze off the water, leaving the ladies to chat of old times and friends, I started for a walk along the esplanade past barracks, life-boat station and a powerful casemated fort, to Garrison Point, and entrance to the dock-yard at the mouth of the Medway. Time did not permit me to enter this great establishment, covering more than sixty acres of ground, so I was fain to be content with the outside of things, and the noble ships lying in the river.

Far off to the left, on a point of land opposite, heavy guns were continually booming at intervals. This was Shoeburyness, trial and practice ground for great artillery, and farther out the anchorage where the great mutiny (of the fleet) at the Nore occurred in 1798. Sheerness was taken by the Dutch under the brave Admiral De Ruyter

(whose portrait hangs among the heroes in the Painted Hall at Greenwich), and he sailed for some distance up the river, doing much damage—and in spite of the forts—in 1667. Musing on these things and enjoying my “sniff of the briny,” time passed quickly away as I sat on one of the many seats on the esplanade provided for accommodation of the public, watching the promenaders and the numerous crafts passing up or down the English Channel.

Leaving with regret our friends we returned through what Kentish men call the garden of England, in the bright glow of a summer’s eve, back to London.

Are you tired of ships and odor of the sea? Well, now let me tell of something that in order of time should have come earlier. On the first Wednesday in June (N. having come up to town from Plymouth), we two started for what Lord Palmerston was wont to call “our Isthmian Games”—the Derby day on Epsom downs. This is a trite subject, I know, and yet I feel I must tell you something of it, so full was it of enjoyment from the lovely weather and novelty of the scene, as well as being one of the sights I had promised myself, if possible, to see. After some discussion as to mode of travel, whether by rail, (crowded trains leaving every ten minutes), bus or hansom, we decided in favour of the latter as affording a better view of the road, being more independent and free from a crowd. So we chartered a trap at Charing Cross for the sum of thirty shillings, to be at our disposal for the whole day, starting about 10 A. M. Soon we got into the crowd of vehicles proceeding like us to Epsom, a small town in Surrey, some fourteen miles from London, celebrated once

for its springs of sulphate of magnesia or Epsom salts, but since the institution of the Derby stakes of fifty sovereigns each by the Earl of that name, in 1780, more celebrated still for the great horse-race run on the adjoining down, the prize for which sometimes aggregates £6,000. Long ere reaching Clapham common we made an unit in the triple stream of all kinds of carriages, two-wheeled or four-wheeled, from the lordly drag of a duke with its splendid team and appointments, filled with members of the upper ten of both sexes, to the humble donkey cart of the costermonger, with his family inside, the owner perched upon the shafts, pipe in mouth, happy as the noble occupants of the drag, and possibly with the freedom and license accorded to this great English holiday, exchanging friendly "chaff" with its noble driver. It was an absolute river, if I may be allowed the term, fourteen miles long, in three separate currents running side by side at the rate of about four miles an hour, the horses' heads of one carriage touching the rear of its predecessor.

The utmost good humour prevailed, though jokes of divers kinds were freely bandied about, but I am happy to say that the coarse rowdyism, profanity and drunkenness said to be so prevalent in former years we experienced none of. Indeed, the solitary instance of intoxication that came under notice to-day was, I regret to state, that of a woman at a roadside public house. Neither going nor returning were we pelted with missiles of any kind, as was once the custom, nor subjected to any annoyances whatever. All seemed to be enjoying themselves to the utmost, and in every town, village, hamlet or country house the windows, fences, balconies, and on Clapham



common the railings, had their groups of holiday-makers watching the great procession. Shops and schools are shut along the line of road, and even the Houses of Parliament adjourn for that day. 'Tis a glorious harvest for hosts and hostlers at the public houses on the line of march and much washing of horses' (and doubtless drivers') mouths seem necessary ; certainly the dust was great. Numerous vendors of Japanese fans and paper umbrellas, at one penny each, solicit your custom, the little wooden doll of former years seeming to be supplanted by them.

About 2 P. M. we got to the pretty town, soon wending our way to the famous downs and entering within the charmed circle of the "ropes," on the payment of five shillings for our carriage. We took up a good position from which to see the heat race and began to look about us. 'Twas a glorious, bright, sunny day, tempered by a pleasant breeze, in front of us the winning post, grand stand, royal stand, and I do not know what other stands. Rising gently behind us are the breezy downs, furze-crowned, and now yellow with blossom, where gypsy wagons and tents were standing with black-haired, bright-eyed occupants, whose skill in divination we did not try. Around on all sides booths, shows, gorgeous steam merry-go-rounds, land-and-sea boats (horrible things), mountebanks, negro minstrels, jugglers, aunt Sallies, hit-my-legs-but-miss-my-pegs, and the usual long catalogue of devices to get rid of his cash that the holiday-making Briton affects. Hoarse betting-men are shouting something unintelligible to me, for I am deeply interested in the ever-shifting, wondrous crowd. The carriages as a rule (with their horses taken out, of course), are drawn up in lines as near the winning-

post as they can get. There are literally thousands of them, tens of thousands of horses and hundreds of thousands of human beings, crowding in dense masses along the ropes, in seas of faces in the stands, or perched, as we were, on top of their "crafts." This enormous concourse was said by the morning papers of next day to be the greatest ever gathered on the downs, and the number of people estimated at over two hundred thousand! No doubt the beautiful weather had much to do with its vastness. As the great "event" of the day drew nigh we wandered across the course which lies on the flat of the downs and around the rising ground I mentioned before, to see the start. Well, off they went, passing us at a great pace, a compact body of, I think, thirteen, which we watched nearly up to Tattenham Corner; and then, fancy it if you can, this ancient mariner, all sail set, tearing back at full speed to regain the vantage of our hansom's top and see the finish! I accomplished it, too (much out of breath, I must confess), and saw the celebrated Archer, on "Melton," win by half-a-head, with most consummate riding, and jockeyship unequalled. In the royal stand were the Prince and Princess of Wales, their two sons and three daughters, the Duke of Edinburgh—much changed since his visit to Honolulu—Duke of Cambridge, and numerous other members of the aristocracy, foreign and British. After the great race was over the crowd began sensibly to thin, but we stayed and saw Archer win two more races, and then got under way for our return trip to town. The road was not, as in the morning, a dense pack of vehicles, but a heterogeneous mass of carriages and horsemen, as well as crowds of men and boys on foot,

good humour prevailing everywhere apparently, for, I suppose like us, they had enjoyed their holiday, the beautiful serenity of the summer evening making it perfect. We got back to London about 8 P. M., dined at the Holborn restaurant, resplendent in gilding and marble, with its excellent band discoursing fine music, and so finished a most enjoyable day with a most enjoyable dinner.

I feel that I have not done rightly in deferring so long mention of visits from and to some old-time friends whom we met in London, and whose continued kindness to us we shall ever cherish among our brightest recollections. I allude first to a visit from Mr. S., formerly British Commissioner in Honolulu, who came up from Eastbourne to see us, looking remarkably well, and genial as ever. We were his guests at luncheon at the "Hotel Metropole," his sons also being of the party. I need hardly say what a pleasant meeting it was, and how much we talked of old times, with their pleasant picnics, parties, etc., old friends, and recollections of a score of years ago. Needless, too, to say that with his catering our meal was excellent in every way, and when finished we inspected some of the rooms of this vast new caravansary making up a thousand beds nightly. The drawing-room (not yet finished, for men were decorating the ceiling) is the most splendid I ever saw in any hotel; the principal lift is as large as a moderate-sized room, elegantly fitted, and unlike the lifts in American hotels, instead of being suspended from above, is raised on a huge polished piston from beneath; this is the general plan with all of them here. In the afternoon of the same day another old friend, Captain H., formerly Harbormaster in Honolulu,

came and carried us off by river and rail to dine at his pleasant house at Forest Hill. What an enjoyable evening we had in the society of our esteemed friend, his amiable wife, charming daughter and one son, with his wife and baby. Oh ! the changes time makes ; those we knew as children, now with children of their own. Verily, we are growing old, but let us be thankful for the many mercies left to us still. Later on we went a merry party from Forest Hill (by rail) to the Crystal Palace, it being a grand gala-day—Waterloo—to see the fire-works. It was certainly a most magnificent display, the great scene of the evening being an action by ships on the lake, with a fortified town on its banks, so realistic in its effects as to seem almost to be actual. The evening was very fine, and consequently the crowd so vast that I was fearful we should lose each other on our way out ; but making M's yellow feather our rallying point (as did Henry of Navarre's soldiers his white plume) we finally, after getting mixed up with a big school of boys, met altogether again, said good-night with great regret, and got into our respective trains, they for Forest Hill, and we for town, after a most charming and memorable day.

Speaking of the above pyrotechnic display, reminds me of the illuminations on the night of the 6th of June, in honor of the Queen's birthday, by all the clubs, houses of the nobility and royal tradesmen. Among the former in Pall Mall, St. James, or other streets, it would be hard to say which excelled in beauty ; of the aristocratic displays, the palm must be given to the Duke of Portland, and among the royal tradesmen to Poole, tailor to the Prince of Wales ; the gas alone for one night is said to



cost him a thousand pounds. When we did not go out at night (having, as you know, a good collection of Hawaiian photographs) I used to deliver what might almost be called a lecture on Hawaii nei to a very attentive and apparently much interested audience, never tired of listening to what I had to tell them, and like *Oliver Twist*, often asking for more. This surprised me much as the former did Mr. Bumble, for I felt that though the pabulum was good, my mode of cookery and serving up did not do justice to it. However, they seemed as pleased to receive information as I was to give it, and it is astonishing to me, in these days of general enlightenment, how little they know of what they still call the Sandwich Islands, and their surprise at our civilization and progress is boundless. In the provinces it was the same thing, and my collection of photographs travelled by post over much of the land.

Of the vast system of underground railways I have not spoken, nor of the great sub-way for pedestrians to the Inventions, covered, sides and roof, with white tiles, and brilliantly lighted. Both are noble efforts of engineering skill and do much to relieve the traffic and danger of densely crowded thoroughfares, but to me not pleasant travelling, though expeditious and cheap. I prefer the top of a bus, fresh air and sunshine, to a big burrow and gaslight.

Having detained you so long in and about London, proceed we now on our "pilgrimage," leaving the Padding Station by the "Flying Dutchman" for Bristol, passing through exquisite scenery and arriving at our destination in two hours fifty-five minutes. On the way down one of

our carriage-doors flew open, not having been properly secured, and I was forced to stop the train, now going between sixty and seventy miles an hour. An official soon came and did what he could, and during an eight minutes' stay at Swindon (the only one on the route), carpenters put the split and broken door to rights. After a stroll about the interesting old city we went tired to bed. Next day being Sunday we rested here, attended matins with communion at the beautiful church of St. Mary Redcliffe. What a pleasure it was, in so grand a structure, with all the adjuncts of fine music, prayer and praise, and how soothing to the souls of the wanderers. During the evening we strolled into the very ancient Temple Church and for the first time witnessed the celebration of the Eucharist at evening prayer. Monday we proceeded on our journey through Gloucestershire to New Passage, at the estuary of the Severn, into which the romantic Wye falls a few miles above. The crossing here was anything but pleasant, as it was nearly low water, and the rise and fall of tide among the greatest in the world. We had to descend long zig-zag flights of steps to gain the water's level and the waiting steamboat. About ten minutes took us across and the operation had to be reversed, this time ascending to the waiting train. This great delay and inconvenience has since been surmounted by a tunnel some five miles long underneath the bed of the river.

Well, here we are now in my own dear county of Monmouth—"Gerddi Gwent," or the Garden of Wales, as old inhabitants delight to call it, now Welsh no more, having been included in the English Circuit since 1536. Can you imagine my feelings? I could not analyze them, but

I know that rushing through the lovely summer fields, the scent of new-mown hay in the air, the Bristol channel with numerous sails of ships glinting in the sun, and a bright blue sky above, it was very fair to look upon. Crossing a railway bridge over the Usk at Newport (a flourishing town, with a large shipping trade in coal and iron, and fine docks), a grim old castle built by Robert Fitzroy, son of Henry I., to command the river, is on our right and to our left a fine stone bridge of six arches. This place was the scene of the Chartist riots in the rising of 1839, and the destruction of this bridge and consequent non-arrival or delay of the Welsh mails was to have been the signal of success to their conspirator friends in other parts of the kingdom, there being no telegraph lines in those days. Passing the castle—now, oh sad irony of fate, a brewery!—we enter a commodious station and change carriages for Pontypool.

Steaming thence up the valley of the “Avon Llwyd,” or grey river, which here falls into the Usk, with Caerleon, the idyllic city of King Arthur, on one side of you, and on the other “Twyn Barlwm,” or the Tump of Judgment, we are getting deeper and deeper among the everlasting hills filled with legend, story and tradition.

Caerleon-on-Usk, the “Isca Silurium” of the Romans, was their capital of Britannia Secunda, or Wales, and doubtless a city of great importance. Giraldus Cambrensis speaks of its immense palaces with gilded roofs, and it was the seat of an Archbishopric prior to A. D. 519. The rather mythical King Arthur is said to have been crowned here in 517, and the city was burned and

destroyed by Henry II. in 1171, on defeat of the Welsh prince Jorweth.

Numerous Roman remains have been discovered here, and in a field which I have visited when a boy, is the remains of an amphitheater, well defined, called the "Round Table," and by tradition attributed to King Arthur, whose capital city this was. Doubtless it was of great importance in the times of the ancient Britons, Romans and Plantagenet kings. On "Twyn Barlwm," which looks like a great mound perched on a mountain-top (evidently an ancient stronghold), and dominates all the land around, "our skin-clad forefathers, under Caractacus, opposed the Romans, and there the men of 'Gwent' fought against the invasions of Saxons, Danes and mail-clad Normans" successfully, as their descendants proudly claim, and still remain unconquered to this day. Speeding on past tin-works, steel-works and iron-works, how familiar and yet how strange it seems to us. The grand old hills and splendid woods are perhaps looking nobler than ever, but the ramifications of the iron road, with snorting, screeching, black monsters hurrying along, bearing cargoes of coal, tin, iron or steel, by no means add to the beauty of the landscape. In my boyhood the sole means of transport for these commodities from the place of their production to the port of Newport, was by a canal with many locks, along the towing-path of which, through charming scenery, I have often walked from Pontypool on Sunday mornings, arriving at the former place in time for service at the beautiful old church of St. Mary, on Stowe Hill, and back again in the gloaming, doing the eighteen or twenty miles with perfect ease and enjoyment. In this



churchyard, from which there is a glorious view over town, country and Bristol channel, I remember a quaint epitaph which I transcribe for your edification:

“34 years i was a maid,  
9 months 6 days a weded wife,  
two hours i was a mother,  
and then i lost my life.”

In spite of this digression we were soon at Pontypool, the place of my birth and childhood's home, more familiar and yet stranger still. The old town, deep in a hollow among the surrounding hills and glorious woods, which are bold and beautiful as ever, does not show so much change or improvement in itself as I could have anticipated in these many years, but railway stations, bridges crossing the streets, and the well known canal filled in for the iron track to run upon, were changes indeed. Add to this, unfamiliar names and faces where once we knew every one, and you can imagine a strain of sadness in our thoughts; even my niece's son, who met us at the station, was a stranger, but recognized us from our photographs. A few minutes' walk and M. and her dear sister were in each other's arms. Time had wrought great changes, but though the hair was silvery white, the tall form, azure eyes and brilliant pink-and-white complexion as of youth were still there, softened and subdued by the trials of the world. I spare you our meeting or any attempt at defining our feelings, only asking you to believe that we were very thankful that in God's providence we had been allowed to meet once more. Rain coming on, we had a fire lighted (though in the middle of summer), for we tropic birds felt the damp and coolness of the evening air, and round its cheery

blaze talked long into the night of the events and recollections of a generation of men. Next day broke raining still, and we thought with sad forebodings of the traditional wetness of the place, lying as it does so low among the surrounding and in some places densely wooded hills. Wrote some letters, and when to my delight the sun came out, I strolled into the well-remembered streets, leaving the sisters to the enjoyment of each other's society. Neither streets nor houses were as imposing as I once fancied they were; indeed, I fear I must confess to a feeling of disappointment so far as they went, but oh, the noble woods and grand old hills made up for all. I visited our old home—the tenant in possession, a stranger to me, received me very kindly on learning who I was—and sat in my dear mother's accustomed place by the parlour fireside and thought \* \* \* \* \*, M. kindly leaving me in sole possession for awhile. Next day bright and charming—we had no more bad weather—and our arrival having been bruited abroad, many old friends of both our families came to see us; but alas! among them was not one individual companion of my school-boy days. Some were slumbering beneath the yew trees in the quiet old churchyard on the hill, some prospering in other parts of the kingdom, and some by “the long wash of Australasian seas.” This town, once quite important as the nucleus of many large iron works and the market town for the district, has since the advent of the iron horse among the surrounding hills and valleys, lost much of its importance. I remember well when on market days great crowds of colliers, miners, iron and tin-plate workers, with their wives and families, used to throng into the town

to purchase their week's supply, and ever reckless with their money—for they got high wages, nor thought of saving—bought all the first fruits and delicacies of the season, ere those a little higher in the social scale could think of doing so. The farmers' wives and daughters then brought their produce to market, the former generally in handy, light carts, with a good stepping horse; some of the latter riding on fine nags (I have one in particular in my mind's eye), with baskets of, oh such butter! on their laps. Almost as much Welsh as English was then spoken on market days, and many of the country women wore the tall Welsh hat and flannel bedgown. Now railways bring the produce, the costume has entirely disappeared, and I never heard the Welsh language once in the town; folks speak with almost a London accent, and dress in London style. Whether these may be considered improvements or not, I am hardly prepared to say; but certainly in the almost total absence of the disgusting drunkenness and debauchery of those days, and the utter abolition of pugilistic encounters, dog-fights, and other degrading exhibitions that took place every Saturday (market day) in an open space called the Blue Boar Field, there is great cause for congratulation, and much to be thankful for. Among the "hills," where most of the coal and iron mines and works, are situated, were to be found many desperate characters, and the "strikes," or labour riots of those days were brutal in the extreme. Bands of men, led by some villainous desperado, more bold and savage than his comrades, but like them with blackened face, and clad in a black bull's hide, the horns upon his head, used to traverse the hills at such times—calling themselves Scotch Cattle—to

overawe and intimidate the steady and industrious workman, their atrocities sometimes culminating in the death of their appointed victim; and on one occasion, not being able to find the man of whom they were in search, the fiend to whom the lot fell actually shot his unoffending wife through her own cottage window. The brutal culprit escaped to America, but an accomplice suffered the full penalty of the law, and I am thankful to say that now the honest artisan is as safe as if in Honolulu, no little boast. The leaders were always strangers from the Black Country, and a curious anomaly in their proceedings was that on entering a house and breaking or destroying all the furniture, if they found the table with bread upon it, both were left untouched from a sacrilegious dread.

On the first day of July—after receipt of letters of congratulation from some of our children—perfect in its loveliness as a summer morning, we two set out for the closing act of our pilgrimage. Crossing the ancient stone bridge over the “Avon Llwyd,” at the foot of the hill, past the Shepherd’s field, and the George well, we began to ascend to the old parish church of “Trevethrie,” a distance of about a mile and a half, through leafy woods and meadows almost unapproachable in beauty. Soon we come to the sequestered cottage on the skirt of the woods, overhung with ancient oaks and elms, where M. spent most of her girlhood’s years; to the left lies the dingle that in spring and early summer is carpeted with blue-bells; there is the well-remembered holly-bush which every season in my boyhood’s days bore a thrush’s nest; a little further up a noble beech without a branch for forty feet, looking like “some tall Admiral,” with a clearly bored hole in it a little



below its umbrageous crown, and which was always tenanted by a nest of wood-peckers year after year, and innocuously pelted with stones by the boys of that generation, as, judging from the marks on its bark, it is by those of this. Round the turn in the old road we go under the overhanging trees, and past the Quaker's burying ground, silent and unadorned with grave-stones or monuments, a fitting resting-place for these worthy, unobtrusive people. Ascending still, and emerging from the woods into the brilliant sunshine, we come to E's modest, old-time looking cottage. A little maiden is waiting in the road with a beautiful "posey" of flowers for M., from her sister, whom she says has walked on; we soon overtake her, when joining us in the carriage we proceed between newly mown fields—under the dry stone-wall of this one on our left I have often found in profusion the loveliest snowdrops—just putting on their livery of tender green "lattermath." A short distance further brings us to the lych-gate of the old church surmounting the hill, where C. W., M's dear friend and bridesmaid of former years, is waiting to receive us, accompanied by a buxom matron bearing a big key and another "posey." Entering the church by the west door we pass the font where our eldest daughter was christened, up the central aisle with long bars of gorgeous colouring from the painted windows chequering the pavement, and gain the altar-steps and rail, where we two knelt together forty years ago to-day when we were wed.

Our friends silently and considerately withdrew, leaving us alone for awhile to the flooding memories of long, long, years; and I trust I may add sincerely, thankfulness, for the many mercies vouchsafed to us during their passage.

After a little lapse of time, during which I put another ring on M's finger, we were joined again by our companions, when we looked with deepest interest over the well-remembered old edifice, sat in the pew in which my parents used to worship, and then emerging by a side door are under the far-spreading branches of a patriarchal yew, beneath whose shade lie father, mother, brother, and sisters, with many more of our kith and kin, and we feel thankful that in God's mercy we have been permitted to visit this much-loved spot once more, and that "Our Pilgrimage" is accomplished.

This ancient building is the parish church of Trevethie, or Tref-y-ddin, and from its square tower and some lancet-windows, probably dates back to the thirteenth century ; in my boyhood days the carved oaken trestle-work of its vaulted roof was scrupulously whitewashed over by former puritanical worthies who favoured that style of adornment. Of late years it has been restored, the wood retains its own colour and the bosses are gilded, greatly, as I think, to its improvement. It has an excellent new organ, a good choir of both sexes (crowded into a corner of the transept), and an eloquent evangelical rector ; but oh ! how I did wish for a little more warmth and ornateness in the services and rendering of our beautiful liturgy. We went from here to the house of a very old friend, Mrs. D., at Glenside, where we spent the remainder of the day, and dined among a circle of family connections very dear to us, and who seemed to endeavour each to outvie the other in kindness to the pilgrims, and by them I trust never to be forgotten.

I feel that I must tell you of some of our excur-

sions in this fair county of which we Monmouthshire men are so proud, and justly, as I think, with its beautiful diversity of mountain, river, woods, mead and dale, and so will take them in the order I find them in my notebook.

Our kind friends from Glenside came one day and took us, all three, off for an excursion by rail to the hills, via Abersychan, Talywain and Varteg to Blaenavon, amid bleak, desolate-looking mountains, covered sparsely with heather, but rich in coal, iron and lime, with their respective works vomiting smoke and flame from their tall chimneys and furnaces continuously. In my youth these places were difficult of access, and well do I remember once crossing the Blaenavon mountain on foot in a snow storm, and being fearful lest the track should be obliterated and I lose my way in its wide desolation, no human habitation for miles and only meeting one person on the great bare waste. Now two lines of railway carry the wealth of the hills to the sea, and the villages of those days are thriving towns. Many fearful tales are told of these wild hills, and of unwary travellers lost in fog and tempest, or led to their doom by the "grey woman," Shoey White, and of wicked tricks by elves, the Welsh, as you know, being a very superstitious folk, full of ghost and fairy (Bendyth-y-mamma) stories. Of the latter they always speak well, and their name signifies "Blessing of the Mother." Speeding on we soon leave the bleak mountains behind us and descend by an awful incline down into the beautiful vale of Clydach—our route lying along the edge of almost a precipice—said to be the spot that inspired Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream." Its

sides are wooded down to the meadows below us where the clear but turbulent Clydach is hurrying along to lose itself in the Usk, that is here so peacefully gliding between fields rich in standing corn, or just shorn of their crop of hay, downward to the sea, through thorp and town. Crossing the latter river by a bridge of fifteen arches, we enter the pretty, picturesquely-situated town of Aber-gavenny—the Roman Gobannium—and proceed to the castle erected by “Hammeline de Bohun,” soon after the Norman conquest, to keep the Welsh in check. It afterwards became the stronghold of the Neville’s, who take their title from it. When I knew the castle formerly it was open to the public, with fine walks around the walls under shady trees, and benches arranged so as to afford charming views of the lovely vale of the Usk, the mountain range of the Blorenges extending in one continuous line along the Golden Valley from the “Skivrid,” or Holy Mountain, to the Sugar Loaf, and terminating abruptly near the town. Now you pay a small entrance fee. The smooth sward of the court-yard is laid out in lawn-tennis, or croquet ground; the great hall is floored over for dancing, picnics or tea parties; rustic stairs are built to ascend to different parts of the ancient edifice, and sentimentalism is subjected to utilitarianism. With a feeling of some disappointment at the change on my part, we next went to the Abbey Church of St. Mary’s, formerly a fine cruciform edifice, but renovated and improved, save the mark! since my youth. We found a boy-school was being held in among numerous fine old tombs of Crusaders, knights and dames, over which, no doubt, from their appearance, the youngsters frolic; and lying on a stone



bench was a huge wooden figure of a bearded man or saint, apparently forming part of or growing out a tree, and said to be called a "Jesse Tree," this being one of three known to exist in England. What it really indicates I could not discover, perhaps the root of Jesse. The renovated part of the sacred edifice I had no patience for, with its boarded floor, stiff, ugly benches and pews, and general aspect of paint and newness. Thank goodness, they could not change the outward beauty of wall or tower. In the evening we returned by way of Penpergrom and Nantyderry to Pontypool, after a most enjoyable day.

Another charming excursion with our kind friends and some other members of their family, was to the last named place (Nantyderry, I mean) by rail, where Mrs. B. met us with her pony carriage, taking the elder ladies of our party up, while the male members and juniors of the softer sex proceeded on foot toward the farm-house where our kind hosts were spending their summer holiday. The day was as brilliant and warm as a day in our sunny isles, and we found the shade of the tall trees and hazel bushes, that bordered the deep narrow county lane through which we had proceeded, very grateful. The hedges and banks were full of honeysuckles, foxgloves and other summer flowers, as well as being garnished nearly all their length by bunches of fragrant hay stolen from the laden wains in their passage from the fields. A couple of miles brought us to our destination on the banks of the pellucid Usk, where we were to picnic, and I to enjoy a few hours' fly-fishing, as I had frequently done in the same place in my youth, and on whose quickly

gliding waters I have so often seen the degenerate descendant of his painted British forefather paddling the frail *coracle* his sires used. Our host had kindly provided me with a license, rod and line (the rivers now are carefully preserved, in consequence of the wilful and wasteful destruction of salmon-fry and fish out of season in former years), but as we were nearing the river, on meeting several gentlemen with attendants bearing landing net and gaff returning from salmon fishing, the conviction forced itself upon me there would be no sport to-day. Arrived at the lovely river running here swiftly down through green meadows, and by shady trees, the crystal beauty of its waters and the bright sky above told how futile our efforts would be. However, the spirit of old Isaak was strong within me, and I could not forego an effort to lure the speckled beauties, but to no effect, the only captives being a few salmon-fry called here salmon-pink—being spotted like and scarcely distinguishable from trout—and which the law requires you carefully to remove from your hook and return to the water. We lunched under the shade of some bushes by the stream, the ladies adjourning thence to the quaint old farm-house tenanted by our friends, where, after being convinced of the futility of whipping the water any longer, we men-folk joined them, and had a most refreshing cup of tea, with all the delicacies of a country house, under the spreading branches of orchard trees, laden with fast ripening fruit. In the cool evening we returned in the same order that we went, having had an “awfully jolly day,” if that phrase means thorough enjoyment. You know how ardent a disciple of “Isaak Walton’s” I was in my youth, and will not be surprised to learn that

I was very desirous to see again the beautiful Glyn-ponds, two splendid sheets of water lying deep between a bare mountain on one side and high wooded hills on the other, once plentifully stocked with fish, and by whose margins I had spent many happy summer days, and on their frozen bosoms winter ones. They were artificial lakes made by damming across the deep valley catching the mountain streams, and used to supply power for adjacent iron-works. Each was more than a mile long, in some places one-third of a mile broad, very deep, and filled with clear cold water, the surrounding scenery being wild and beautiful in the extreme. Off we set with C., W. and E., enjoying the fresh, bright summer day, and recognizing each familiar object as it came in view; on our left is the bold outline of heath-covered "Twyn Calch," and opposite the wooded slopes of "Cwm Glyn;" up the hill, past the well-remembered beech-tree, under whose huge branches I once sheltered long years ago in an awful thunderstorm—an idea prevailing with us that you were safe from the electric fluid if beneath a beech—when, topping the hill, I missed the lovely sheet of water, and the sunshine dancing on its surface in the rippling breeze. "Why," I exclaimed, "where is the pond?" "Did you not know the ponds have both been drained!" The beauty of the landscape was gone for me, the sunlight out of the picture. Sure enough, the dams were broken down, the forge-hammer silent, the works a ruin, and the devouring iron horse on his iron track careering triumphantly along in what had once been the depths of my beautiful Glyn-ponds, a little water with sedge and rushes alone marking their deeper parts. Wild stories of

violence, and sad ones of accident, are connected with these lakes, which I spare you. And so we continue our way on through the wildly romantic valley, becoming more wooded as we advance, when, after passing a gypsy encampment a sudden turn in the road brings us to the summit of a long steep hill, at the foot of which lies the village of Crumlin, a canal, and a brawling river, deep in the vale, and across it the famous railway viaduct we had come here to see, stretching from side to side above it all. "Beautiful? You are right, it is beautiful. From east to west, high above the lovely valley, high above the nestling houses and glittering waters, stretches the lace-like viaduct, light and delicate as if it were the work of the fairy Ariel." \* \* \* \* \* "So slight does it appear, that even now, though it has stood the test of twenty-nine years, many persons are still too timorous to cross it," that is, on the foot-road under the rails. It is built entirely of iron, on the lattice work or trestle principle, and carried across the valley on eight spidery-looking piers that support the superstructure. Its length, including abutments, is 1,658 feet, and its height 208 feet above the foundation, and the view from it down the luxuriantly wooded slopes must be lovely. Linger long as time would permit, we at length returned, though loath to leave so much beauty, by the road we came, which in its wilder parts is full of ghost or fairy story. Shall I tell you, to beguile our homeward drive, of the renowned hob-goblin "Gwka 'r Trwyn," who used kindly to assist the farm maidens in their labours, doing their work while they slept? Some of them by their sluttishness displeased him at last, so one day on a girl letting fall a ball of yarn



over the hill whose base was then washed by the Glyn-ponds, the "Gwka" said: "I'm going in this ball, and I'll go to the 'Trwyn,' and I'll never come back." Off the ball went, down the hill, across the valley, up the opposite side, over "Mynydd Maen," through heath and whimberry bushes trundling along, and, sure enough, has never come back again.

One lovely evening when the sun was fast lowering in the West, our usual party made another visit to our dear old parish church and resting place of our loved ones. Here we were joined by our kind friend's daughter, Miss D., bright, intelligent and companionable, who had promised me the pleasure of her society for a walk to the "Folly," a tower on the top of the "Little Mountain," and who subsequently sent me the beautiful manuscript Welsh music you have seen and heard. Parting from the sisters who visited E's former home, we two, I and the maiden, took our way over fair meadows, through farm-yards, across wooded valleys and babbling brooks, and soon began the ascent of the hill among fern, heather and furze, emerging after a while on the summit, covered with a carpet of such exquisite, velvet-like emerald turf that you can form no conception of, it being as much superior in beauty to "manienie," as the latter is to Hilo grass. Here we sat down awhile to rest (not that my companion needed it, but I did), and to take our fill in enjoyment of the lovely summer's eve and glorious landscape. From our vantage ground we could see seven counties, stretched before and around us as a lovely piece of embroidery. Beneath our feet villages, churches, farms, rivers and canals glistening like silver streaks, in the dis-

tance the towns of Caerleon and Newport, with the last rays of the setting sun flashing on their windows and making diamonds of them; beyond, the Bristol channel with the "white sails of the ships," and on the further side of it the coast of Somerset, towns and houses gleaming white on its shore. To our left the Beaconshe Beacon, and Brecon range of mountains, to our right the wooded hills and valleys in whose hollows Pontypool lay hid from sight, and at our back a vast billowy range of heath and gorse-clad mountains, stretching till they are lost in the clouds. Oh! it was fair to look upon by the dying light of day. Can you wonder why we men of "Gwent" love our beautiful country, so glorious in the expanse of its stern, wild mountain scenery, quiet sylvan dales and meads between, with modest, square-towered churches and cottages peeping out everywhere, rich in feudal and medieval ruins of castles and abbeys, and in river, torrent and sea; that her ancient sons fought so manfully for her, or that the "Royal Welsh Fusiliers" (the Monmouthshire Regiment), stands on a high niche in the Temple of Fame? Pardon this digression and an old man's garrulity, but when one looks again, after the lapse of half a century, on such a scene as I have tried so imperfectly to describe, I think you will allow me a little latitude of feeling. At least my kind companion did, for when she thought I had gazed my fill and exhausted my raptures, a quiet voice at my elbow said: "Now, shall we go and see the Roman road?" Rousing from my reverie, for in thought I was going over the scores of times I had visited the place before and until now had never known how fair it was. We crossed the summit a short distance

on the beautiful sward, and the everlasting work of the great road builders lay before us, diving down deep under huge overhanging trees into the pastoral country below. Antiquarians are not agreed as to whence this road came, or where it went to. No doubt, it was for conveyance of military stores and march of the legions, and, be sure, went straight to its mark, wherever that was. What enduring work they left behind them! Even now the road is used at times by the country people, and I question if the solid pavement of deep, flat stones laid on their edges has ever been repaired since that great race left the island, more than one thousand years ago. While gazing on their work and talking of the ages since past, the gathering shades warned us to depart, so we returned down the mountain by another route, through long, shady lanes, when, bidding my fair companion "good night," with many thanks for her kindness, I felt I had experienced an evening of perfect enjoyment.

Inexorable time did not permit us to visit, as we would have liked to do, the beautiful ivy-clad castle of Usk, near which "Owen Glendower" was defeated by Henry IV. in 1405; taken by Cromwell two centuries and a half later, and in whose green court-yard, as a boy, I have so often played. Or Chepstow castle, surrendered to the Parliament forces in 1645. Or Monmouth castle, erected by Walter Fitz-Osborne in 1067 (favourite residence of John of Gaunt), and birthplace of Henry V., hero of Agincourt (Shakespeare's "Prince Hal"), which surrendered to Cromwell in 1646. Or the splendid ruin of Raglan castle, the last stronghold held for the king in England, by the aged Marquis of Worcester, and surrendered to Fairfax on fam-

ine and want of powder staring the garrison in the face, in 1648, the proud old hero being permitted to march out with colours flying and arms retained. Here was born Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester, the famous inventor, by whom the uses of steam as a motive power were first made known. The beautiful and graceful Tintern Abbey, situated in a deep wooded vale on the banks of the romantic and winding Wye, we perhaps regretted missing more than all, remembering, as we did, its extreme loveliness and the wondrous stone tracery of the east and west windows, and remains of the gracefully springing arches that once supported the roof. I shall never forget the almost awful sensation I felt when its sublime beauty first broke on my astonished eyes, in years gone by. It was founded by a body of Cistercians in 1131 and unfortunately destroyed by fire after the suppression of the monasteries. In it is yet to be seen a figure in armour from a tomb, said to be that of Strongbow, Earl of Pembroke, who overran and conquered Ireland. I am pleased to say that all these beautiful remains of ancient power and piety, situated in fair "Gwent," are kept from falling into further decay, the sward within their courts carefully mown, and are open to the public for picnics or lawn parties.

Disappointed somewhat in not seeing the above, and the sisters being very desirous of visiting their old home and mother's grave at Otterton in Devonshire, we left by rail one fine morning for that place via New Passage, Bristol and Exeter, arriving at the latter fine old city at 2 P. M. This ancient city, in itself a county, stands upon a hill surrounded by loftier heights, with the river Exe at



its feet. Once a Celtic hill-fort "Caer Isc," afterwards a Roman station, then a stronghold of the Saxons, walled in by King Athelstan, and on it the stern Norman afterwards erected the massive castle of Rougemont, the ruins of which we had not time to visit. "Being near the sea, it was much-harried by the piratical old sea-kings, hence Athelstan's strong walls, within which the mother and sons of Harold found refuge after the disastrous battle of Hastings, and were vigorously but vainly defended by the stout-hearted citizens." Many more battles and sieges fell to its lot in the turbulent medieval times, and during the civil war it stood for the Parliament, was taken by the Royalists and re-taken soon after. When William of Orange landed at Torbay, the citizens received him with joyful acclamation, for his banner bore the motto "The Protestant religion and the liberties of England." Many fine old houses are to be found on its streets, particularly the Guild Hall and another ancient building a few doors off.

But I feel I must confine my remarks to the beautiful cathedral, to which we went for evening service, and staid to see its beauties afterward. The west front is truly magnificent, with hundred of statues of saints, martyrs, kings, and heroes in the gorgeous stone-work of its niches. Many, alas! are empty or defaced, thanks to the fanatic zeal of Cromwell's puritanical soldiery, but are being replaced as fast as the alms of the faithful permit. The chaste stone tracery of the windows, almost lace-like in parts, with the splendour of the glass they contain, passes my descriptive powers. The beautiful and graceful Lady Chapel, with its wealth of monuments and brasses; the Minstrel Gallery, the finest example in England, built out from the inner

wall, and to which access is gained by a passage in the wall; and the ornately decorated alabaster Reredos—so denounced by people of low-church tendency on its erection some years ago—almost require a volume to describe their beauties. The wondrous carving of pulpit and stalls, and above all that of the Bishop's Throne—a specimen of fourteenth century work—with its lofty, spire-like canopy, I wish you could see for yourself. The noble rows of massive pillars supporting the superb vaulting of the nave, rich in sculptured and gilded bosses, with much fan-tracery of loveliest description, revelling in ornamentation full of wealth of invention and variety of detail, with many monuments, the rows of tattered banners hanging from the walls, and over all, the dying rays of the setting sun gleaming through

“*Storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light,*”

make a whole that cannot but impress one with his own insignificance, and induce a feeling of reverence in so sublime a fane. Its outward appearance is very grand, with the two massive Norman towers, and standing as it does upon a hill, gives it a very imposing aspect, viewed from the surrounding country. The building of which the towers were a part was commenced in 1111, but much injured by fire during Stephen's siege of the city in 1136; various additions were made under succeeding bishops, and finally it assumed its present form from Bishop Brantyngham, 1369–94. We wandered in the beautiful interior and around its precincts, full of admiration, long as time would permit. Thence through quiet quaint streets to the public-gardens, and finally to our comfortable

old-fashioned hotel, the Half-Moon, eschewing the modern and more pretentious affair near the railway station, for like the fat knight I prefer "To take mine ease at mine inn," and dislike noise or bustle.

Next morning after breakfast we left by rail for Exmouth, running down the left bank of the river to Topsham, to which point vessels of some size can come; the passage up to Exeter being effected by means of a ship-canal completed in the reign of Henry VIII. Crossing here the river Clyst, which at this point joins the Exe, we continue down its estuary dotted plentifully with sails, and quickly gain the pretty town and watering place of Exmouth, basking in the morning sun, and terminus of the railway. What a pleasure it was to me to see the bright waters of the English channel dancing in the sunlight again, and I mounted with delight to the box-seat of a capital four-horse "bus" for our next stopping place, Budleigh-Salterton. The sisters took inside berths, the sun being warm, so my sole outside travelling companion was a venerable looking man, dressed in black, carrying a small bag of same colour; soon the seat behind us was occupied by a young man and woman, who at first I thought were strangers to each other, as perhaps they were. Crack! goes our driver's whip, and off we set through lovely coast scenery. Ascending a hill we turn inland where all looks calm and beautiful on this sunny summer's day. Charming though the scenery be, I cannot help having my attention drawn away at times by the conversation of our friends behind us; they seem to know each seat, villa, and mansion that we pass, and their talk is full of the "Colonel" and the "General," so that I come to the conclusion they are moving in good society.

Of the subject of their dialogue, of course, I take no heed, besides I am fully occupied with beauties of the landscape. Presently the old gentleman at my side opens his bag, takes out two small pamphlets, and turning to our fellow-travellers, says with a peculiar smile, "Would you mind reading the other side of the question?" "Oh, certainly not," from both of them. "Then please study these little books, and in particular page 145." I was fairly non-plussed. What did all this mean? Shortly after our driver was told to stop at the entrance of a shady lane running up to a very pretty house, where several young folks were awaiting their guests (for a lawn-tennis party, as I supposed, the young man being in such a costume) and received them with considerable effusion. On proceeding my neighbour turned to me, and with fine scorn said, "Do you know who they were?" Expressing myself that I had not the slightest idea, he continued, "Why, bless you, sir, only Salvation Army folk," in a most withering tone, and then relapsed into silence. An hour or so subsequently I saw him in the little town, distributing most zealously from his black bag, tracts, no doubt inculcating his own particular "doxy." The destination of our vehicle is now reached and we pull up at the Rolle Arms, in the pretty seaside town of Budleigh-Salterton. It is situated in a narrow dell running obliquely to the sea, and consists mainly of one long street, through one side of which runs a swift, sparkling stream, the villas, houses and gardens on that side being each attained by their own separate bridges. The other side of the street the houses face inward, and their gardens—perfect bowers of myrtles and fuchsias—look out over the sea, access to



the beach being generally obtained by steps leading down from them. The shore is shingly, but I should imagine from the number of bathing-machines, there must be sandy bottom a little way out. The situation being so warm and sheltered, and the atmosphere containing so much ozone as it is said to do, makes it a very desirable residence for delicate people. We strolled into the garden of the inn, enjoying the charming scenery of ocean and shore while our luncheon was preparing, and afterwards sauntered over the town, happening upon a shop (with the doors closed, as they all are in this quiet country place, and a small bell attached inside) in the windows of which was displayed such a variety of beautiful Honiton lace, my companions could not withstand the temptation to enter, and on finding how cheap it was, of making some small purchases. Relating this incident subsequently in a circle of friends, and remarking how costly such articles would be in Honolulu, one of the company who had heard some of my "lectures," and was possessed of a burning desire to see our beautiful islands, thought it would be a capital idea to buy a good parcel of this exquisite lace, carry it there and so pay his expenses. I warned him he had better not try it, brilliant as the idea was, as there was a young man here who would certainly "mark 'em" if he did.

Our trap being by this time ready, on we went up the hill, past snug villas with thatched roofs, and pretty gardens facing the sea, and then struck inland through a charming pastoral country, leaving on our left Hayes Barton (well known to my companions), the house where my great hero Sir Walter Raleigh was born, with thatched

and gabled roof, mullioned windows, looking out through masses of myrtles and fuchsias cut so as to permit the view. Passing Bicton, the beautiful residence of the aged Lady Rolle, widow of the "Lord Rolle who was rolling" in Mr. Barney Maguire's account of the coronation, we come to a bridge over the gliding Otter, with its wealth of trout, and enter the village of Otterton. It consists of one long straggling street, more, I fancy, than half a mile in extent; many of the cottages are built of "cob," as they call it here, but in our parts named wattle-and-daub, that is to say, willows or hazel woven like basket-work and plastered with clay inside and out. As you enter this primitive village you pass a large open space surrounded with magnificent horse-chestnut trees, called the "Green;" it is said a May-pole once stood in its center, but that was before my companions' memory. Turning off the main street and proceeding up toward the church we came to the spot where their childhood's home once stood, now, alas! an indistinguishable mass of crumbled wall and roof-tree, neglected orchard and garden, two stone gate-posts with round stone balls on their tops alone marking the entrance to its former site, legal complications, or disputed memorial claims, being the cause of the decay. From thence we proceeded to the churchyard where, under an elm, lay sleeping the mother, brother and sister of them both, "till the great trump shall sound." Of the church founded soon after the Conquest (and which, with the manor of Otterton, belonged to the wealthy abbey of Mont St. Michel on the coast of Normandy) only the tower remains, it being rebuilt and beautifully restored by the munificence of Lady Rolle.

Our intention had been to remain for a day or two in the quiet village, but finding that no inn accommodation could be obtained—it having degenerated into a mere pot-house since the death of the old lord, who used to hold rent-dinners, etc., there—and the flight of years having gathered old friends to the quiet of the churchyard or scattered them somewhere in that vast empire on which the sun never sets, we were forced to continue our journey with hearts saddened and subdued, yet hopeful and thankful still. Disappointed here, we were forced to push on for Sidmouth, through shady roads, past umbrageous woods and crossing purling brooks, many farm-houses lying at short distances back from the way ever since we had left Budleigh-Salterton, their fronts covered with myrtle or climbing roses. Soon we arrive at the foot of High Peak—on the landward side—and toil up the steep ascent among ferns, heaths, and gorse of rare kinds and wondrous beauty. Attaining the summit a glorious view meets our eyes of land and sea, after enjoying which as long as we can, we proceed again and commence the descent of the other side down to the beautiful bay and town of Sidmouth. The road is in some places very steep, mansions and villas, parks and gardens, bordering each side of the way, and all a source of gratification and delight to the sisters, familiar as they are with every inch of ground, in the great natural beauties of which years have effected no change. The town, a very favourite watering-place from its sheltered position and salubrious climate, lies at the mouth of a valley, enclosed at the back by lofty wooded hills facing southward to the sea, and high cliffs of some five hundred feet extending to the eastward and west-

ward, making it the very ideal home for invalids. The shore is pebbly, and celebrated for chalcedonies, green, yellow and red jaspers, moss agates and agatized wood, to be found upon it. A splendid esplanade runs along the face of the bay to protect the town from the incursions of the sea, but sometimes does not quite succeed in doing so, as during heavy southerly gales the low-lying streets are often flooded. Numerous promenaders are walking here enjoying the balmy evening air, and many invalids in chairs being wheeled about by friends or servants. These folk, I fancy, were either permanent or transient residents, for at the comfortable Royal York Hotel on the esplanade where we stayed, there were few or no guests, the season not having yet commenced, thank goodness! Many beautiful villas adorn the slopes in the vicinity of the town, in one of which the Duke of Kent, father of Queen Victoria, died. Local tradition says that this part of the coast once projected much farther into the sea to the westward, and colour is given to this by early coins and Roman relics frequently washed up by the waves. "In 1841 a remarkable figure—Chiron with Achilles and a dog—probably the head of a Roman ensign, was found here." When we had tired of strolling on the esplanade, drinking in the balmy sea-air, we returned and sat in the bow-window of our hotel watching the groups of promenaders long as the gloaming of the summer evening would permit, and then to rest.

Next morning, being desirous of seeing the view from the summit of the cliffs, I wandered along the sea-wall, past the life-boat station, until I came to the river Sid, with a bar of shingle across its mouth, similar to so many



of our rivers in Hawaii, and like them washed away when heavy rains occur in the hills. Crossing it and the low-lying meadows on a long bridge, you come to a steep, zig-zag ascent winding upward through a wooded slope and plentifully furnished with seats, on which fair maidens, aye, and even an old salt, were seated reading and enjoying the morning breezes. When gaining the summit what a scene of beauty bursts on your enraptured gaze! Meadows and woods, fields of ripening corn up here on the level of the cliffs, and below you the pretty town, embosomed as it is by the hills, with the gleaming waters of the river stretching up the valley. "Long lines of cliffs" east and west of the bay far as the eye can reach, sheer precipices down to the beach, with flowers and clinging plants adorning their faces, which I longed to gather but feared the dizzy height. The water, flashing in the sunlight, was clear as at Waikiki, but not of the same cerulean hue, and the bottom, at a long distance from the shore, plainly visible. A tall hedge of hawthorn bordered the fields just inside the cliffs, I suppose intended to protect the crops, which, judging from its inward wind-swept appearance, no doubt it did, a well-kept path leading up along it to the farms beyond, and for the benefit of strollers like myself. While enjoying the almost superfluity of beauty by which I was surrounded, I was joined by a fine specimen of "West Countrie" farmer who told me he was visiting a friend "up along." Like me, he was enchanted with the view, but unlike me, was learned in root crops, grain, etc., and gifted with most pronounced meteorological views peculiarly his own, which he promulgated in the richest Doric I heard in England. He lived in Zummerz-

shire, between the two "zeas," *i. e.*, the Bristol and English channels, and so accounted for the utter absence of thunderstorms in his favoured locality. His generation of the stalwart sons of the soil is fast passing away, and with it the variety of almost barbarous dialects that in my boyhood prevailed in some parts of England. Education and steam are fast accomplishing their work. Retracing my steps, full of delight with my stroll, I met M., who had taken courage and attained half way up the ascent and was resting on a bench under a shady tree, for the morning was almost tropical.

After a farewell stroll through the town, we took the omnibus for the railway station some two miles off, and close to the beautiful house and grounds (now a hotel) formerly occupied by an eccentric Mr. Fish, a most determined misogynist, who used to throw open the place to the public, the sole condition being that the women should be closely veiled, and who was never seen by his guests. Our return track lay through fair scenery past Honiton, famed for its pillow-made lace (which manufacture is more or less carried on in every village hereabouts), Ottery St. Mary's with a grammar school, founded by Henry VIII., and a fine old church in which Fairfax quartered his men and horses, doing much damage by breaking the monumental figures and stained glass. We soon arrived at Exeter, deciding, contrary to our original intention (which was to have spent Sunday here and go to the cathedral services), to push right on, which we did, arriving at the Pontypool Road station at 10:30 P. M., weary, but gratified. It being imperative that we should hurry, as other dear ones were waiting for us, we now felt

that the time had come when we must, however unwillingly, tear ourselves away. But ere I leave my native town, most likely forever, I pray you, pardon me for transcribing a couple of paragraphs that fell under my notice while there, showing what changes time has wrought, and of some interest to both of us. "Mr. L." (my father) "had the honor of introducing the first gig, the first chaise (about 1816), and the first four-horse coach (about 1819-20) ever seen in Pontypool. The arrival of the latter caused the streets to be thronged with curious spectators, and was as great an event in its way as was the opening of the Monmouthshire Company's Railway from Pontypool to Newport in 1852." The second extract is from the Monmouthshire *Merlin*—a weekly newspaper—of 14th July, 1849, and refers more particularly to the writer. It says:

"CALIFORNIA GOLD.

"There has been much interest felt in this town for some days past in the return of" (my innate modesty steps in here) "Captain G. L., a native of this place, from the golden region of California, with lumps of the precious metal in his pockets as large as two-ounce weights, and a fund of information about that 'El Dorado' on the banks of the Sacramento, as attractive and alluring as are the wondrous tales of the Arabian Entertainments." "Mr. L. is commander of the T., the arrival of which vessel at Liverpool with the first great freight of gold was noticed in the *Merlin* at the time, and we understand so thoroughly satisfied is he of the overflowing abundance of the precious metal in California

—which he says can scarcely be overstated ” (alas, not much fell to his share !) “ that he intends sailing thither again shortly ” (hence this long-winded yarn) “ and may success attend him ! ”

A farewell visit to the old home, and to St. James’ Chapel-of-Ease, where as a boy I had so often gone with my dear mother, and the dreaded day had come when we must say adieu, perhaps forever ! Ah, these partings press the life from out old hearts, as well as young ones. Still we felt we had much to be thankful for in having been permitted to meet at all again. On the 8th of July we left via Newport for Cardiff, the principal seaport of Wales, and great outlet of the coal mining and iron districts of Glamorganshire. Our way lay down the valleys of the “ Avon Llywd ” and Usk, until Newport is reached, which Giraldus Cambrensis tells us was in his day called “ Novus Burgus,” to distinguish it from the ancient city of Caerleon, out of whose declining greatness it arose. It has a large export trade in coal and iron, with extensive docks, and may be considered a flourishing town.

Leaving Newport, passing a flat and rather uninteresting country bordering on the sea, but surrounded by distant hills, we arrive at Cardiff, and find the Doctor awaiting us at the station. The growth of this town is something marvellous. From it I first went to sea in 1838, when I do not think it had more than ten thousand inhabitants, and vessels laid in a tidal canal, or in Penarth roads, as we did ; now it has some of the most magnificent docks in the world, and its population is set down at one hundred thousand. All this increase of trade and prosperity is due to the excellence of the Welsh coal for



steaming purposes, and to the vicinity of the mines from which it is derived, to this port. I used occasionally to amuse myself by an evening stroll—with the Doctor or one of his sons—down to the docks, or pier-head, and was surprised at the number and size of the steamers and sailing vessels of every nationality taking in their cargoes there, and with the rapidity that it is done. Huge wagons or trams, containing four tons each, are run upon a turn-table, where one man, manipulating a hydraulic lift, raises it high enough above the vessel's rail, whence it is "dumped" into the hold; this operation goes on uninterruptedly, and the largest vessels are loaded in a couple of days. It was almost hard to believe that in some of the rather unsavory streets through which my rambles took me, that you were in an English town, the languages you heard around you being a polyglot of all the tongues of Europe, and some of Asia, too, and many of the house-signs bearing names decidedly not Anglo-Saxon. Cardiff, or *Caer Taff*, is with its ancient castle, built on the river Taff, and has always been a place of importance; successively British, Roman, Saxon and Norman. "The castle was originally built in 1080 by *Jestyn-ap-Gwrgant*, Lord of Glamorgan"—enlarged and much strengthened by the Normans—"in 1648 besieged by Oliver Cromwell, who obtained possession after three days' fierce assault by the treachery of a deserter, who received for his reward the gallows and a halter, lest it should be said that the Puritans encouraged such cowardice and treachery." It is now owned by the Marquis of Bute, as are the docks covering seventy-six acres, costing more than a million sterling, and much more property in

the vicinity. The father of the present Marquis dying while he was an infant, a large amount of money accumulated during his minority, which a clause in his father's will directed was to be spent on, or used in improvement of the estate, hence the splendid docks, and restoration of part of the ancient castle, now used as a residence.

One fine day the Doctor took us, with my niece S. and Mrs. R., daughter of an old friend, to see the remains of the former fortress and splendidly restored portion now used as a residence by its noble owner. Entering the ancient gateway leading into the court-yard of the castle you have on your immediate left a tower in which "Henry I. and William Rufus imprisoned their unfortunate brother Robert for twenty-six years," and as I read at school, put out his eyes with a red-hot copper basin. In front at some little distance is the keep preserved with great care from falling into further ruin, and from the summit of which a most beautiful view is obtained of the surrounding country and valley of the Taff. The moat encircling it has been re-dug, filled with water from the river, as of old, and the approaches restored. Much of the ancient walls are intact on two sides of the area, and beneath them, around keep and moat, walks are laid out, overshadowed with noble trees. The inhabited part of the castle, occupying the left side of the space as you enter, has been elaborately restored, preserving as much as is possible, in accordance with the requirements of modern life, its ancient character. The lower apartments are large and lofty, elegantly furnished of course, and looking much like ordinary rooms in great mansions, with this exception, that the beams running across to support the stone floors of the rooms

above, and in some cases the fire-places, are gorgeous specimens of art in carving, gilding, colour and design. The Banqueting Hall is a truly splendid apartment, rich in colour and gold, walls and ceilings painted in fresco with the story of Duke Robert of Glo'ster. A small chapel or oratory on this floor, in memory of the present owner's father, who was not a Roman Catholic, as he is, is very rich and beautiful in finish and design, and below the altar, covered with glass, is a Dead Christ in marble, so awfully death-like and real in appearance that it positively made my flesh "creep." Ascending the winding stone stairs you attain suite after suite of fine rooms, all most elaborately finished with gorgeous ceilings, mantel-pieces, coloured windows, and every accessory of great wealth. I do not think that in any of the palaces we saw there was anything more splendid than some of these rooms were. On gaining the summit of the principal tower, which is as elaborately ornamented outside as inside, most charming views are obtained from windows especially placed for the purpose, and through glades and vistas, also specially arranged. The upper part of this tower is open to the sky, has a fountain in its center, small rooms around the sides, from which the views I mentioned are obtained, the central space occupied by flowering plants and shrubs and termed the Winter Garden. When I first saw this castle in the year before mentioned, 1838, I could not obtain entrance into the court-yard, being clad in the round blue jacket of a sailor. There was no residence there in those days, but I suppose such a costume was derogatory to the blue blood of the Butes. Anyhow, the yarn on board ship was that "neither hogs, dogs, or sailors"—mark you, we are last—

“were allowed inside the gates,” and that a notice to that effect was posted on them. I cannot say I saw it, but I know that with an elder brother we were refused admittance.

As a place of residence Cardiff has not much to recommend it, lying so low, but has pleasant surroundings, good streets and shops, a fine town hall, museum and library, with all the concomitants of a flourishing town. There are many very nice walks and drives to be had in the neighborhood, on some of which I beg your company. First let us go with my niece S. and her daughter B. to the Sophia Gardens, in part of which a cricket match was in progress. They seem to me to play cricket eternally in this town; perhaps it was due to holiday time and fair summer weather. These gardens are a large space of ground on the opposite bank of the river—crossed here by a handsome bridge—from the castle, well laid out in walks, shrubberies, lake, etc., with bowling-green and lawn-tennis courts, presented by the Marquis of Bute to the townsfolk on their surrender of an ancient right of way through the castle domain, and named after his mother. It is a pleasant place for a stroll under the shady trees, especially when the river is full with the tide.

Another enjoyable trip by the same party was to the pretty suburb of Penarth, on the opposite side of the bay or roads. Situated on a much higher and more wooded ground than Cardiff, it has superior advantages as a place of residence, as numerous villas, snug cottages and several pretty streets testify. It is very quiet compared with its sister-town, and yet has a good dock of its own and fairly filled with shipping. There is also a



very well laid-out public garden on the side of the hill next the sea, from which a beautiful view is obtained of the British channel, with Barry Island, the Flat and Steep Holms, and the opposite coast of Somersetshire, the houses of Clevedon shining white in the sun. Numerous sailing crafts and steamers give life to the picture, and between us and Cardiff many vessels are lying in Penarth roads waiting for the tide to enter the docks on one side or the other. As I sat here musing, looking at the forest of masts opposite, and on those in "the haven under the hill" on this side, Imogen's words came to my mind, "And by the way, tell me how Wales was made so happy as to inherit such a haven." Pursuing this train of thought, why were these British Isles made so rich in coal, iron and other minerals, with so many fine harbors, "and compassed by the inviolate sea?" I trust it is not presumptuous to believe that Divine wisdom intended them for the home of a great race, mother of mighty nations, whose inborn love of liberty, free institutions, literature and language are destined to spread over much of the habitable globe. But let them look to it in their power and wealth, lest like the Israelites of old, they forget whence all these good things come, and like them fall!

The day before we left the hospitable town of Cardiff, where people seemed to emulate each other in their kindness to us, we made part of a large company at a picnic given in our honor at Dinas Powis. Beside our usual family party, were a charming young Irish lady, a bride, who took a great fancy to M., the amiable Miss D., and her artist cousin, Mr. T., a most entertaining person, who seemed to know the family history and name of every

bird, insect, plant and flower ; indeed, a regular "walking Cyclopedia." His company and conversation was a great treat to me, and we trusted that he, with the Doctor, would have been out here ere this, to see the wonders of our great volcano, both being ardent disciples of science. We had a perfectly charming day in every way, boiling our kettle in the woods, and dame Nature kindly doing her best to help us, every one of our party following her good example.

Before leaving Wales I think I ought to mention that it is said the Marquis of Bute, to whom Caerphilly Castle belongs, offered to restore it on condition that the Prince of Wales would reside in it one month in each year, but that His Royal Highness was forced to decline. Luckily perhaps, for the noble lord's pocket !

## V.

“Y<sup>N</sup> iach,” romantic Morganwg, “Da boch,” my much-loved native Gwent, with your wild hills full of untold mineral wealth, your deep sylvan valleys, and flashing mountain streams, subsiding into quiet rivers as they near the sea. On through the warm summer air heavy with the perfume of flowers and hum of insects, over much of the road we have travelled before, into the fair and purely agricultural country of Hereford.

This section of the country is justly noted for its perfect farming, as is fully evidenced by comfortable looking farm-houses, well-kept barns and rick-yards, trim hedge-rows, and highly cultivated fields. Orchards and hop-fields are rich with fast ripening crops, and the far-famed white-faced cattle lie complacently chewing the cud in water-meadows under shady trees. On arriving at the Hereford station we find Mrs. D., sister of our kind friend, Mr. T. H. D., waiting to receive us, and are quickly carried off to her hospitable home in the pretty, cleanly town. This is another ancient city, charmingly situated on the river Wye. The diocese is of British origin, and as far back as 680 a synod was held here by the Saxons, and subsequently the see was founded, with Gutta as first bishop. The castle, of which but little remains, has undergone the usual sieges common to them all, in Norman and Saxon periods, down through feudal ages, to its

subsequent destruction at the close of the civil war in 1645. The cathedral, an early Norman structure, in the form of a double cross, with a massive central tower richly carved, dates from 1072. The chapter-house, ladye-chapel and cloisters are very fine, and we admired them much. This cathedral was once very rich in fine tombs and monumental brasses ; of the former, many have been defaced, and of the latter many are said to have been stolen upon the fall of a tower some two centuries ago, and by the Parliamentary soldiery. There is, however, a goodly collection of both still left. Some of the former are quite beautiful ; many of the latter are quaint enough, as well as beautiful. Among them I noticed one of Sir Somebody, I forgot whom, standing with a wife on either hand of him, and below them, on one side, ten sons, on the other side eleven daughters !

We spent what time was at our disposal in wandering through this beautiful interior, and around the shady cloisters ; thence for a stroll to see as much as possible of this very nice, clean, quiet town.

One object of interest here is the house in which Nell Gwynn was born. This city was also the birthplace of David Garrick, its theatre being long managed by the Kemble family, and in it the genius of Clive and Siddons developed. On the evening of our arrival we saw much of the charming scenery by which this place is surrounded, in a drive with our kind hostess around the suburbs. I also strolled with one of her sons, a bright little lad, for my guide, through the ruined adjacent monastery of Black Friars, now used as almshouses for aged couples, many of whom we saw wandering in their little



gardens, among cabbages and scarlet runners, sweet Williams, wallflowers, princess feathers, and other good old-fashioned favourites, the men smoking their evening pipes in peace and quiet. Also within the grounds is a fine old stone pulpit, from which the Black Friars used once to preach, and that has been restored of late years.

The view from the bridge over the Wye—celebrated for its salmon and trout fishery—is very fair to look upon, with the castle meadows, and some remains of its walls on the left hand, down the stream. Nearer to you, on the same side, the noble tower of the cathedral. Everything seems cheap here, and I fancy it would be not only an economical, but a pleasant place to live in, that is, in summer time; as to winter, dependent is uncertain. We were more than gratified by our all too short stay in this city, and left with great regret, our kind friend accompanying us to the railway station, at about 1 o'clock P. M., for Oxford.

Three hours' travel, part of it through the beautiful Malvern district, which with its rich hill scenery, pretty villas, splendid hotels, schools, hydropathic establishments, gardens, and all the necessary adjuncts of a fashionable watering place, combine to make it one of the most charming spots in Europe, and we arrive at the fair Queen City of England.

I am prepared to say with Hawthorne, "It is a despair to see such a place and ever to leave it, for it would take a lifetime, and more than one, to comprehend and enjoy it satisfactorily." Unfortunately I was anything but well on our arrival here, and glad to seek the rest of the quiet, quaint old hostel called the "Mitre," in High street, with

the ancient tower of All Saints' Church shadowing its central court. What a pleasant old inn it is, said to be founded in 1400 ; underneath a window opposite to ours was the date 1625.

Next morning was bright, warm and sunny, a regular Honolulu day. How pleasant it is to be awakened on a fair summer's morn by the sweet chiming of the bells from tower and steeple, especially in an ancient town like this, home of "The bonny Christ Church bells," 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6.

"They sound so wondrous, so woundy sweet,  
As they trowl so merrily, merrily."

Ere we sallied forth to see the city the manageress kindly showed me over our hotel. What queer old labyrinthine passages, rooms in unexpected places, "Up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber," but all so comfortable, quiet and restful ; though the massive beams supporting some of the ceilings, and the absence of life, or electric lights, make it very unlike a modern hotel. The day was too warm and our time too limited to allow going on foot, so procuring a carriage, our Jehu acting as guide, we proceeded to see what we could of this interesting city. Of its history I have not time to write, though no doubt a British town existed on its site, the junction of the rivers Cherwell and Thames, the latter being here called the Isis. Alfred the Great is said to have founded the University in 872, and early in the tenth century it was surrounded with walls for protection against the Danes, but ultimately succumbed and was burnt by them in 1009. As you know, it stood for the king in the great rebellion, Charles I. held Court and Parliament here, as

well as coining money for service of the crown, the plate of the various colleges being used for that purpose.

Leaving our hotel we drove down the fine broad High street, over Magdalen bridge, here crossing two branches of the Cherwell, close to the Magdalen college, from the beautiful tower of which a Latin hymn is sung by the choristers on the first day of May in each year, "at 5 o'clock in the morning," called the "Maudlen Grace," that being the pronunciation of the name of the college always used in Oxford. Thence around the suburbs by Keble College, through streets and rows of most charming residences it has ever been my lot to see, and back into town over Folly bridge, crossing the beautiful, clear waters of the Isis near the celebrated Salters' boat-houses. Our Jehu enquiring if I knew why the river was called the Isis, and I answering in the negative, said "It was because it always froze from the bottom first, and never from the top." I did not quite understand the relevancy of this explanation, but was too delighted with all my surroundings to argue or ask for more.

We now commenced our rounds of the various colleges, twenty-one in number, of all of which, except one, we were only able to see the outer walls and beautiful buildings, though open and free to the public. The exception was the lovely grounds of the New College, founded by William of Wykeham, in 1379. You enter down a street so narrow that you are forced to leave your vehicle behind you; passing through a gateway rich with gems of the ancient sculptor's art, you cross a paved court, and through another archway with residences above it, into the loveliest and shadiest of college grounds. It is partly

surrounded by remains of the old city walls, grand old trees overhang its many charming walks, numerous seats are scattered about beneath them and in quiet nooks and corners, making, with the beautiful, closely-shaven turf and adjacent college buildings, such a haven of rest it would be difficult to excel, and which the many strollers and quiet readers scattered about seemed fully to appreciate, as I know we did. The colleges are all incorporated bodies, but the halls, of which there are four, are not; all are distinct from the University, though subject to its statutes. Near Baliol College, in Broad street—founded in 1260 by the father of John Baliol, King of Scotland—an iron cross on the street level, marks the spot where Archbishop Cranmer and Bishops Latimer and Ridley were burnt for adhesion to the faith. And at a short distance off, in a more open space, a fine memorial to the memory of those devoted martyrs is erected. We attended vespers at Christ Church—the Cathedral Church of Oxford—where I need hardly say the services were beautifully rendered, and the sublime anthem “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” so exquisitely sung that its strains echo in my ears even now, seeming to roll and soar with grand organ accompaniment, among the lofty arches and fretted tracery of the building.

Returning to our inn, we sat in a large bay window watching the gay crowds passing and re-passing in the street—not being term-time, caps and gowns were absent—on this lovely summer eve, till near sundown, when I went out to see if I could find a chemist’s shop open, leaving M. chatting with a lady from the Isle of Wight, who had left her home to be out of the way of the gaities



attendant on the Princess Beatrice's wedding. I wandered up High street, and not finding what I sought, turned down St. Aldgate street, past the church of that name, Christ Church College, founded by Cardinal Wolsey, and onward still to the clear, placid Isis, looking more like a piece of artificial water than a river. On either side of it are boat-houses belonging to the celebrated builder, Salter, containing, I should think, hundreds of race-boats, and pleasure-boats of every description. Resting awhile on Folly bridge, taking in the beauty of the scene, for a lovely full moon was now silvering the silent river, I succumbed to its influence and descended to the bank of the stream on the opposite side and walked on and on, past the confluence of the Cherwell and Thames, to the University boat-house, a fine large building on this bank. On the opposite, or town side, are the Christ Church meadows, with their riverside and broad walks, planted with rows of noble trees, and for a great part of the distance the shore is lined with the beautiful University barges, their interiors elegantly fitted up and used as reading rooms, and it appeared to me hundreds of boats of every kind and dimension for racing or pleasure. I confess I was almost entranced with the beauty of the scene and night, and the memories conjured up by this noted spot, when it suddenly struck me that I was behaving shabbily to M., and I retraced my steps, getting into St. Aldgate street just as "Great Tom" began to toll out 101! as it does every night at five minutes past nine, being a signal for closing the various college gates. The bell weighs seven and a half tons, and was originally hung in Oxney Abbey, but was removed here, and re-cast

in 1680. It bears this inscription: "Magnus Thomas Clusius Oxoniensis, renatus April 8, 1680" ("Great Tom, the door-closer of Oxford, renewed April 8, 1680"). The number of strokes by the bell each night is that of the scholars on the foundation. Making my peace with M., who, with her usual good nature, forgave my lapse of manners, I retired, feeling we had enjoyed a never-to-be-forgotten day.

I have not told you that on the evening of our arrival we managed to find time to see the picture gallery of Christ Church, with many specimens of the best masters, "including Gainsborough, Holbein, Kneller, Lawrence, Lely, Mengs, Owen, Reynolds, Shee, Vandyke, Van Loo, Walker, Tuccero," etc. And on the morning of our departure we had "a last fond look" and stroll over part of the town ere leaving for London by fast train at 9 A. M.

Soon we arrive at the pretty, clean town of Reading, on the confluence of the rivers Kennet and Thames, their waters being covered, as in every other place in England where we have seen rivers of any size, with racing and pleasure boats. Well may our continental neighbors say we are a web-footed race.

Nearing this town, you are struck with the wondrous blaze of colours in the seed-grounds of Messrs. Sutton & Sons, and the great biscuit factory of Messrs. Huntley & Palmer—the latter bringing to my memory the Elgin Watch Manufactory before you enter Chicago from the West. Short time for observation, though the country through which we are passing is very beautiful. Soon the stately towers of Windsor Castle are in sight with the royal standard floating from the keep. Past Slough, and

to us now other familiar stations, and at 11 A. M. mighty London once more.

In the afternoon went to see our dear old friends at Chelsea, and from thence, with one of the young ladies as a guide, to the "Dogs' Home," in Battersea, M. having written to me to bring her an English dog when we went to France. What a sight it was, those hundreds of homeless dogs picked up by the police wandering in the streets of this vast metropolis. The animals are confined in dens or cages similar to those of a menagerie, and the incessant uproar of barking, yelping and howling is almost deafening, except when an attendant, armed with a whip, puts in an appearance, walking boldly into the den, and the storm of noise becomes a calm, but only to be renewed immediately his back is turned. Among the hundreds, and they were many, were some very beautiful dogs, from lordly mastiffs and St. Bernards down to toy terriers, spaniels and pugs—English dog-fanciers don't seem to take to poodles—and many utterly worthless curs of no breed at all. We picked out as our choice a good pug and a pretty fox-terrier, but were much disappointed on learning that both had come in that day, and could not be sold until three days had expired, so as to give their owners time to reclaim them. If not claimed the best dogs are sold after the lapse of that time, and worthless ones quietly asphyxiated in a room specially prepared for the purpose, the carcasses being sold for, I suppose, manure. Next day I was fortunate enough to procure a very beautiful young fox-terrier in Leadenhall Market, the seller assuring me it was "just fresh from the country," to which I responded, "Pela paha?"

On the morning of the 30th of July, dear M's birthday, our little canine friend having just arrived as per agreement with his former owner—of course he had not been previously paid for—we left the Charing Cross station by the Southeastern Railway for Folkestone, at 9:45 A. M. Running down through fair Kent, past Chiselhurst, residence of the Empress Eugenie, Seven Oaks, Tunbridge, etc., we arrive before noon at our place of embarkation, with its long lines of chalky cliffs, crowned with Martello towers stretching away on either hand. Of this town I can only say it looked pretty, and well situated, for our steamer, the "Princess Beatrice," was waiting for us, puffing and snorting to be off, so our baggage being checked through to Paris, we were soon on board. It was a beautiful summer's day, and the "silver streak" for which Britons ought to be so thankful, smooth and pleasant, at least to me. M. was hardly of that opinion. I thought Britannia had heard the cockney schoolmaster's prayer, and as she ruled the waves had ruled them *straight* for once! Soon the white cliffs faded from our sight, and Cape Grisnez, basking in the sun, was in view; villages, churches, farms, growing more distinct each minute, and before 2 P. M. we are running up past the long pier into the harbour of Boulogne. As you approach it from the sea, this ancient city has a very pretty effect, two piers, between which you enter—one of them very long, and crowded with promenaders on the arrival of the English mail-boat, the great event of the day—run out into the sea and form the harbour, beside which there is a floating dock. There are two towns, upper and lower; the former with its cathedral and Hotel-de-ville, is built upon the



crest and side of the hill on your left. It was formerly strongly fortified, but the citadel was destroyed in 1690, and the ramparts turned into promenades. On the heights above, from which, in fair weather, the English coast is visible, the Roman Emperor Caligula once assembled a great army for the invasion of Britain; eighteen centuries later the Emperor Napoleon assembled a vaster one for the same purpose; both attempts were futile, but a tall marble shaft, called the "Colonne Napoleone," perpetuates the latter event. The lower town, handsomely and regularly built, stretches from the upper to the sea. A large portion of its inhabitants are English, with several English churches and schools. The sands are very fine and the sea-bathing excellent, the climate genial and expense of living moderate; all these good things combined, account for the large English colony resident here. Landing on the bustling, crowded quay of this bright, cheerful-looking town, it was hard to realize that less than two hours ago we were in England. The numerous uniforms, military and civil, crowds of well-dressed loungers, buxom looking fish-wives in white caps and short petticoats, and stranger still, the unfamiliar language almost confused us. I was glad when we were addressed in English by an unmistakable Britisher, seeking a job as porter, and got rid of some of our small baggage. I took the "wee doggie" up in my arms, as he was constantly entangling his chain between the legs of some of the crowd, and off we set for the railway depot, across a perfect network of rails, and were nearly knocked down by a train that was being shunted, causing great fright to M. and a vociferous torrent of French from our attendant. We found our train drawn up outside a large,

rather gloomy-looking building, and were struck at once with the great height of the carriages from the ground, as in English stations the platforms are nearly level with the floor of the car. While waiting to be shown which was our vehicle, I noticed our porter in most animated discussion with an official, and then was informed by him that our dog must be muzzled or it could not be carried on the train. I pleaded, "'tis such a little one, sir," or offered to pay the guard for taking care of it, as on the other side of the channel; all to no purpose, he was obdurate, so I was forced to despatch the man up town to buy the indispensable article. A little later a high official came along and with much kindness and politeness handed M. into a carriage, telling her to take the source of all our *pilikia* on her lap, and cover him with her mantle. I was very thankful for this, but alas! the detention and discussion had prevented our getting any luncheon; M. was not well enough to eat on board the steamer, where all kinds of refreshments are obtainable, and you can get your English money changed for French, or *vice versa* — so that I was only able to procure a few very nice biscuits. Just before the train moved off our messenger returned with a dog-muzzle big enough for "Bruno," the dog of Montargis, or to put our little fellow into bodily, explaining that he had "run half over the town and could not get a smaller." Judging from his red face and furious perspiration I believed him, paid him for his trouble, and was thankful to feel we were safely off, on our way to Paris. The line of railway on which we are travelling is splendidly laid, and smooth; the carriages easy, luxurious, and well ventilated. One thing, however, struck me as

capable of improvement; I refer to the method of communication with the guard, or conductor; instead of being by means of a cord running along the inside of the cars, as in the American system (which is the best), or outside, as in England, there is a handle attached to a cord, enclosed behind a small triangular piece of glass, which must be broken ere you can give the alarm. I suppose the idea is to afford time for reflection, so as not to cause unnecessary delays. Fortunately for us, the sole occupants of our carriage except ourselves, were an American gentleman who seemed to know all Europe well, and his son, whom he was going to take on a continental trip ere entering one of the Oxford colleges. From him we received much information on our route, and were pleased with his courtesy and characteristic remarks. After moving off slowly through the gay and motley groups assembled near the quay to witness the arrival and departure of the English mail-boats, we were detained for some minutes at another station, and then dashed off for our destination. The day was warm, bright and sunny, as indeed all our surroundings seemed to be in this fair land of France. The track for some distance lies over low land in vicinity of the sea, of which we caught occasional glimpses through the sand-dunes, as we sped smoothly along. Soon turning more inland the country improves in appearance, though flat still, but lacking the many fine trees, hedges, and brilliant green of an English landscape, with the soft haze usually prevalent there, seemed to lie slumbering in the warm glare of the summer's afternoon. Some of the towns and villages we passed looked very much like their neighbours on the other side "La

Manche," as the channel is called here, cozy and snug, with pretty surroundings, the small churches with squat, square towers, surmounted by extinguisher-looking roofs marking the chief difference. One thing that struck us much was the absence of any kind of fences dividing the land. How does each man know his own possessions, or keep his animals from straying or trespassing? It seemed to be one vast expanse of highly cultivated plain, with every variety of crop, many to us unknown, sown or planted in alternate strips of light or dark green, yellow, red and purple. Occasionally a line of newly-plowed or fallow land intervened, and when the country sloped in low hills, cultivated from their summits down to our fenceless track, the effect of the varied colours, like so many broad ribbons of silk or satin, was very pleasing indeed. Long lines of straight poplars marked much of the way, but in the vicinity of towns or villages the trees are more varied in kind. I do not think we made but one stop on our journey, which was for a short time at the ancient city of Amiens, in a rather dingy station shut out from the town by high walls. - Apropos of that, I have remarked as a curious circumstance, that the railway stations of our bright, cheerful neighbours are not, as a rule, so pretty and light, nor have they the bustle and gaiety of ours. On the other hand, they are not rendered hideous by "Colman's Mustard," "Paris Life Pills," and similar inscriptions. Amiens is, I believe, a very fine ancient town, with many splendid buildings, and one of the most beautiful Gothic cathedrals—founded in 1220—in Europe, of which we caught all too short glimpses in passing. Continuing our journey, deeply interested in all we saw,



the country becoming greener, villas and fine residences more numerous, we rapidly near the beautiful capital of "La Belle France." Some miles before attaining this I was surprised to see men cutting and stacking peat—for fuel, I suppose—in some low, marshy land we passed through, as I had always thought this practice confined to the British Isles. Quickly the towers, steeples and buildings of Paris begin to show upon the horizon; our travelling companion points out to us the line of green earthworks surrounding the city, with different prominent forts, and so with our senses in a perfect whirl of excitement, and ere we can realize the fact of being here, our train slacks down speed, and we finally come to a stand-still in the huge station of the *Chemin de fer du Nord*, at 6:30 P. M. We soon distinguish the Professor and our daughter M. among the crowd waiting at the barrier where the baggage is to be examined by the Customs authorities, both looking remarkably well, and their faces beaming with welcome and pleasurable excitement. The luggage is soon arranged on a broad horseshoe-shaped table, marked in divisions with the letters of the alphabet, each person's being within their initial letter. Numerous officers are in attendance to examine your trunks, etc., but if you do not speak French it is apt to be awkward, for although each passenger train from England has an uniformed interpreter go through with it all the way to Paris, or *vice versa*, he is not always to be found when wanted. Fortunately for us the Professor was on hand, and the presentation of his card, and I fancy the effect of a bit of purple ribbon in the button-hole of his coat (these things go a long way in France), saved us from a

good deal of *pilikia*, for we had somehow or other lost our keys during the dog episode at Boulogne. All was quickly arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, and we rolled away over the stones of Paris to our children's home in Passy. It was a long drive, being almost at the other extremity of the city, but full of interest from the strange sights and sounds around us. Soon we were in the bosom of the family among our dear grand-children, two of whom we had never before seen, and others grown out of recognition, G., the eldest, having actually had the audacity to grow nearly a head taller than his grandsire. But auwe ! auwe ! they had forgotten their noble "mother tongue," the language of Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton, which was a sad drawback to us, as we did not speak French, and prevented our full expression of all we would have liked to say to them, and they to us. I leave to your imagination our pleasurable talk far into the night, of old reminiscences, and thankfulness at being permitted to meet again after a dozen years of separation. Next day broke bright and fair, when, stepping out through a long French window on to the balcony in front of our room, what a lovely prospect met our astonished eyes ! To make you comprehend more easily our situation, perhaps I should premise that the houses in Paris are built in stories or flats, sometimes even up to seven or eight, each entirely distinct from the one above or below, and occupied by different families ; but one common staircase, with separate landings, off which the doors open for each, and porter's apartments on the ground floor, where Madame la Concierge is always in attendance, day or night, to admit or let out the various tenants. The house

in which we were guests was a very handsome one, situated at the corner of two streets in the delightful suburb of Passy. Our concierge, living in a sort of exaggerated glass case off the entrance hall, was a good sort of old body, with a good opinion of her own importance; if a monsieur existed, we never saw him. Our apartments were on the fourth story, and attainable only by surmounting eighty-three steps of a fine, broad staircase, but an awful trial to poor M., who never went up or down more than once a day if she could possibly avoid it, and then relied much on G's strong young arm and good nature, always ready to help grandma.

Now return with me to our balcony, and what a scene lies before us from the vantage ground on which the street is built and our elevation above it. More than two-thirds of the city is within our ken, lying principally below us. Near at hand the gilded pinnacles of the Trocadero, surrounded by their beautiful gardens; farther off across the river, the magnificent dome of the Invalides reflecting the morning sun from its gorgeous convexity; between us and that the sandy plains of the Champ de Mars, with the Ecole Militaire, and the many beautiful spires, palaces, boulevards and squares of this fair capital. Through it runs the Seine from southeast to southwest, dividing it into two unequal halves, the largest of which is on our side; as is also to our left, and not far off, the magnificent Bois de Boulogne; in fact, up here we are almost in the country. Neither of us feeling very well and having much to talk of, we did not go out to-day, but made very frequent visits to our balcony to enjoy the lovely panorama spread

out before us, and thinking how fortunate we were in living in such a charming situation.

The first mention in history of this, one of the most ancient capitals in Europe, is by Cæsar in his *Commentaries* under the name of *Lutetia Parisiorum*, then a mere collection of mud-huts on islands in the Seine, which, as I told you, divides the modern city into two parts, and forms about its present center the *Ile St. Louis* and *Ile de la Cite*, where no doubt the tribes of *Parisii* dwelt for safety. It grew slowly under *Carlovin-gian* kings suffering from incursions of the *Northmen* until the time of *Hugh Capet*, when it increased rapidly in wealth, size and importance. From *Henri of Navarre* it was beautified by each successive *Bourbon* monarch who ruled it, but on a grander scale by the first *Napoleon*, for his nephew *Napoleon III.* being reserved the honor of making it the most beautiful capital in Europe. The river in its course through the city is spanned by twenty-eight bridges, many of them very fine structures and beautifully ornamented with sculpture, and military and naval trophies in *bas relief*, especially those erected by the *Napoleons*, notably *Pont de la Concorde*, *Pont du Carrousel*, *Pont d'Austerlitz*, *Pont d'Jena*, *Pont de l'Alma* and *Pont de Solferino*. *Pont Notre Dame*, built in 1500, connects the right bank of the river with the *Ile de la Cite*, on which the magnificent cathedral of that name is erected. Lower down is the celebrated *Pont Neuf*, built by *Henry IV.* and renovated in 1852; it is of twelve *ârches* and abuts near the middle on a small peninsula of the *Ile de la Cite* which here juts into the river near its middle, the space above being planted with trees and having a fine equestrian



statue of Henry IV. The river is embanked for its entire course through the city, that is to say, for some five or six miles on either shore. Fine *Quais* line it on both sides, planted with rows of stately trees, and frequent flights of stone steps give access to its banks. The method followed for embanking is quite different to that adopted on the Thames, where massive walls of dressed stone, surmounted by a parapet, rise perpendicularly from the water subject to a rise and fall of many feet of tide. Here being tideless, the sides of the stream are built over with their natural slope, which must render escape very difficult to any unfortunate who chances to fall in; and the *Quais* are placed some feet further back and on higher level, I suppose to allow for rising of the river in rainy seasons. Taken altogether, it has not the grand effect of the stately embankment on the Thames, and another cause very detrimental to its beauty is the vast array of bath-houses, swimming-schools and wash-houses, moored in long tiers up and down its banks. The former are many of them very gay affairs, especially those for women, with a good deal of ornamentation in the way of pinnacles, painting, gilding and small flags. The latter, like the former, are long structures roofed over but open at the sides, with rows of benches and tubs, at which you see brawny, bare-armed, and I think bare-footed women incessantly washing, pounding and beating your linen to their heart's content, getting their water from the river and throwing their suds into it. During our visit the municipality were discussing the advisability of removing all these structures, the chief reason being they were in the way of the numerous river-boats, and I would add detracting much from its beauty

as well as narrowing the water-course, which is about one-third less in width than the Thames at Westminster. The river steamboats, whose name is legion, are smaller in size than the London boats, and narrow in proportion to their length. They are all propellers, and fussy little affairs they are too, but make good time.

We used frequently to take trips on them up or down the river, as it afforded splendid views of the different stately edifices on its banks, and excellent opportunities for observing the manners and customs of the people. All appear lively, good-tempered and loquacious, but candor forces me to say I did not find the great respect for women that I had expected; the men smoke among them on the boats, and take the wall on the streets, without compunction; not a bit more chivalrous than John Bull. In justice to the officers of the steamers I must say they are very polite and courteous, and if they do bump them rather hard against their floating piers sometimes, what they lack in seamanship is made up in brass buttons, gold lace, and gold-embroidered anchors on their coats. We were always amused in our passages up or down the Seine by the number of anglers ever sitting hour after hour upon its banks, "from morn till dewy eve," and apparently catching nothing, at least I never saw them do so. They were of all ages and conditions, from ragged little urchins with most primitive rod-and-line, to the blue-bloused workman better equipped, and well dressed individuals armed with fine tackle, landing-net, fish basket, and all the paraphernalia of an angler. Occasionally a woman was to be seen among them, and they occupied all points of vantage, such as the spars

used to shore the steamboat landings off the bank or the chains that moved them ; some individuals bringing with them a seat arranged to fit the slope of the bank, fastened with ropes to a peg in the earth above. One day M. and I commenced to count them, each taking one side of the river in our passage down, but after passing a few bridges gave it up when the number exceeded two hundred. Well might the Professor ask if after that "I could say the French were not a patient and persevering people?" Such enthusiastic fishermen I never saw before.

The broad straight streets and thoroughfares, stately boulevards with rows of trees sometimes as many as six, dividing them into roads for carriages, horsemen and pedestrians, with broad pavements on either side, have probably not their equal in the world. The spacious squares, gardens, open places, ornamented with groups of statuary and noble fountains, trees, flowers, lounging seats, with every device of art and luxury in every place possible to put them, combine to make a lovely whole. As a rule, the houses are built of a light coloured limestone easily worked, and with much carving and ornamentation, almost invariably with Mansard roofs, and with no great variety of form, which, perhaps, makes it look a good deal like a toy city, or one built to order—the long, stiff rows of trees in the streets aiding no little to the fancy—as new Paris of which I am speaking really was. As I mentioned before, the houses are usually very high, but the stories not always equal in height. In many of the finest streets the ground-floor, devoted to shops or *magasins*, is very lofty and handsome; above that comes the *entresol*, robbed of its proper height, being probably not above seven feet

in favour of the lower story. Above that again the apartments resume their fair proportions, and are occupied by a better class of tenants than the *entresol*, which, judging from what I have seen, is usually peopled by lace workers, artificial flower makers, seamstresses, clear-starchers, and folks of that class; this arrangement detracting, in my opinion, from its otherwise stately effect. Of the splendid shops for the sale of every conceivable article of use, luxury, or beauty under the sun, I do not feel at all competent to speak, but the richness of the jewellers in the Palais Royal, the bric-a-brac *magasins* of the Rue de Rivoli, and the thousand-and-one novelties of the Bon Marche and Louvre, were, I must confess, sources of pleasure and amusement I cannot do justice to. The scrupulous cleanliness of the streets was a constant source of surprise to me; I had thought the London streets, where men and boys are employed with brushes and dust-pans to gather up the droppings of the horses, were clean, but these exceed even that. Beside being thoroughly watered and swept, the kennels are every morning copiously flushed with water, which runs off through low-arched apertures in the curb under the pavement to the main sewers below the street. The vaulted sewers of Paris are said to extend in their different ramifications for two hundred and fifty miles, and are considered among the great sights of the city; all we saw of them was some of their cavernous mouths where they emptied into the river. Every thoroughfare is kept plentifully sprinkled with water in this warm summer weather, not by water-carts as with us, but large hoses with numerous pairs of small wheels attached to them underneath, are screwed on to a fire-plug and



easily handled by one man, being by that device moved as requisite.

Of the many restaurants, cafés, confectionery and ice-cream shops you have read and heard so much that I will not dilate upon them, though they occupy most of the lower stories in many of the best streets. Certainly the cafés in particular are a very marked feature of French or Parisian life, in this warm, fair summer weather, when the people live so much out of doors. The broad pavements in front of them, covered with an awning, and lightly sprinkled with saw-dust, are plentifully supplied with small round tables and chairs, at which gay groups of two or more are seen sipping their *eau-sucré*, absinthe, *Grogs Américaine*, *bocks* of light, pleasant, foaming *bier* (guiltless of malt, I fancy), and other to me incomprehensible beverages, chatting, laughing and seeming to be utterly unconscious of observation or of being in a crowded public thoroughfare. It rather grates on your ideas of the "proprieties" at first, but 'tis astonishing how soon you fall into the custom, and think it a very pleasant thing to do. Sometimes parties may be seen partaking of solids, as well as fluids, so fond are Parisians of this *al fresco* sort of life.

The *garçon* having taken your order, soon returns with it, bringing small wooden footstools for the ladies of the party, and a pile of little earthen plats, similar to those used for butter in American households. I was puzzled as to what they were for, and found they were the means by which he kept his score, one being added for any member of the party whenever their glass was refilled. Another novelty to the ordinary American or English stranger, is

the great number of *Vespasiennes* and *Kiosks*, pretty ornamental towers erected in the better and broader streets, covered with advertisements, some of them really artistic, the latter usually occupied by a good-looking girl selling newspapers and light literature.

The means of locomotion are much the same as in other large cities, but they have no vehicle that can at all compare with the London Hansom Cab, and they even are not as good or elegantly fitted as their Chicago types. The ordinary carriage is a four-wheeled affair, not like a "growler," but with only one seat for two persons, and a small flap that can be turned down in extremities, affording a narrow uncomfortable space for one more. As a rule they are very poorly horsed, frequently the animal falling in the streets; but then the fares are low, I think almost too low, being about the only cheap thing I noticed in Paris, and even that is in some measure made up by your driver, with the invariable black or white glazed hat like an inverted coal scuttle, always expecting a *pour boire*. For the street tram-cars and omnibuses I have nothing but praise, especially the latter. They are well built, commodious, and easy; to prevent crowding, every individual's allotted space (which is regulated by law), being separated from his neighbour's by a brass arm or rail. They are finely horsed, each having three noble animals, always of the same colour, driven abreast after the manner of the ancient Roman chariot, the drivers being skilful, the attendants polite, and ticket arrangements perfect.

Of the denizens of these fine streets I have not much to write, the better dressed portion of them being like their

compeers in any other city, only perhaps a little gayer; the *gommeux* or dandies, as their brother *dudes* or *mashers* in America or England, but with the rims of their hats so tightly curled up, I fancy it must make their heads ache. The artisan class are almost invariably clad in blouse and flat cap; their wives, short petticoated, usually hatless or bonnetless, but with close muslin caps, and carrying the indispensable large wicker basket. Of the *grisette* of the Rev. Lawrence Sterne, and other writers, I saw nothing; mayhap the species is extinct, or in the course of evolution developed into something gayer still. The *femme de boulangerie*, or bread merchant, with a huge wheelbarrow—nearly as large as a hand-cart—filled with long loaves of bread looking something like so many sticks of fire-wood, and supported by a leathern strap over her shoulders, was a “nu hou” to us. As also was the itinerant *Marchand de Coco*, with his shining brass reservoir surmounted by a figure of Fame, or Victory, and adorned with tri-coloured flags, strapped securely to his back, but his beverage I never tried. The nurses, too, of this gay city deserve a passing mention as atoms of the motley crowd; no insignificant ones in their own esteem, take my word for it. They love to perambulate up and down in the shady boulevards, or under the awnings of the cafés, with a little bundle of mortality smothered in fine lace, and gay garments in their arms, themselves being gorgeous in frilled apron and wonderfully constructed cap, from which long streamers of broad, bright coloured ribbons hang down behind to their very heels. Add to these the innumerable *militaires* in every conceivable uniform, some of which are exceedingly handsome, and all with bright sun and

blue sky overhead, good humour apparently prevalent everywhere, and perhaps you may be able to form some idea of the impression made on us.

You would be amused, too, with the pictorial signs or representations of what they have for sale within, ornamenting the fronts, door-jambs and counters of the different shops. The charcuterie or pork-shops, embellished with paintings of sucking pigs, hams, sausages, etc.; the *Marchand de poisson*, or fish-mongers, with red-mullet, cray-fish, oysters and salmon; game-shops with pheasants, partridge and peacocks, illustrated by "finny monsters of the deep," or "feathered songsters of the grove," as our genial friend used to say. Thus on through the long list, even to the shops where fire-wood is sold, with artistic representations of the commodity arranged in arches or grottoes. And mind you, some of these are by no means to be despised as decorations, being interspersed with flowers and arabesques, and almost claiming position as "works of art."

I have not mentioned our own compatriots, who make no inconsiderable portion *in* every crowd, but not *of* it. M. used indignantly to remark that "the English people seemed to come to Paris to wear their old clothes out, thinking anything apparently good enough for it." And really, I must confess that the plain dresses, flat hats and strong walking shoes of our fair country women do, in some measure, deserve her strictures; but their lovely complexions, fine forms and quiet, unobtrusive manners make you almost blind to it. Of the British youth in flannel shirts and knickerbockers or rough tweed suit, billy-cock hat, brier pipe in mouth, and big stick in hand,



who loves to display his manly form in the Boulevard de la Madeleine, Boulevard des Italiens or Rue de Rivoli, I am no champion—he can take care of himself. Still the inexplicable fact remains, and it is a puzzle to me also, why people should dress in picnic or country attire in the gayest capital of Europe.

After all this desultory talk of the gay city and light-hearted race inhabiting it, I suppose you would like to know what we did while making part of its population. Our first day I have already accounted for, excepting I forgot to mention that in the cool of the evening we strolled through a few of the adjacent shady streets with very handsome villa residences, among them that formerly occupied by Lamartine, into the pleasure-grounds of La Muette.

Resting here awhile, watching the children at play in the delicious summer evening air, we too enjoying it much, thence crossed the Boulevard Suchet, just within the line of fortifications, into the magnificent Bois de Boulogne, where, after a short rest and long admiration of the many fine equipages present, we resumed our homeward track by the Avenue de Victor Hugo, charmed with our first experience of Paris. Now repeating that we seldom faced the stairs more than once a day, come with us in our rambles, bearing in mind that when I use the pronoun we I mean the Prof. M., M. and the writer, unless otherwise expressed. The weather being lovely, we went, as was our wont in London, on top of tram-car and omnibus, to see the streets and street life of the beautiful city, being vastly pleased and amused with all. We alighted in the splendid and spacious Place de la Concorde, which connects the

Gardens of the Tuileries with the Champs Elysees, affording on all sides a magnificent view of some of the finest buildings and gardens of Paris. It is of great extent and has two magnificent fountains, decorated with Tritons and allegorical figures, throwing fine jets of water to a great height. At one of them I saw an unmistakable Briton cooling himself in the usual phlegmatic manner of his nation, by washing his head and face on this warm summer day. At regular intervals around the vast square—as we should term it—are rostral columns and eight pavilions, surmounted by colossal female figures symbolical of the chief towns of France, the one representing Strasbourg being invariably covered with votive wreaths of immortelles and tri-coloured flags draped in crape. In the center is the obelisk of Luxor, standing on the site of the revolutionary guillotine, where perished the unfortunate Louis XVI., Marie Antoinette, Phillip Egalite, Danton, Robespierre and hosts of the two latter's victims. It seemed almost incredible, looking at the fair scene around, with its gay moving panorama of well-dressed men and women, smiling and happy, and the serene blue sky overhead, that such horrors were possible. And yet, gazing down the vista of the Quai de Tuileries to the bare space where the beautiful palace of that name once stood, and remembering the horrors of the Commune and the wanton burning of it and many another of the finest edifices of Paris, we are forced almost to paraphrase the first Napoleon's epigram as to a Russian and Cossack and say, "Scratch the civilized man and you will find a savage." Embarking at the Pont de la Concorde on a small steamer or *hirondelle*, we passed rapidly down the river, feasting our eyes with the beauties

on its banks ; passed Pont des Invalides, Pont de l'Alma, Pont d'Jena, landing at Pont de Passy, an iron structure for pedestrians, and from thence strolling leisurely home in the cool air of the evening full of admiration and wonder. The Pont d'Jena, built by the first emperor, is a noble bridge of five arches with beautifully sculptured imperial eagles as ornaments, and at each end of the parapet walls colossal groups of men struggling with wild horses. From it a fine view is obtained of the Palais du Trocadero and grounds on the one side, and on the other of the Champ de Mars and Ecole Militaire.

Sunday in Paris was not to us a satisfactory sort of day, the English churches were either too distant, their services at hours interfering with domestic arrangements, or some other *pilikia*, and consequently much to our regret no attendance on divine worship. We missed, too, the sweet chiming of the church bells, the absence of which, with the constant noise of carts in the streets, cries of vendors of different articles, and sight of carpenters and masons at work on a new house directly opposite to us, so unlike the calm quiet of an English Sunday, is difficult to get accustomed to. No doubt folks do in time; in fact, I think we leant somewhat that way before we left, for we needs must do in Rome as Romans do. Most of the shops in the best streets are closed, but the theatres, restaurants, cafés, and exhibitions of all kinds it is a grand day for. No wonder continentals find fault with the dullness of the English Sunday ; I think we may learn something from them, especially in favour of our hard-worked artisan class, but I would not like to see them do as their

French brother does, work all Sunday, and drink and idle all the Monday.

One day noticing a large French flag floating from the roof of the above mentioned building, I found it signified the completion of the same, and that it was usual on such occasions for the owner to give the workmen who had been employed on it, a feast in honor of the event.

To resume: M. having tickets we accompanied her to see the laying of the foundation stone of the new Sorbonne, and distribution of prizes to successful students in the different Lycees of France. The Professor had gone previously to be present in his official capacity. This institution was founded by Robert Sorbon in 1253, subsequently endowed and enlarged by Cardinal Richelieu, for the faculties of the old university of Paris. It is a fine old pile, containing lecture halls and class rooms, in one of which I heard a poor student of English one day terribly badgered over a passage from the *Spectator*, "I say that that that that gentleman has advanced is not," etc.; no one would write such a sentence now. It has also a large library open to the public, but the college not being of sufficient capacity for the growing requirements of the nation, this splendid building with all modern improvements is being erected. The ceremony took place in a vast amphitheatre built for the occasion, profusely decorated with flags inside and out, and covered with a canvas awning, which served to keep off the direct rays of old Sol, but not much of his fervent heat. A splendid military band was in attendance, and played a beautiful selection of tunes ere the ceremony began, and while the vast space was filling with a gay crowd of the scholars'



relatives and friends. The pupils themselves, many of them being in the uniform of their particular Lycee, filled the benches in the lower central floor. Soon the band struck up, and a grand procession of, I thought, most of the dignitaries of France, in gorgeous uniform, and caps and gowns of red, yellow, blue and purple, began to pile in and fill the seats allotted to them. These were professors in different colleges and Lycees, and we soon discovered our particular Professor among them. The spectacle of so many fine-looking men in gown and hat—the latter in shape a good deal like the Tudor hat of the Tower Beef-eaters—mingled with other official costumes and military and naval uniforms, was very imposing. The meeting was presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction, and the principal prizes distributed by him. They were very numerous, for of course the number of pupils was great, and consisted for the most part of valuable looking books, but in some instances of laurel wreaths, often awkwardly received and carried in the hand, not placed on the head, nor acknowledged with the naturally graceful bow a native Hawaiian youth would have made. Being ignorant of the language was of course a great drawback to our interest in the proceedings, and a return into the open air grateful after the heat of the place. The street was lined on both sides with a splendid display of military—Cuirassiers with glittering breast-plates, back-pieces and helmets, from which depended large plumes of black horse-hair, nobly mounted on fine black animals—Zouaves in their peculiarly gay uniforms, and soldiers of line infantry in the colours of their respective regiment. Tall Venetian masts supported numerous

banners, other flags were in great profusion, and the crowded street was altogether gay with brilliancy and colour. Soon we sought the pleasant shade of a café awning, and revelled in the cooling draught of a *bock* of light refreshing Parisian beer, so grateful to the palate and not intoxicating. You see it does not take long to get into French ways, and many of them are very pleasant, though seeming strange at first. After resting awhile we returned to Passy by the river, enjoying its coolness, and having had a most interesting day.

The following morning I accompanied the ladies of our party "down town," where they had some shopping to do at the noted Bon Marche, and was much struck with the beauty of the Palace of the Louvre, and its noble front on the *Quai* of that name. What a truly regal and magnificent line of building it must have been when connected with the Palace of the Tuileries, as it was by Louis Napoleon, in one vast whole, and ere the wanton destruction of the latter, burned by the demoniac Communists! Another gaping ruin, the work of the same infuriate wretches, is that of the Cour des Comptes, on the Quai d'Orsay, on the opposite bank of the river. The Tuileries was begun by Catherine de Medici in 1566, and used as a royal residence up to the time of its destruction. It was nearly a quarter of a mile in length, fronting on the Seine, and very beautiful. To the eastward, more than a quarter of a mile distant, was the Palace of the Louvre, long used as a museum of antiquities and picture galleries, also facing the river. Between them lay a mass of narrow, squalid streets, the removal of which and connection of the two palaces into one magnificent whole, was one of the earliest of Napoleon

III.'s improvements, resulting in the most splendid palatial structure in the world. Fortunately the Louvre was saved, with its priceless treasures of Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities, but the library with its contents was burned. I cannot give you any adequate idea of the beauty of the river façade of this edifice, so rich in sculpture and ornamentation of every kind, with frieze, cornice and entablature, not forgetting the chimneys, all of such elegant design; nor of the Place du Carrousel adjoining it, with the Arc de Triomphe built by the first emperor, adorned with statues of soldiers of the time, bas-reliefs of battles, etc., and surmounted by a bronze group representing a car drawn by four horses, directed by a female figure. The Louvre was originally a fortress built by Philip Augustus, and in the inner court white lines traced on the black asphalté portray exactly the plan of the former stronghold. Subsequently enlarged and beautified by many sovereigns of France, down even to Napoleon III. One colonnade faces the Church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, from which, on the 24th of August, 1572, rang out the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and at a window fronting the river sat the miserable Charles IX.—abject tool of his execrable mother Catherine de Medicis—fowling-piece in hand, firing on his Protestant subjects flying in terror through the streets, or plunging in vain hopes of escape into the river. Poor wretch, he died a victim to remorse and horror of this day two years later, at the early age of twenty-four. And for the consummation of this awful deed of blood the pious Gregory XIII. went in solemn procession to return thanks, and struck a medal in honour of the event. With the historian of

France I sometimes wonder, "Has that medal been yet thrown out of the collection of the Vatican and broken to pieces by the hangman's ax?" To the eastward of the vacant space formerly occupied by the palace, is the Jardin des Tuileries, open to the public, and connecting with the Champs Elysees by the Place de la Concorde, makes one of the most lovely scenes imaginable. The garden is of vast extent, stretching about 2,400 feet along the Quai des Tuileries, and 1,000 feet in width, having an area of seventy-five acres. It is terraced to the north and south, laid out beautifully in walks shaded with lime and horse-chestnut trees, superb flower gardens, tennis court, an orangery, and every device that art and skill can imagine to make it beautiful. Splendid statuary in groups and single figures, both of bronze and marble, mostly classic or from the antique, adorns every part of it, the names even of which would fill a catalogue, but all are chaste and graceful.

One afternoon, with my grandsons G. and T. as guides, the former improving in his English fast, we strolled down to the grounds and gardens of the Palais du Trocadero, built for the International Exhibition of 1878. It is erected on the height of the Trocadero, looking across the Seine, over the Pont d'Jena to the Champ de Mars, and from its site a most perfect panoramic view of great part of the city is obtained. In form it is a large crescent consisting of two galleries, one above the other, supported on fine arches, with promenades on both, where refreshments can be had, as in all such places in Paris. In the center is the *Salle des Fêtes*, surmounted by a large dome on which stands a colossal gilt figure of Fame. Two tall



octagonal towers with gilded pinnacles flank the central part of the building, and add much to its beauty. The eastern one contains a lift or elevator—the only one I saw here—but it was out of order and so we were not able to enjoy the splendid prospect said to be visible from its summit. The main building containing the different museums and for entrance to which no fee is paid, is of various coloured bricks, laid in different designs and patterns, and adorned with symbolical figures of industry, arts and sciences, the colonnades, grand central structure and flanking towers being of the light-coloured stone generally used for such purposes in Paris. In front is a fine fountain and cascade, down the sides of which massive flights of stone steps lead into the lovely gardens and grounds. The former are rich in every variety of flower you can mention, and the latter contain almost endless labyrinthine walks shaded by noble trees, sparkling streams and pretty water-falls, on a rustic bench beside which you may pleasantly while away a half-hour. We saw here growing in the open air, kalo and banana plants, red and white oleanders, and the scarlet hibiscus—the three latter flowering beautifully. In one part of the grounds, partly natural and partly excavated out of the soft limestone with much skill, is a very fine subterranean aquarium, well stocked with fresh-water fish, and which afforded the boys and myself a good deal of pleasure. Of the very excellent museum, with its stores of treasures in art, antiquity and curiosities—which we all visited on a subsequent day—I spare you any attempt at description, being much like similar things in other places. These charming grounds, being at but a short distance from our

residence in the Rue de la Tour, were often visited by us in the summer evenings, affording as they did, such a beautiful view of the city, a pleasant lounging place, and cool walk back through the noble Boulevard du Trocadero.

On another occasion, with the same youthful guides, I started for a visit to the celebrated Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, and as our intention was to go to its summit M. did not accompany us. This magnificent arch, which stands on the avenue between the lovely gardens and grounds of the Champs Elysees, now so rich in profusion of flowers, shrubs, gay kiosks, etc., on the one hand, and on the other of the Avenue de la Grande Armee, was built by the first Napoleon to commemorate his victories over the Austrians and Prussians, and to signalize the entry into Paris of Marie Louise, his affianced bride. It is a noble structure, standing in the center of the *Place*, having one grand central arch and forming a transept in the middle, with smaller arches on the sides. The central arch is ninety feet high and the total height of the structure 152 feet. Its exterior is profusely decorated with most splendid bas-reliefs and military trophies, representing war, peace, triumph, resistance of invaders, and other kindred subjects, with many of the battles of the great invader. Within the main arch are engraved the names of the principal battles of the Republic and Empire, and on the sides of the smaller arches those of the generals who commanded in them. The whole is surrounded by posts and chains, only pedestrians being admitted. But oh! sad humiliation for Paris and the gallant French nation. During the German occupation of 1871 they marched 40,000 men, including Uhlans and other cavalry,

through the central arch ! Ascending to the summit, on payment of a small fee to a fine old soldier decorated with many medals and the *Legion d'Honneur*, what an exquisite bird's-eye view is before you ! The city, with all its splendid palaces, hotels, churches, squares, gardens and boulevards, the river winding through it under many bridges, seems to lie in one vast saucer-shaped plain, with a low rim of hills surrounding it. Prominent among the heights, many of which are crowned with forts, are those of Mendon, Mont Valerien and Montmatre, all being more or less wooded. Twelve avenues converge on the *Place*, of which the *Arc* is the center, stately and broad, with noble buildings and lined with many rows of trees. The impression conveyed by all these beauties combined is not easily described.

On the afternoon of the same day we all visited the superb galleries of the Louvre, and their apparently endless suites of splendid rooms, with painted, gilded and carved ceilings, containing absolutely acres of most celebrated pictures by the ancient masters, many of them familiar from engravings we had seen, among whom I do not think there can be one great name not represented, and to attempt to particularize would be an endless task. Other rooms are filled with apparently endless collections of ancient sculpture and works of art of every age and nation of antiquity, among which I must mention the celebrated Venus of Milo, not because I think it the most perfect female figure I ever saw, but because sculptors and critics have decided it to be so ; anyhow, she has a Salle devoted to herself and is protected by a bronzed railing. I feel, too, that I ought to notice among the wonders of

ceramic art of all people, many exquisite specimens of Bernard Palissys. It would take a month to see all the antique works and beauties of this noble collection, and then you would want to begin again if it made the same impression on you that it did on me. The noble "Salle des Cariatides" affected us much from its great beauty. Like all the other apartments, it is filled with marvels of art, and specially memorable as the room to which Henry IV. was carried after the fatal attack of Ravallac, and where Molière played his first piece. But we must tear ourselves away, for the time of closing has come and the gendarmes on duty are growing impatient.

Of the theatres of Paris, beautiful as some of them are as buildings, of course I can offer no opinion, not knowing the language. We visited only the Grand Opera. This magnificent structure, which occupies the space between the Boulevard des Capucines and Boulevard Haussmann, is a National theatre, that is to say, subsidized by the government, and was inaugurated in 1875. It is probably the finest modern building in Paris, not even excepting the sumptuous Hotel de Ville, built on the site of its predecessor which was burnt by the Communists in 1871, and the beautiful interior of which we unfortunately had not an opportunity to see. The whole buildings of the Opera cover a space of twelve thousand square yards, and cost, when finished, the vast sum of £1,120,000 sterling. Its principal façade rests on a series of arcades opening into a vast hall communicating with the *Grand Escalier* and every other part of the building; above this rises the main structure, ornamented with Corinthian columns, with a towering cupola in the center, surmounted by Apollo



holding above his head a golden lyre. In every place where it was correct and possible to put them, are figures illustrative of song, music, drama, poetry, etc.; but not understanding architecture, I cannot properly describe this splendid theatre, and must beg you to believe it all you could possibly imagine. The interior is even grander than the exterior; it is perfectly gorgeous in painting, gilding, marble columns, tessellated floors, huge mirrors, magnificent lustres, and silken hangings. The staircase, well termed *grand*, is of noble proportions, with spacious galleries turning off to the right and left of the house, lavishly ornamented with carved balustrades and figures, and flooded with light from many lustres, the vaulted ceilings everywhere being decorated with allegorical paintings. The *Grand Foyer* or Crush-room, as we term it, is if possible, more strikingly beautiful than the staircase. It is 180 feet in length, 42 feet wide and 27 feet high; along its sides are decorated Corinthian columns in pairs, each being surmounted by an emblematic statue. A double row of most magnificent lustres throw their effulgence on the inlaid floor, and tall mirrors more than twenty feet high line the spaces between the side columns. The vault is finely decorated with allegorical paintings by Paul Baudry, and I leave to your imagination what must be the aspect of this splendid room when filled with a gay crowd promenading up and down between the acts. The *House* itself, with a stage-opening of forty-eight feet in width, is in perfect keeping with all its other splendours, being gorgeously finished in red and gold; it is calculated to seat 2,200 persons. The central dome is of copper, beautifully painted by Lenepveu with subjects illustrating the hours

of Day and Night. A most superb central chandelier, with hundreds of lights and thousands of lustres, illuminates the vast area; and alas! alas! does more than that, for the smoke of the gas has very nearly obliterated the frescoes of the ceiling. Unfortunately this remark will apply to every decorative space within the building. Our American kinsmen would soon have remedied this terrible defect by using the electric light, and not suffered the utter destruction of so much beauty: as I am given to understand, the paintings cannot be cleaned.

The opera on the evening we attended was "Faust," and as a spectacle left nothing to be desired. Scenery, dresses, and all the stage appointments were perfect, particularly where Mephistopheles introduces Faust into the realms of Pluto. I cannot find words to adequately describe the livid grandeur and awful beauty of the scene, enlivened by a varied and intricate *ballet*, performed by hundreds of female dancers. This elicited rounds of applause from the crowded house, the *ballet* being to a Parisian audience the most important part of the play. The singing and music as a whole was fairly good, but as it was in French lost much of its interest to us. Only Mephistopheles struck me as having a particularly fine voice, and he looked, sang and acted his part, we thought, to perfection. There are several other theatres subsidized by the State in Paris, probably for the same reasons that induced the ancient Romans to do the like, and so still the popular cry of "*Panem et Circenses*," both things being in this case as in the elder one, under governmental control. And yet the Parisians grumble that the Republic does not do as much for them in the way of amuse-

ment as the Empire did, and in its days they complained it did too much.

Having a great desire to see the ancient metropolis of Normandy, so full of interest to an Englishman from its early intimate connection with our history, the Professor and I left Paris by rail one fine morning for a flying visit to Rouen, leaving M. and M. to rest and enjoy each other's society. Our route lay through a more interesting country than on our journey to Paris, the landscape more diversified in every way, and beautified by the rivers Marne and Seine, the latter in particular being very serpentine in its course, and widening as it neared the city. Numerous towns and villages lay on our route, at many of which we stopped—indeed, so many that though Rouen is but eighty-seven miles from Paris by rail, it took us four and a half hours to accomplish our journey. We travelled by second-class carriage, which I would remark in passing is neither as good nor comfortable as English third-class. I was much interested in the frequent red-tiled, cozy, sleepy-looking villages, each with its tiny conical-roofed church, and surrounded by groves, or rows of tall poplars; chateaux with small pepper-box turrets at their angles, and farm-houses seemingly prosperous and commodious, some of them surrounded by high walled court-yards, with heavy gates swinging on stone pillars, looking as if built for defence, as probably they were. Large Norman horses harnessed to heavy wains stood dreamily outside some of these, with huge square erections of leather, fringed with red, above their withers; they, like the white walls and buildings, blinking in the fervent sunlight. Every available spot of ground seemed

to be cultivated, and on hill-sides and other places where it was not possible to use a plough grapes were planted, not trained on frames, as is usual with us, but kept short and supported by stakes, as is I believe the general continental custom. A fine brown, healthy-looking peasantry of both sexes were at work in the fields, but the tall white cap of the Norman woman seems to have gone the way of her Welsh sister's tall hat; it may be they wear them still in villages of the sea-coast. It seemed remarkable to me that though many towns and villages lay on the banks of the Seine and Marne, both rivers admirably adapted for aquatic sports of every kind, that there are so few boats upon them, and those of such clumsy and primitive construction; at some places there were none at all, the most we saw being at a village where the patron saint's *Fête-day* was being celebrated, every town or village being under the tutelage of some individual.

In England such streams as these would be covered with craft of all kinds; what can have become of the maritime spirit of their Norse progenitors? Nearing the city, the fairness of the landscape increases and the eye is attracted by the fine wooded heights surrounding it, by the masts of many ships, and particularly by the tall lace-like looking spire of the cathedral, piercing up into the blue sky.

This city of Rouen is built on the right bank of the Seine, the suburb of St. Sever being on the left, and approached from the railway station by a fine stone bridge, the central arches of which, adorned with a statue of *Cornille*, a native of the town, rest on the *Ile Lacroix*, in the middle of the river. Once it was strongly fortified, but



now a great part is laid out for public walks and gardens. Rouen is of very great antiquity, even being mentioned by Ptolemy in the earlier part of the second century, but as I am not writing a history of the place, we will skip the intervening centuries until the tenth, when it was captured by Rollo the Northman, who made it his capital and himself first Duke of Normandy. From that time down to the middle of the fifteenth century, it is more or less connected with English history, undergoing many sieges and often changing masters—now Norman, now English—having been a fortified town from the Roman period, and falling finally into the hands of France in 1449.

William the Conqueror died in this city from injuries received at the siege of Mantes, by falling from his horse, in 1087. The lion heart of that “flower of chivalry” Richard Cœur de Lion, was deposited in a leaden casket near the high altar of the cathedral, in 1199. It has since been discovered, bearing the following legend: *Hic jacet cor Richardi, regis Anglorum*, and when opened—was it sacrilege?—the once mighty heart looked like a withered leaf. All that now remains of the “puissant Richard” are a few particles of shining whitish dust in a glass box in the museum.

In the Place la Pucelle Joan of Arc was said to have been burned by the English, who bought her from the Burgundians, into whose hands she had fallen in 1431. Popular belief at the time said that some criminal was executed in her place; and the modern researches of four French writers assert that she never was burned, and eventually married a Sieur Robert des Armoise, and lived hap-

pily. For common humanity's sake, let us hope and believe it was so.

We put up during our stay at the "Grand Hotel d'Angleterre," pleasantly situated on the *Quai*, which is lined for some distance down the river with vessels of all nations, conspicuous among them being American, English and Italian flags. This house combines many of the comforts of an English inn, with the luxuries of a French one, the bed-chambers, etc., being all one could ask. On being shown our respective couches, the Professor suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove! I must go out and buy matches and soap, for I see M. has forgotten to put any in my valise." On enquiry I found that hotels in France do not furnish their guests with the above indispensables; candles are supplied, but charged for separately, as in old-fashioned English houses. The view from our windows was very pleasing and lively. The broad, busy quay, finely embanked river, equal I think to that of Paris; spacious boulevards, with rows of trees, on the site of what was once the defences of Rouen, stretching far down the noble stream, rendered more beautiful still by being studded near the city with several picturesquely wooded islands.

We mounted a tram-car and went for a considerable distance down its course, past *quais* and gardens, into a pretty and populous suburb, as we advanced deteriorating into a long street of small houses, wine-shops, green-grocers, etc., with tall factory chimneys below upon the river's bank. Buxom-looking Norman women with stiff white caps and long lapels (minus the high caul), were gossiping at doors and windows, men lounging about clad in blouses in front of *cabarets*, and bonny urchins playing

in the street. Pretty villas and grounds were of frequent occurrence, and on the wooded heights of the opposite bank of the river the eye caught sight of several snug-looking chateaux and shooting-boxes among the trees.

I fancy I would like to live in Rouen. There must be quite a large English-speaking colony here, for during an hour spent under the broad awning in front of a café on the evening of our arrival, I never heard a word of French, all the conversation of the numerous guests being, to my surprise, in English. So at the dinner-table of the hotel, and most of the waiters speak it also; no doubt it is necessary from the many tourists coming to this interesting town in summer. The lower and more modern part of the city has fine streets and handsome buildings, with large open and airy spaces; but the older streets, narrow and tortuous, with wooden-bound and gabled houses, often rich and quaint carving and latticed windows had much more charm for me. What strange nomenclature abounds in these old places. One street the Professor interpreted as being the "Gate of the Rats;" no doubt that of the Cats was not far off.

After a long and pleasant ramble through many an old thoroughfare we visited the cathedral, whose heaven-aspiring spire is one of the first things to attract a visitor's attention on nearing the city, and to disappoint him on closer acquaintance. My impression being that it was built of stone, my admiration was unbounded at the exquisite lightness and tracery of the work, showing the daylight through it, but finding it to be of iron and constructed in sections, the charm is gone and a feeling of disappointment remains. This structure, which crowns the

central tower, is the successor of three wooden spires, all of which have been struck by lightning, and the choice of the present material, so attractive to the deadly fluid, seems queer to me. Its summit is 436 feet above the ground, and a stout, portly dame who was knitting at a door-way in one of the courts of the building, presenting a big key, asked if we wished to ascend to it; declined with thanks! The finial, which was destined to complete the spire, is still on *terra firma*, as it is considered doubtful if the tower is adequate to sustain its additional weight. The origin of this church is involved in obscurity, but 'tis known that it was pillaged by Northern pirates in the ninth century, and Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, a convert from Scandinavian paganism, received Christian baptism in it in the year 912.

Much of the edifice was destroyed by fire in 1200, and King John (*Sans Terre*), of England, supplied funds for its reconstruction. One wonders how he got the money; probably by piously pulling out the teeth of some rich Jew. Subsequent additions were made down to the sixteenth century, resulting in its present aspect. The ground plan is similar to many of our English cathedrals, the west front being impressive from its vast width and venerable aspect, but has suffered much from time and the hand of man. Its length is 450 feet, height of the nave 90 feet, the whole edifice being lighted by 130 windows, the glass in some of which is very fine, illustrating the lives of sundry Saints; three rose-windows, one at the extremity of each transept, and one over the west portal, are especially beautiful. There are no less than twenty-five chapels around the building, some of which have very fine old glass and



paintings, but to my eye the stately beauty and calm grandeur of the place is marred by the tawdry finery, gaudy colouring, and tinsel crowns of some of their saintly occupants, and the numerous little lamps twinkling before their shrines.

In one of these chapels is the tomb of Rollo, in an opposite one that of William Longue-Epee, killed in 944. Within the choir are three stones, indicating the burial places of Prince Henry, son of Henry II. of England, the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion and John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France under Henry IV. The aisles were once rich in monumental brasses, but the iconoclastic zeal of the Calvinists in the sixteenth century—if no other or more unworthy motive prevailed—has left nothing but the empty matrices from which they were pillaged. I was much interested in noticing amongst the elaborate carving adorning the west front a genealogical device called the “Tree of Jesse” over the grand portal, as it served to throw some light on the statue of the same name I mentioned before in Abergavenny church, that doubtless being a fragment of a similar design, but of much vaster proportions than this.

From here we went to the church of St. Maclou; it is of no great size, but seemed to me a perfect gem of beauty. The west front has five large pointed arches, and several of the doors are wonders of wood-carving by the celebrated sculptor Jean Goujon, illustrating scriptural subjects. In the chapel of St. Clair are representations of the Saint carrying his head in his hand after his martyrdom, when he—like St. Denis—

“ —had his head cut off,  
But did not care for that;  
He took it up and carried it  
Two miles without a hat ! ”

Our next visit was to the abbey church of St. Ouen, said to be the most ancient in Normandy, dating from the sixth century. The present structure is of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, very beautiful to my mind, and claimed by the people of Rouen to be the finest church in the world. In plan and general arrangements it is similar to a cathedral, and vast in its proportions, being 450 feet in length, with transepts to correspond. Besides the great central lantern, it has two beautiful towers in the west front, and between them, a magnificent rose-window which, seen from within, is almost beyond compare. Looking along the building inside from the great west door eastward, the purity of its lines, vast altitude, and glorious windows (which number one hundred and thirty), make a whole so lovely that it almost defies description; it is by far the most striking interior I have seen in France, and the exterior corresponds to it in beauty. It is surrounded with beautiful grounds most tastefully laid out, with walks, flowers, and umbrageous trees, occupying the site of what was once the convent garden. It was with difficulty I could tear myself away from the contemplation of the scene. Why does one feel such attraction and satisfaction in these grand efforts of the old builders, when the most gorgeous structures of modern architects fail to produce the same effect? It seems as though the former embodied in the stone of their great creations their very thoughts, aspirations and piety. But how can I venture upon an opinion when on this very

building eminent critics like Mr. E. A. Freeman and Mr. John Ruskin entertain such opposite views. The former says : " Truly the abbey of St. Ouen may claim the first place among all the edifices that human skill has ever reared. Nothing is introduced which derogates from its claim to be the noblest of Gothic churches, and consequently of all human creations." Mr. Ruskin declares the lantern " is one of the basest pieces of Gothic in Europe, the tower of St. Ouen overrated, and the nave a base imitation." " Nothing being fine but the choir, the light triforium, tall clerestory, and circle of eastern chapels !"

From hence we proceeded to La Palais de Justice, a most elaborate building with much embellishment in pointed steeples, pinnacles, and decorated dormer windows, built around a square court-yard ; it is very striking in appearance, and the Assize hall is considered the finest in France. This building was formerly the Parliament House of Normandy. Thence we passed into the Rue de la Grosse-Horloge, where, on an ancient archway that crosses the narrow street, much like the old erection at Temple Bar, is the huge dial of the clock from which it takes its name. The ancient belfry, as appears from a brass plate at the stair-foot, was commenced in 1389, and the great bell, cast in 1447, is rung every night at 9 o'clock as a curfew. The arch is elaborately sculptured on both sides, and the good people of Rouen take no little pride in their Tour de la Grosse-Horloge.

A short distance brought us to the illy-paved Place de la Pucelle, surrounded by high houses, where Joan of Arc was burned on the last day of May, 1421. A (to me)

unsatisfactory statue of the "Maid" occupies the center of the square, standing on a lofty pedestal, ornamented with grotesque heraldic dolphins at each corner, and the plinth serving as a public fountain. She is represented as clad in flowing classic robes, with her head and arms bare; the right one holds a sword with its point at her feet, the left being supported on a shield. Much of the pedestal was covered with faded wreaths, detracting not a little from any beauty it might have had. In my mind's eye I had imagined a noble female figure in armour except the helmet, with flowing hair over her shoulders and her celebrated sword held aloft; so you see I was disappointed.

Another object of interest is the low, round tower, with conical roof, in which it is said she was confined previous to her execution, and called "*La tour de Jeanne d'Arc.*" We were not able to visit it for lack of time, but outwardly it seemed strong and grim enough to hold more than the poor little "Maid." Passing through an archway elaborately sculptured, on one side of the *Place de la Pucelle*, you enter the court-yard of the ancient and interesting *Hotel de Bourgtheroulde*, built in the fifteenth century, and said to have been the residence of John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France. Its principal front, which has two square towers, is almost covered with bas-reliefs representing the meeting between Francis I. and Henry VIII., known as the "*Field of the Cloth of Gold.*" There are other sculptures portraying rustic scenes, the whole forming a most interesting study.

I would fain have spent a week in this most charming city and its environs, but imperious time said "No," so we



left by express train at 1:30 P. M. for Paris, arriving there at 4 o'clock, more than delighted with my trip. Finding the ladies and children of our party had gone out, we followed as directed, to La Muette, but being Sunday afternoon the crowd was so great in these beautiful though small pleasure grounds, that our search was in vain. We crossed the boulevard, with no better success, into the Bois de Boulogne; so after refreshing ourselves with a *bock* at a café, we were forced to retrace our steps, baffled in our search.

## VI.

WHAT a gay and animated scene these public places present upon any holiday! How these light-hearted French people seem utterly to abandon themselves to the influences of the hour, quite oblivious of their surroundings or of observations by anybody, being intent only on enjoying themselves to the uttermost. The green turf beneath the shade of the noble trees was covered with groups of picnickers. Here a gay party of both sexes, with snowy table-cloth spread out upon the grass, well covered with creature comforts, and glistening with silver and glass appointments; at a little distance a comfortable looking couple of *bourgeoise* with their small family of children—they never have large families in France—looking prosperous and happy, and under the next group of trees an *ouvrier* and his family, whom we have just seen take up their station, the husband carrying under one arm a couple of loaves of bread a yard long, and under the other two bottles, presumably of *vin ordinaire*, the wife bearing as her share a well-filled basket. The open spaces, too, have their groups of men and women, boys and girls; fathers of families with their coats thrown off playing at some game of ball with their boys; mothers, voluble and merry; girls skipping or chasing each other about, and laughter, good humour and merriment everywhere prevalent. No apparent fear of Mrs. Grundy, but a

sensible appreciation of the good things vouchsafed and determination to make the best of them.

The following day we betook ourselves to the Hotel des Invalides, which superb edifice was erected by Louis XIV. as a home for wounded or aged soldiers of the nation, and is in every way worthy of the splendour of the *Grand Monarque*. The principal façade is 225 yards long, four stories high, adorned with trophies and statues, and surmounted by a grand richly-gilt and ornamented dome visible in all parts of Paris. In the paved court in front are fourteen splendid guns, captured in different wars, called the "Batterie Triumphale," some of which are of fine workmanship and design.

Entering by the chief doorway, we began the examination of the different rooms and galleries, containing the wondrous museum of amour, arms and trophies of all kinds, for which it is so justly celebrated. 'Tis beautiful almost beyond conception in antiquity, variety and richness.

But as I have enlarged somewhat on a similar collection in the Tower of London, I will not weary you with this. At the same time, candor compels me to admit that this seemed to me the richer, more full and better kept of the two. It may be that the recent dynamite outrage in the Tower at the time of our visit detracted from its usual beauty—especially as one great chamber was entirely empty—but certainly we were struck with the superiority of this collection.

I feel I must mention one suite of rooms, being what is called the "Musée d'Ethnographie," because it is the most perfect thing of the kind I ever saw, and of great

interest. They contain a vast collection in groups of two or more, showing every variety of the human race, with the dress, arms and equipments of the era represented, from the primitive man down to the soldier of the empire, each of course taken from the best authorities. Our savage forefathers, as well as those of Gaul, are there, stained with *woad* and clad in skins, with their rude stone or bronze weapons of war and chase. The splendid warriors of ancient Greece and Rome, each in their proper equipment—the latter bearing the standard victorious over so much of the ancient world, with its magic letters S. P. Q. R. The mailed knights, men-at-arms, bowmen, etc., of the Middle Ages and Crusades, and so down through the centuries, with the quaint dresses, arms and equipments, almost to the present day. 'Tis not only the nations of Europe that are represented, but those of Asia, Africa, and America, as well as Australasia, Melanesia, Micronesia and Polynesia, a splendid looking Hawaiian warrior being among them, clad in feather cloak and helmet, armed with long spear, and a canoe-paddle lying at his feet.

We lingered so long in these interesting rooms that we had not time to visit the pensioners' quarters, but proceeded at once to the church of St. Louis, attached to the building, to see the tomb of the great Napoleon. I do not think I was very much impressed with the beauty or splendour of the edifice ; it may be there was too much of the latter quality to be in accordance with my, perhaps peculiar, taste. Too much gold, marble, colour and light, yet it had a grandeur of its own. You know that the great warrior died and was buried at St. Helena ; in 1840



his remains were removed to France and deposited in a huge sarcophagus hewn from a single block of Russian granite—oh! strange irony of fate—and deposited in the crypt of this church. Part of the pavement above has been removed and railed around to permit a view of it, and is altogether too suggestive of a bear-pit; much better, I think, had it stood on the upper floor and been supported from beneath. The more so, as around the upper space are several chapels containing richly sculptured tombs of his brothers, and some of the great Marshals of the empire. The ponderous sarcophagus, which I took at first to be of some red wood, did not strike me by its beauty, but I suppose it is classical, and is surrounded by twelve figures finely executed by Pradier, symbolical of twelve great victories of Napoleon; between each a stand of captured flags, and at their feet the name of the battle, inlaid in the marble floor. We descended the stairs of white marble that led into the crypt, but a massive bronze door, flanked by two colossal statues, being closed, forbade our entrance. Had we been able to obtain admission, no doubt the effect would have been very grand as seen from the floor of the vault.

From here we walked down the Esplanade des Invalides to the river, and proceeding by steamboat—as we came to this—landed at the Pont Neuf on our way to the church of Notre Dame. In passing some of the party, of whom I was one, turned into the *Morgue*, which is behind the apsis of the church. M. declined entering. Two poor fellows, victims of a falling scaffold, who had just been brought in, lay there looking ghastly enough, but I hurried out, not noting details, and feeling sure that it would be my first

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and last voluntary visit to the dread place. I think I mentioned before that the noble cathedral and parish-church of Notre Dame—for it is both—is built on the Ile de la Cite, on a spot formerly occupied by a pagan temple, and subsequently a Christian basilica. The present beautiful Gothic edifice is of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries, and ranks among the noblest specimens of the style. This grand structure is 400 feet long, 150 feet wide, 110 feet high, and the richly ornamented square towers at each side of its principal front 218 feet in height. The façade is divided into three stages, the front and its three ogival bays being surmounted by a gallery rich with statues, a large central rose-window over the principal door, and above a fine open gallery connecting with the towers before mentioned, originally intended to support spires. Niches filled with statuary adorn every available space, those of the first gallery being occupied by a series of kings of France. The apse of this glorious church is very beautiful, too, with its graceful flying buttresses and ornate central spire, especially as seen from the river, and imagination almost deludes one into the belief that you can detect *Quasimodo* leering from some of its richly ornamented windows. I cannot pass unnoticed the three beautiful entrances and superbly carved doors of the principal front. Above the central arch is sculptured the Last Judgment and a fine statue of Our Saviour, the left door being surmounted by one of the Virgin, and the right by that of St. Marcel. The interior is very grand, rich in paintings, arabesques and bas-reliefs, with most magnificent glass, all looking dim and splendid, but I find I have no note of details, nor can I tell you of the great

occurrences that have happened within its walls, save that it was here that Napoleon I. crowned himself and Josephine emperor and empress of France.

In the open space in front of the cathedral, surrounded now by fine buildings, Henry of Navarre was married to Margaret, daughter of Catherine de Medicis, in 1572. Catholics and Huguenots both rejoiced at the event, and the concession made to the belief of each by this open-air marriage; but their joy was of short duration, for two days after occurred the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Of course there are many more fine churches in Paris, but space would not permit, even if you did not tire, of descriptions of them all, therefore I will confine myself to a few remarks on some of the most prominent. The church of the Madeleine, at the head of the boulevard of that name, is a grand Christian temple, built after the model of a pagan one, the Parthenon, and intended by Napoleon I. to be devoted to "Glory." It is surrounded front and sides with long rows of magnificent Corinthian columns, and approached by a flight of twenty-eight steps. Under the colonnades are niches filled with fine statues, and the pediment—over the magnificent bronze doors sculptured with scriptural subjects—is embellished with a striking representation of the Last Judgment. Its interior, one vast nave with four bays, is rich with gildings, frescoes, carvings, marbles and statues. The vaulted ceiling, divided into cupolas and compartments, is sumptuous in gold and colour, and the whole effect very striking, but unlike a Christian edifice. The Pantheon, built in the latter part of the eighteenth century as the church of Sainte-Geneviève, was by the Constituent Assembly of

the first Republic converted into a temple dedicated to the great men of the nation ; re-consecrated to its former patron saint by the late emperor, and now again secularized by the present Republic in order to contain the remains of the arch-apostle of egoism, Victor Hugo. How incomprehensible to my duller Anglo-Saxon imagination are the feelings that sway this people. A large portion of the nation, while admiring with all the world his splendid genius, dislike the man and despise his views on religious subjects, and yet they deify him, and so cover the steps leading to the building that contains his remains with votive wreaths to his memory, that you can scarce find a place to plant your foot. The exterior of this church is very fine; the peristyle, surmounted by a pediment, is supported on a double row of fluted Corinthian columns. The bas-reliefs of the latter, the masterpiece of David d'Angers, represents France between Liberty and History distributing palms to her great men. In the center of the church rises a magnificent dome, with a fine Corinthian colonnade, above this a cupola with a lantern ornament, the whole surmounted by a large gilt cross, which has not been cut off, as stated by some of the newspapers. Externally it is very imposing; of the interior I cannot speak, as unfortunately the doors were closed on our arrival. The churches of Saint-Etienne du Monte, Saint Eustache, as well as that of Saint-Germain l'Auxerrois—of St. Bartholomew fame—are all very ancient and interesting, and with many more well worthy of notice, but I must refrain.

The Palais du Luxembourg, formerly a royal residence, a prison during the Revolutionary times, subsequently the palace of the Directory and Consulate, is now



a museum of modern art, and contains a vast collection of paintings and statuary. It is also used as the palace of the Senate, the Petit Luxembourg, contiguous to it, being the residence of the president of that body. The grounds surrounding the whole are very beautifully laid out, particularly what is called the English garden, and adorned with a fountain and numerous statues. A fine military band was playing during our visit, as is usual on certain days, and we enjoyed it all immensely. I shall not attempt any description of the superb collections of either pictures or statues that we saw in the vast galleries, first, because the catalogues, being in French, were not "understood" by me, and secondly, the enormous quantities of both that we have seen, seem to have somehow or other mixed themselves up in such inextricable confusion in my mind, that without a catalogue I cannot clear them, but ask you to believe they are numerous and beautiful, in fact, a regular "*embarras du richesse*." There were crowds of sight-seers like ourselves, and many copyists of both sexes, but principally female, before some of the pictures. Leaving this, we strayed through a good part of the Quartier Latin, celebrated as haunts of students, the Professor showing us his former rooms while making one of their number.

Of course we saw the *Colonne Vendôme* in the *Place* of that name, on one side of which stands the Hotel de Bristol, well known to English tourists. This column, which is 150 feet high, is modelled after that of Trajan at Rome, its central shaft being of free-stone, round which run spiral bas-reliefs of bronze made from Austrian cannon taken by Napoleon, and depicting memorable incidents in

the campaign of 1805. A figure of the great soldier crowns the summit, clad as a Roman emperor. It was thrown down by the Commune in 1871, and rebuilt in 1874. We did not ascend its "giddy height," being quite satisfied with Paris as seen from the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, besides feeling that I had had enough of "going aloft" in my younger days.

On a fair cool day we mounted outside of one of the very excellent busses in order to obtain a good view of the city, and proceeded along street, avenue and boulevard from Passy, on its extreme west, to the Place de la Bastille, almost at the extreme east, a distance of some four miles, and full of interest and beauty all the way we took. This *Place* occupies the site of the ancient fortress and prison of the Bastile, built by Charles V., and destroyed by the people on the 14th of July, in the revolution of 1789. In the center rises the *Colonne de Juillet* to commemorate that event, and also the subsequent revolution and abdication of Charles X. in 1830. The column, which is of bronze, is 155 feet in height, surmounted by a gilt figure of the Genius of Liberty, and stands on a massive circular block of stone; the sub-basement is square and adorned with twenty-four bronze medallions decorated with bas-reliefs and the dates 27th, 28th and 29th July, being the days of the latter revolution. The names of the 645 combatants who fell at that time, and whose remains are deposited in the vaults beneath the structure, are inscribed in letters of gold on its sides. What thoughts crowd upon you when you reflect on the horrors these noble streets and squares have seen; but Louis Napoleon pretty well disposed of the feasibility of further barricades by widening thor-

oughfares and substituting asphalte for stone paving, besides leaving plenty of room for troops to form and cavalry to charge.

On the Feast of the Assumption, when most of the shops were shut, and the general aspect of the city quieter and more Sabbath-like than the next day—Sunday—we went, most of the way by water, as it was very warm, to the Jardin des Plantes, on the Quai St. Bernard. The grounds—open free to the public—are of great extent, comprising some seventy-seven acres, beautifully laid out in walks, lawns, shrubberies, flower-beds, and avenues of stately trees of all kinds. The menageries, aviaries, etc., said to be very fine and perfect, we did not see, as some special ticket was necessary, with which we were unprovided, but as we had seen the magnificent collection at the “Zoo,” in Regent’s Park, we were not much disappointed. Besides, the day being excessively warm, and the crowd immense—the greatest we had seen in Paris—M. and I being fatigued with the heat and dust, having with some difficulty hired a couple of chairs, took up our station beneath some fine shady trees near a basin and fountain, in the former of which a seal and some water-fowl were disporting, and while enjoying the coolness of the place watched the motley crowd go by, the junior members of our party meanwhile visiting the cages of such animals as could be seen.

Judging from our observations to-day, I am not at all inclined to concur with the usually expressed opinion that a French crowd is better dressed or more orderly than a similar gathering in England. I must confess to some disappointment, but certainly the women, especially

of the humbler classes, did not, in our opinions, compare favourably either in dress or style with their London sisters; and the universal blouse is not an elegant garment for the sterner sex. Only the numerous gay and brilliant military uniforms of one kind or other relieved the crowd from absolute dinginess, but their good humour was perfect.

On a subsequent day, as a change from our usual modes of locomotion, we went by Chemin de fer de ceinture to the Place de la Concorde, on our way to the Bois de Boulogne. But before proceeding any further I would like to explain that in some respects it (the railway) is very similar to the "Underground" in London, now plunging into darkness and again flashing into light. Some of the carriages are two tiers or stories high, and are pleasant enough when your route lies almost in line of the fortifications and in the open air, as it often does. The drawback is that the upper ones are low and difficult (to me) of both ingress and egress; but being open at the sides, and the track encompassing the city, the trip by them is very enjoyable in fine weather. Taking a *fiacre* at the above Place, we drove slowly up the beautiful Champs Elysees, now alive with equipages and gay groups at cafés and gardens, through the avenue of that name to the Place de l'Etoile. Here we turned into the splendid Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, 110 yards wide, planted with clumps of fine trees and rarest shrubs, leading up to the Porte Dauphine, by which entrance is obtained into this magnificent pleasaunce.

The Bois de Boulogne is in extent about 2,000 acres, and occupies the site of the ancient forest of Rouvray. It



had been suffered to degenerate almost into a stunted wood, but was by Louis Napoleon converted in a great measure to what it now is. Entering where we did a noble avenue of more than half a mile long leads to the great Lake, on your right being the Pavilion Chinois, a café-restaurant of Chinese design, as its name indicates. The lakes are of considerable extent, well stocked with a variety of water-fowl and plenty of pleasure boats for hire. One of them contains two islands, joined by a rustic bridge, on the larger of which is a Swiss chalet, or café-restaurant. The whole of the space is beautifully laid out, every advantage being taken of the natural formation of the ground to enhance its charms by artificial means.

Many miles of drives, rides and promenades wander deviously about, the whole extent of the grounds being literally planted with fine trees, shrubs and flowers. The Longchamps river is led through the woods, and made to form an artificial but most realistic cascade, where a sheet of water some fifty feet high, behind which you can walk, falls into a pool and meanders away. Close to this is the Carrefour de Longchamps, a fine café-restaurant, pretty liberally supplied with open-air guests regaling themselves at small tables under the umbrageous shade this fine summer afternoon; gay groups were scattered beneath the trees almost all over the vast space, and apparently well provided with creature comforts. Many carriages and horsemen, too, were present, but in neither case were the turn-outs, with a few exceptions, very first rate, the reason being, I suppose, that the season was too far advanced and the owners of the finer equipages not visible. Near to this is the celebrated Longchamps race-

course with its elegant grand-stand and stalls, capable of accommodating five thousand spectators.

How beautiful all this is, and how much we enjoyed it I leave to your imagination, as well as the spectacle it must have presented some fourteen years ago, when the German army was quartered here. Parisians speak of this with, I suppose, some natural bitterness, charging them with wanton destruction of rare and beautiful trees, shrubs, etc., and all sorts of minor atrocities, without, I think, fairly considering how difficult it must be, even with the sternest discipline, to prevent outrages of some kind among vast bodies of men. Besides, it is said that during the German occupation the *Bois* was always gay with pleasure parties, and the café-restaurants doing a "roaring trade." Now all traces of any devastation that may have been committed either by men or horses are obliterated, let us trust forever, and only beauty and peace remains.

I begin to think we have been long enough within the line of fortifications encircling Paris, and so beg your company on a trip—by river—to the Parc de Saint-Cloud. This excursion took place on the 20th of August, being, as you are aware, the writer's birthday, of which he received many valued recognitions from both sides the English channel, and it was made a family party of in honour of the event. Taking boat at the Pont d'Jena we passed quickly down stream by sundry small islands in the river, on which café-restaurants were built and holiday-makers enjoying themselves, and at one of which several nice little boats were lying, the name of Robinson above the landing steps accounting to me for the circum-

stance. Down yet past willow-fringed banks, where laden coal-barges are moored under their shade, and the everlasting fishing going on by the family on board. On previous occasions I had seen these same craft waiting in different places, and being without masts and no towing-path visible, had wondered how they get up the stream to the city. To-day the mystery was solved by meeting a huge steam monster coming up the river with a long string of them in tow. 'Twas not what we understand as a tug-boat, its mode of proceeding being by a chain laid along the bottom of the river, in its middle, which is taken on board forward, passing over a large drum driven by steam and falling back again over the stern into its original position in the bed of the stream. The plan seems to work well, but would not be practicable in a river filled with shipping. I think Mark Twain mentions a similar mode of procedure with lumber-rafts on a German river, in his "Innocents Abroad."

We soon landed, and walked up an open paved space in front of the principal entrance into the park. Here we met a large "bus," resplendent in panel and gilt, with four fine horses; it was filled by a party of Cook's tourists, who had come down from Paris by the right bank of the river, and were now returning.

Proceeding on foot, carriages not being permitted within the gates, we strolled leisurely up the main avenue, resting occasionally beneath the trees and watching the passers-by. Among them was a wedding party, pronounced by the Professor to be of the sewing-girl and artisan class. They came in a sort of bridal procession of several couples, male and female, led by the bride (a very

fine-looking girl) and bridegroom—the former arrayed in a white silk dress, white satin boots, kid gloves of same colour, a huge bouquet in her hand, and depending from her orange-blossom-crowned head a long white veil reaching almost to the ground behind. They seemed thoroughly to enjoy the display they made, and I am told it is the one great ambition of their lives, among girls of this class, to make it, even if it costs a year or more savings and the wedding gown never sees the light again. This was not by any means the first time we had seen similar displays of bridal parties in the streets, but had never before been struck with such exuberance of joy as seemed to possess this one. We took up our quarters beneath a clump of trees contiguous to the Grand Cascade, watching with pleasure the excitement of A's bonnie English-looking face, the gambols of the younger children upon the turf, and their amusement with the little fox-terrier "Snap," who, by the way, was much admired and commented on by passers-by for his beauty.

After a while, leaving the rest of our party under the shade of the trees, the Professor and I walked up the hill to the ruins of the chateau crowning its summit. Much historical interest attaches to this place, the origin of the palace dating from Catherine de Medicis, who had a country-house on its site. During the League Henry III. was assassinated here by Jacques Clément, and in 1690 Princess Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, died within its walls, said from poison. In the gallery of Apollo the imperial crown was offered to the first Napoleon in 1804, and in the same place the last of that name was proclaimed emperor of the French, nearly half



a century later. Queen Victoria visited the palace in 1855 for a few days, and in 1870 that fatal act, the declaration of war against Prussia, was decided on and signed at a council held here.

The view from the eminence on which the palace stood is very fine indeed, looking either up or down the valley of the Seine, or away to the great city on its farther bank. Immediately below you, and stretching far away, lies the noble park with its fine avenues of trees, gardens, cascades and fountains. In the rear a range of hills, wooded, in some cases, to the summit, prominent among them that crowned by the fortification of Mont Valerien; in fact, everything necessary to form a perfect landscape, and attract or enchant the eye.

During the siege of Paris the Prussians occupied this palace at the end of September, 1870, but not being found tenable in consequence of the fire of Mont Valerien, then in possession of the French, they evacuated the place on the 13th of October, having first set fire to it, and destroyed forever the beautiful palace and noble works of art it contained. Let us hope the exigencies of war made it imperatively necessary; otherwise, as the French people say, it was a most wanton act.

What a commentary it is on the horrors of war to stand now near these ruined walls, with roof fallen in and blank, sightless window-spaces grinning hideously, and then to look abroad on the fair, peaceful landscape that surrounds you. Will nations or their rulers never cease to refer their disputes to the arbitrament of the sword, by following the wise and merciful example set them by the two great Anglo-Saxon peoples?

Perhaps I ought to mention that a high board palisade surrounds the ruins, to prevent accidents to persons who may be tempted to enter their precincts.

After strolling to our heart's content among the still remaining beauties of the place, we took boat again for Paris, having had a most enjoyable day, and the writer a memorable birthday.

Another occasion saw us *en route* by river for Sevres to see the celebrated Government Porcelain Manufactory. Landing at the quay, ten minutes' walk brought us to our destination, a large range of buildings with a rather imposing entrance, attained by a flight of broad steps. As the Professor had obtained an official pass, we made part of a party admitted to see the mode of manufacture; a couple of workmen are set apart specially for the purpose, visitors not being admitted into the actual factory, as they are in the Royal Porcelain Works at Worcester. It was very amusing to watch how the lump of plastic clay, whirling round upon a horizontal wheel, revolving fast or slow as the workman required, assumed different forms of grace and beauty under his deft manipulation. The mode of painting, too, where the object operated on sometimes revolved also, was interesting; but the whole thing being done in a perfunctory kind of manner rather disappointed me, as I had thought to see some of the exquisite works of art, for which this place is so justly famous, in actual course of manufacture. Our guide took us then to the great ovens where the clay is baked, all vitrified inside by the intense heat.

From hence we strolled, now without a guide, through vast galleries—with many visitors—all filled with a most

superb collection of articles of pottery of every age and nation, from early Egyptian, Indian and Greek, down to the present day. Amid so much that was beautiful in form, colour or design it would be difficult to single out any article for special mention, but there was one vase so exquisite in its loveliness that it struck us all, its price being only 60,000 francs ! Another beautifully executed painting was a large plaque representing the sinking of "*La Vengeur*," a French line of battle ship, in the action with the British off Cape Ushant, on the "glorious 1st of June," 1794. Being deserted by the rest of the fleet, she is going down with all her colours flying, the captain having refused to strike his flag ; the rendering of the whole is most life-like and realistic.

I was very desirous of purchasing some small memento of our visit here, but could obtain nothing for less than twelve dollars, for a most trivial article, which was beyond my limit, though sometimes they have cheaper things for sale.

Leaving the museum highly gratified with its wonderful collection, we strolled back to the river's bank to await our boat. Passing a *cabaret* on our way, I was amused by seeing on a bracket over the doorway a kedge-anchor—of antique shape certainly—with the legend, "*Relique de la Vengeur*," being professedly from the ship mentioned above. How it was obtained from "ocean's illimitable depths," who can say ?

On the morning of this day I had been with the Professor on a pedestrian tour to the Halles Centrales or great market of the city, and through many of the older streets. This vast structure is chiefly built of brick, the

frame-work of the roof and its supports being of iron, and the whole covered in with glass. 'Tis divided by wide arcades into I do not know how many *pavilions*, where every conceivable product of the animal or vegetable kingdoms in Europe, suitable for the food of man, is displayed in tempting profusion. Articles of luxury in the shape of flowers, fruit, etc., are almost without end, and all so beautifully arranged, and in such perfect order. I was utterly disgusted in my reminiscences and comparisons with Covent Garden, except, perhaps, in regard to the flowers, and for them perhaps the season is growing late. Looking at the staid, quiet, matronly women presiding at the different stalls, I wondered were they the descendants of the *Dames de la Halles* who have erewhile played so awfully prominent a part in the history of French revolutions; it seemed impossible. The thoroughfares in this quarter are full of life, interest and bustle, and the noble old church of St. Eustache, close by, has great attraction for the antiquary. Taken altogether, with its narrow, roughly-paved streets thronged with carts and vehicles for work, you could almost fancy yourself in a part of old London, barring the speech and certain peculiarities of dress among the lower orders.

One more excursion and I think I shall about have exhausted my Parisian budget. Again we go down the Seine past the wooded and fort-crowned heights of its left bank, with the villages of Mendon, Sevres, St. Cloud and Suresnes on the margin of the stream. At the latter place we landed and proceeded by rail through charming scenery to the fair town of Versailles. This city, so celebrated from the historical events that have occurred here,



is very handsome with its long straight streets crossing each other at right angles, and many open spaces. An air of quiet and repose seems to pervade the place, there being little or no trade, and its inhabitants apparently pleasure-seekers, not workers.

Driving up the spacious street from the railway station, our *fiacre* soon deposited us within the limits of the park, at the entrance—through the Place d'Armes—of the *Cour d'Honneur*, leading up to the palace of Versailles. Both of these spaces are paved with cobble-stones, very unpleasant for pedestrians, and detracting no little from their enjoyment. In the latter place is a large bronze equestrian statue of Louis XIV., and other statues of distinguished soldiers and statesmen are ranged on either side of the court. This face of the palace, which is next the city, is not very beautiful or imposing, being part of the ancient chateau ; the façade fronting on the park, gardens and fountains is very much finer. Originally this was a hunting-box, erected by Louis XIII. His successor, Louis XIV., lavished enormous sums on its reconstruction and embellishment ; 30,000 soldiers, it is said, were diverted from their martial occupation to assist in digging excavations for fountains, raising terraces and laying out the grounds. It was subsequently occupied by Louis XV. and Louis XVI., and sacked by the wild Parisian mob during the revolution occurring in the latter unhappy monarch's reign. Louis Phillipe conceived the idea of transforming this magnificent palace into a museum to contain trophies of the victories of France, as the following inscription on the east façade testifies : "*A toutes les gloires de la France,*" since which time it has been devoted

to that purpose. The superb and apparently endless suites of rooms, salons, galleries and cabinets, gorgeous in gold, painted ceilings and every decoration that art or luxury could suggest, exceed in magnificence anything we had seen before. Each room or gallery, whether on the ground-floor or above, is filled with works of art, statuary and paintings, arranged in chronological order, illustrating events in French history, the most celebrated, perhaps, being those of Horace Vernet and of David portraying the career of Napoleon. The *Grande gallerie de Louis XIV.*, called also the *Salon des Glaces* from the mirrors that line its sides and slope of the ceiling, is sumptuous beyond anything you can imagine in its size and decorations. It is 242 feet long, by 35 feet broad and 43 feet high, and looking down here through apparently endless vistas of similar apartments, you wonder at the temerity of any monarch daring to expend such vast sums as this must have cost, wrung by hard exactions and grinding tyranny from an almost starving people.

It was in this superb chamber that King William of Prussia was proclaimed emperor of Germany on the 18th of January, 1871. Philip the V. of Spain and several French kings were born within the walls of this palace.

But what interests us more is that here was signed the treaty by which Great Britain recognized the independence of the United States of America, in 1783, happily, as I think, for both nations. And I trust mother and daughter may continue to advance in amity and mutual respect, the great exponents of freedom, civil and religious liberty and constitutional government to the peoples of the earth.

Almost satiated with the splendour of these grand

state apartments, and bearing in mind what history tells us of the presumption, arrogance, profligacy and luxury of their former occupants, the courtiers and dames of the *Grand Monarque* and his successor, the feastings, revelings, exactions and worse of the royal favourites Madame de Montespan, Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barri, the people the meanwhile suffering from grinding oppression and poverty, we turn with a feeling almost of relief to the suite of apartments occupied by Marie Antoinette.

I do not wonder the French people rebelled against the pride, cupidity and iniquity of their monarchs, but it does seem hard that the retribution we would accord to Louis XIV. and Louis XV. fell on their good-natured but meek successor.

The furnishing and adornments of the poor queen's apartments are not in the gorgeous style of the rest of the palace; her bed-chamber and boudoir were, I think, tapestried throughout, the bathing-closet being hung with pale yellow satin and portraits of the royal family of France. On one of the doors we were shown a beautifully chased and finished lock, the work of her husband Louis XVI., who, you know, was more skilled as a locksmith than as statesman, warrior, or king. In one room of the suite is a recess in which a series of mirrors are so arranged that you see yourself headless, and they tell you Marie Antoinette always shuddered on entering that room. If so, why were they not removed? She could be imperious enough on occasion, beside which her husband loved her too dearly to thwart her wishes. A narrow staircase leading from the queen's apartments is pointed out as that by

which the unfortunate lady vainly attempted to fly when the infuriate mob burst into the palace on the 5th of October, 1789.

Having devoted as much time as we could spare to the interior of the palace we now went to see what we could of its exterior beauties. In front is a spacious and splendid terrace embellished with fine statues, and surrounded by gardens containing some of the fountains—issuing from groups of statuary—that have made Versailles so famous. Descending from the terrace in front of the palace a noble avenue, through the *Tapis Vert*, leads to the Basin of Latona and the Fountain of Apollo beyond, ending in the lake at its extreme, and the Grand and Petit Trianon. Time did not permit us to visit either of these, nor the fine fountains called the Basin of Neptune, the *Bosquet du Roi*, or the *Bosquet de la Salle du Bal*, where courtiers and fine dames were wont to disport themselves on summer evenings. We were fain to be content with distant views of them, and if the avenues and alleys leading thereto were covered with the same abominable white gravel-stones, like so many small marbles, as the terrace in front of the palace is, it would have been “a pilgrimage” indeed to reach them. How the bewigged, laced and ruffled *Strephons*, *Corydons* and *Silvios*, the bepatched, hooped and painted *Delias*, *Corinnas* and *Amaryllises*, the swains and shepherdesses—as in the fantastic language of the day the belles and beaux of the court called themselves—managed to get along on their high red-heeled shoes over these terraces, if they are similar now to what they were then, is a mystery to me.

Returning to Paris by rail in the “gloaming,” passing



through fair scenery, my mind was filled with thoughts conjured up by what we had seen to-day, and the incidents and events connected therewith. By the time the city was reached they had culminated into a feeling that the French people had through many horrors, much tribulation, and prolonged struggles with their rulers, become possessed of parks, palaces, gardens, museums, theatres and other sources of amusement, *free to all*, that the most exacting people could demand. Let us hope they know and fully appreciate these privileges and are satisfied with what they have.

We took a trip by rail one day to the pretty town of Montmorency, to visit our old friends the De V's, whom we had known "lang syne" at the islands, and whom you will remember. We found them living in a regular Honolulu-built house constructed of wood, on one floor, and with broad verandas, pleasantly situated in a fine garden of fruit and flowers—the former of fine flavour as we can testify, and the latter of great beauty. The mansion mentioned is not the only one the ground contains, as all the family, married and unmarried, live together in happy patriarchal fashion, but requiring more room, they built it so out of *aloha* for happy days spent in Hawaii nei. Be sure the time passed pleasantly and rapidly in talking of old times and old and mutual friends, and as none of them had forgotten their English our conversation was easy and pleasant. Montmorency is charmingly situated among the hills, affording beautiful views of the surrounding country, and we enjoyed our visit very much, Monsieur, Madame, H.—a fine, tall young fellow over six feet

—and his sister accompanying us back to the little railway station.

I was rather amused with an incident that occurred on this trip. At one of the stations stopped at, a jolly-looking woman got into the train carrying two baskets full of most tempting and luscious-looking fruit of various kinds. M. remarked, "What beautiful fruit" (with an eye to a probable purchase); "I suppose they are going in to the Paris market." The owner of the coveted delicacies, looking toward her, replied with an unmistakable British accent: "Oh dear no, madam, they are from our own garden, and not for sale." Subsequent revelations told us she had lived in France for many years, but did not apparently appreciate her compatriots much, for we got none of the fruit.

Well, all mundane things, pleasant or otherwise, must have an end; some, alas! all too soon, as did our visit to Paris, "fair land of France," and our dear children. The dreaded hour had come, and we must depart, but I spare you the details; they are too painful. The day was bright and sunny, as was our usual luck, and Boulogne looked brighter and sunnier, and the quay more crowded and gayer with fish-wives, soldiers and loungers, even than it did on our former visit.

We embarked at 2 P. M., got to Folkestone at 3:40, being favoured with a smooth sea and little wind, and arrived at the Charing Cross station in dear old smoky, roaring London at ten minutes past 5, just seven hours from Paris. The customs authorities gave us no trouble about our baggage, all they seemed to care or enquire for being cigars, perfumery, or silverware. Our fair little

friend, to whose good offices we owe so much, was awaiting us, and we were soon again in the quiet haven of Craven street.

Now you want to know which city I like best, Paris or London. And I answer, I think without prejudice, but candidly, honestly and unreservedly, London! Not that you can institute or draw any actual comparison between the two cities, so utterly unlike are they, or perhaps give any very definite reason for the preference. I think the answer of a fair cousin of the Professor's, to whom the same question was addressed, is as good a one as can be made: "Paris is coquette, London is grand!" A. having come up to town to meet us, we spent a few days in her company, enjoying it much, seeing some of the "sights" and making a few necessary purchases previous to our departure from London.

Having completed all our arrangements, made our last adieus to our friends at Chelsea and other places, we bade a final farewell with much regret to the great city we had enjoyed so much, and where we had received so many and unexpected kindnesses.

## VII.

ON the last day of August we took our departure from Charing Cross for the "West Countrie," being as we now considered ourselves "homeward bound." A light rain was falling, which our kind friend Mrs. H. says was weeping for the parting. On we speed through Woking, Basingstoke, Salisbury—with its beautiful cathedral spire—Yeovil, past fair old Exeter, to Tavistock. Here it ceased to rain and the remainder of our journey skirting Dartmoor, or down the beautiful valleys of the Tavy or Plym, was truly a vision of delight. Nature seemed lovelier than ever just emerging from her bath, and the wondrous effects of light and shade on moor, forest and stream, with the brilliant rain-drops hanging from every branch and spray, glittering in the rays of the westering sun, I do not think I ever shall forget, or the freshness and exhilaration of the whole scene.

A few more days were spent in pleasant Plymouth, but alas! all too short and fleeting, when inexorable time warned us that the hour of departure had come, and we were forced again to tear ourselves away from those we held so dear, with the dim uncertainty of the future before us. I will not dilate on this, it is too painful for contemplation, but assure you we were very thankful for what we had been permitted to enjoy.

On the 17th of September, the weather now growing



sensibly cooler, we left the Mutley station by Great Western Railway, passing over what had now become to us familiar ground, and at Exeter met on the platform the Rev. Mr. Blundell, formerly a member of the Anglican Mission in Hawaii, and now rector of some parish in the vicinity.

We got to Bristol at 3 P. M. and to Worcester at 5:30 P. M., where we decided to stay the night, sleeping at the Great Western Hotel. This ancient city, whose story is full of "the battles, sieges, fortunes, it has passed," is well situated in the lovely valley of the Severn, the waters of which once washed its walls, and are now crossed by a handsome stone bridge of several arches, the view from whence up and down stream, enlivened as all English rivers are with pleasure-boats of various kinds, is perfectly charming. Lying as the city does in so fertile a valley, will account for its early disturbed state and continuous settlement by various races of men; originally British, then Roman and Saxon, when it was called "Wignorna Ceaster," easily softened into the English Worcester, under which name it is celebrated as one of the most ancient episcopal cities in England, as well as for the great battle of 1651 between the forces of King Charles II. and the Parliamentarians, so disastrous to the former's cause. In the Guildhall, a massive structure of Queen Anne's time, with statues of that queen and the two Charles' adorning its front, we saw a gun and nine suits of armour, with many weapons, all relics from the above fatal field. Our visit to the cathedral was necessarily short, as matins began a few minutes after our entrance, but still we saw sufficient to assure us of its great beauty, and that the accounts we

had read of it and its beautiful monuments were by no means overrated. In the vicinity are several ancient mansions, among them the former Bishop's Palace, and pervading all, such a sense of quiet calm and repose as, indeed, seemed to us to be the general characteristic of the city.

We were sorry to be obliged to leave without a visit to the museum and the Royal Porcelain Works—the latter so justly celebrated as to have obtained the Diploma of Honour (the highest award) at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873, and at Paris in 1878 the Gold Medal and Legion of Honour. We consoled ourselves by looking over a beautiful collection of ceramic art in one of the principal shops, where all seemed to us marvels of cheapness, and purchasing a trifle or two as souvenirs of our visit to this pleasant city.

Leaving here shortly after noon, a charming ride through the usual beautiful country of an hour and twenty minutes, brought us to what I think is one of the prettiest as well as most interesting market-towns in England, viz., Stratford-upon-Avon, birthplace of the immortal Shakespeare, and shrine of many pilgrims besides ourselves. How strange it seems that with so beautiful a country surrounding him, and sensitive as he must have been to all the sweet influences of nature, that the place is never once mentioned by the bard in either play or poem.

A short distance from the railway station, which is just on the skirts of the town, an urchin accosted us with the question, no doubt usual here to all strangers, "Do you want to see Shakespeare's house?" Answering in the affirmative, and following our intelligent little guide down

sundry clean, well-kept, quiet streets, on the corner of one of them a tablet informs you that this is the way to Shakespeare's house. We turned into Henley street, and soon stood under the gabled porch of the house we sought. A pull at an ancient-looking bell, handle hanging outside, was answered by a very respectable and well-bred man, who, with his two sisters, are custodians of the place, now belonging to the Shakespeare committee, having been purchased by them in 1847. It is a half-timbered structure of two stories, with attics, and three gables fronting on the street. Each gable has a window in it, and they, as well as all the others in the house, are casements, filled with the small lozenge-shaped panes of glass usual in old edifices. In the principal room where "gentle Will Shakespeare" first saw the light through mayhap much of the glass still existing, every pane is literally covered with names of visitors, and among them your guide points with evident pride to that of another great enchanter, Walter Scott. None are allowed to be written now save in the visitors' books, which contain those of many eminent men and women from all lands, notably of our kinsfolk of the Great Republic and the Colonies, who alike with us and all the millions who speak English as their mother tongue, are inheritors of his genius and his fame. There are three rooms on the ground floor, the one you enter first being the ancient kitchen and general living place, with wide, open chimney, in which it is said the poet loved to sit and perhaps to muse on some of his own sweet creations. The floor is of stone, now broken and uneven, having been used for some time as a butcher's shop, but is allowed to remain as when it came into the hands of the committee.

The remaining rooms on this floor are fitted up as a Shakespearian museum, and contain much that is of interest, documentary and otherwise, relating to the great bard—some of the earliest folios of his works, his will, and the only known extant letter written by his own hand, on some pecuniary business, for you know even great poets must buy and sell like the rest of us poor ordinary mortals. Other memorials of many kinds are pointed out to you by the gentle, well-informed sister in charge of these treasures, among them an undoubted seal-ring of his beautifully engraved, with the initials W. S. entwined in a tasselled true-lover's knot. An ancient arm-chair of carved oak is said to have been the one occupied by Shakespeare when presiding among convivial and congenial spirits at the "Falcon Inn," in the adjacent village of "Drunken Bidford," mentioned in the epigram attributed to him, and the gilded sign-board of the ancient hostelry bears it company. Ascending by a winding wooden staircase you gain the room where he was born, and which looks out upon the quiet sunnystreet; its walls are profusely covered with the names of great and noted personages, among them William Makepeace Thackeray, as well as of those of their humbler brethren, but presume to write now and you would "catch it." I merely pointed with my cane to the wide old-fashioned fire-place, when its point was struck down with a frown, but no audible comment made by the un-gentle sister presiding here. The ceilings are of course quite low and do not look very safe, but are prevented from falling by bands of iron stretched across each way. No one is permitted to go into the attics above, they not being considered fit to bear the



weight of visitors. There are several busts and portraits of "the divine William," all with a certain family likeness, but the most notable of these is contained in a fire-proof iron safe, built to fit it, in a small adjoining room. Why it is considered the most authentic picture I do not now quite recollect, but I remember being told that it was by an accident it was discovered, as it had been adorned with a huge beard, a wide hat and feathers, and sundry other changes by a later *artist*, and made to do duty for, perhaps, some local celebrity. This has all been cleverly removed and the original remains in its pristine colours, but not, I must confess, in guise or lineament familiar to my eyes, nor is it as our conductor explained to me, the portrait best liked by Americans. Here he referred to the well known one with bald forehead, long curly hair, peaked beard and broad embroidered collar—not the Chandos or Droeschout—nor do I know to whom this is attributed, but I think he wished to compliment me, thinking I was an American, by referring to our better taste in art.

Having seen and thoroughly enjoyed the treasures of this place, and our little "Mercury" having brought us a carriage, we proceeded through the busier part of the pretty town (the Market-place, being full of jolly-looking, well-mounted farmers, graziers, etc., for it was monthly market-day), and crossing in our way a bridge of nine arches over the Avon, to visit the beautiful parish church where lie his bones, and where, as Washington Irving declares, "The mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakespeare." \* \* \* \* The whole place seems but his mausoleum." 'Tis a very beau-

tiful structure standing just without the town on the banks of the gently-flowing Avon, which reflects its graceful "heaven-directed spire," fine old windows and dense avenue of overhanging lime-trees by which you approach it. The building is of great antiquity. Leland says, "it is supposed it was renewed in buildinge by John de Stratford, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the beginninge of the raine of K. E. 3," and doubtless has often been repaired and restored since that time. So let us enter, and passing up an interior quite in keeping with the beauty of the exterior, and adorned with some fine carving and grand old windows, proceed up the church to where, just within the chancel-rails, upon the second step of the altar, are placed side by side the graves of Shakespeare, his wife, daughter, and other members of the family. The poet's is covered by a flat stone engraved with the following verse, said to have been written by himself shortly before his decease :

" Good frend for Iesvs sake forbear,  
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;  
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,  
And cvrst be he that moves my bones."

An old tradition says that his wife and daughter both desired to be laid in the same grave with him, but no one dared venture to incur the above penalty. And in later times respect for his wishes, if not fear of the anathema, has doubtless prevented what I should be inclined to look upon as sacrilege. On the north wall, just above the poet's grave, is his well-known monument, where he is represented as writing in a scroll, lying on a cushion; it is coloured and gilded in what appeared to me very doubtful taste. After reading the various inscriptions on

the graves of his wife, daughter and son-in-law, the westering sun glowing through one of the richly-stained glass windows warned us how time was flying, and as we had yet another visit to make, forced us to hurry off.

A short drive by a winding road bordered with hawthorn-hedges, occasional tall elms and green fields on both sides, soon brought us to the hamlet of Shottery, where, on the left-hand side of the road, stands the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife. Several little rosy-cheeked country children of both sexes were standing at the wicket offering visitors "posies" gathered in the pretty old-time garden, and made happy by a few pence. The house itself, which stands facing the garden and end-on to the road, is a long, low timber-framed building, with a thick thatched roof that has been cut away to permit light into the upper chambers, and evidently constructed at different times, as there are two different levels in roof and floor; but is said to be now just as it was when Shakespeare used to come here courting. A venerable-looking dame who was drawing water with a bucket from the ancient well in front of the house, dropped a curtsy and invited us to enter, which we did by a couple of stone steps leading to an old oak door. The principal living-room is of moderate size, with broad, open fire-place, and seats on each side, the blue sky being visible through its capacious chimney. An ancient dresser pretty well filled with old crockery, a spinning-stool and a high-backed oaken settle, on which 'tis said the future poet used to sit with his sweetheart—doubtless when the old folks were snugly ensconced in the "ingle-newk"—are some of the objects of interest in this room. Ascending from it by a

steep and narrow staircase, you attain the room in which Anne was born, with ceiling so low that it as well as the surrounding walls are so covered with inscriptions, names and initials that you would find it difficult to write your own if you wished to, which we didn't. Here is an old carved oak bedstead of the Elizabethan period, with posts and tester of the same material, said to have been an heirloom of the family from the sixteenth century. On it lies a large home-spun linen sheet and pillow-case, each ornamented with an open-work lace seam or insertion about an inch and a half wide down their centers. Both are marked "E. H.," and have been used by the Hathaways on special occasions, such as births, deaths and marriages, for centuries—a common custom in Warwickshire, where many families show with pride embroidered bed-linen treasured up in carved oak chests similar to one in this same room. I cannot quite account for it, but somehow this place seemed fuller of interest and pleasant memories, to both M. and me, than did the bard's own birth-place. Perhaps it was partly due to a lovely autumn afternoon, pleasant recollections of our own courting days, and much to the sympathy we felt with the worthy dame in charge, last of the Hathaway blood, from whose proprietorship the property has passed away forever. She told us that its present owner permitted her to occupy it during her lifetime, and so, after wishing her a long and happy one, pledged in a glass of clear, cold water from Anne Hathaway's well, we bid her adieu.

Should you ask me how I felt when wandering among the different scenes so full of interest that we have witnessed to-day, I must confess that I could not at all



analyze the emotions evoked by them, and must leave to your own imagination to conjure up how you yourself would feel amid surroundings so fully entwined with the glorious literature of our English race.

Returning to Stratford again by another charming route, we lunched at the Shakespeare Hotel, whose buxom hostess—I wonder why English hostesses are always buxom—took M., and not me, for an American. Following her directions we wandered back by streets everywhere full of some Shakespearian recollection, to the railway station, and were soon on our way to Birmingham and Shrewsbury, getting to the latter place at 8 P. M., tired and done up. Before we reached this it had begun to rain, and I assure you we were glad of the shelter of our cozy and excellent inn, The Raven, where Farquhar wrote his famous comedy “The Recruiting Officer.”

Next morning broke gray and wet, our good fortune had forsaken us, but as we had no special charter for “Queen’s weather” always, we put the best face we could on it by hiring a vehicle and starting off to see the town. It is of great antiquity, and like all border towns, standing as it does on the confines of England and Wales, has “a strange, eventful history,” but into which I do not propose to enter very fully, merely noting that it has often changed masters between the conflicting British and Saxon races in the earlier days, and that several parliaments have been held here in subsequent times. Perhaps the most noted battle fought in the vicinity was when Henry IV. defeated the Percies and their allies in 1403, and Falstaff and the valiant Hotspur “fought a long hour by

Shrewsbury clock," according to the obese and mendacious knight's account of the affair.

Shrewsbury is nearly surrounded by the river Severn, and must have been a place of great strength and value to the combatants in former times from that very circumstance. Some remains of its ancient walls are yet to be seen, and the castle, perched upon a red sandstone rock—overlooking the Great Western railway station and much of the surrounding country—is still partly habitable, having fared better than many of its compeers in the struggle between the people and the crown, being taken by the Parliamentarians in 1644. Two bridges, called respectively the English and Welsh, cross the river Severn, connecting the ancient with the more modern town and suburbs and giving access to the Principality and the Anglo-Saxon kingdom.

It formerly possessed several monasteries and a fine old Benedictine Abbey, now known as the Church of Holy Cross. We found the doors closed, but a penny to an urchin in the street soon brought a thrifty dame from somewhere in the neighbourhood with the key. We were much struck with the beauty of its interior, fine glass and ancient monuments, but not able to bestow on it either the time or attention it deserved. The old market-house, with the upper chambers built on rows of massive pillars (in the open spaces between which agricultural produce is sold), is well worthy of a visit, from the quaintness and old-time look of it. Its principal gable-end is adorned with a statue and inscription—of I forget whom—and surmounted by a clock; whether it be the one that told the hour for the Falstaffian duel, neither history nor I record.

In the vicinity of the town is a column to the memory of Lieutenant-General Lord Hill, of Peninsular and Waterloo fame, who did the state much service, and was a native of this county. A similar honour is paid to another distinguished Salopian—Robert, Lord Clive—who, entering the East India Company's service in the civil department when their fortunes were at a very low ebb, threw down the pen for the sword and by his indomitable will and courage in the attack on, capture and subsequent defence of Arcot against vastly superior numbers, with other successes culminating in the splendid victory of Plassey, laid the foundation of our magnificent empire of the East. In this last fight with a force of three thousand men, only eight hundred of whom were British, he crossed the river and attacked the army of Suraja Dowlah, consisting of fifty thousand infantry, eighteen thousand cavalry and fifty French allied artillerymen, gaining a most complete victory, and receiving the title of Baron Plassey therefor.

I feel I have digressed somewhat, and so must hurry on through the rain to perhaps the most picturesque town in England, the ancient episcopal city of Chester. It stands on the right bank of the river, which is crossed by a superb stone arch of two hundred feet span, being some twenty miles from its estuary, where Mary drave the cattle home, etc. As an important Roman station on the great military road called Watling street, leading into North Wales, it was named "*Devana Castra*," and the two main streets crossing each other at right angles, were by the Romans cut out of the rocky sandstone height on which the city stands, several feet below the level of the houses. The plan of these streets is most curious, and I think unique,

not only in England, but in Europe. "The front parts of their second stories, as far back as sixteen feet, form a continuous paved promenade or covered gallery"—very pleasant to walk in—"open in front, where there are pillars and steps up from the street below, with private houses above, inferior shops and warehouses beneath and the chief shops of the town within." The dwelling houses occupying the stories above these "Rows," as in local parlance they are called, have their fronts on a line with those of the lower story, and in some instances overhanging the street below. They are half-timbered structures, with curiously carved ornamental gables, some of them being very elaborate, dating from the sixteenth century. One house in particular is pointed out to you, called "God's Providence House." It is very finely carved and bears across its front the inscription, "GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE," and tradition affirms it was the only house that escaped the plague during the terrible visitation of 1665. The rain having ceased, we enjoyed very much the novelty and strangeness of walking in these covered ways, and purchasing some very excellent photographs of them to aid you in understanding what I fear I have but imperfectly described in words. At the end of one of them, before descending the steps into the lower street, we passed through the campanile of a fine old church, but I have forgotten to whom it was dedicated. The city is nearly enclosed in an oblong quadrangle of ancient walls in excellent preservation; they are of about two miles in extent, with four gates, some eight feet in thickness, and their summit forming a very pleasant promenade—secured now by parapets, where M. and I walked abreast at ease



and enjoyed the lookout over the excellent race-course and much of the surrounding country. I also ascended by steps from the street to another part of the walls near the water gate, obtaining a comprehensive view of much of the ancient town. To my right was a tower on the walls called King Charles I.'s Tower, with a moat full of water on one side, and said by our Jehu to have been so named because that monarch witnessed the defeat of his forces from it by the Parliamentary army during the long and stubborn defence of the city ere it finally succumbed to the latter, but I doubt much if history will bear out this story.

Our next visit was to the far-famed cathedral, formerly the Abbey of St. Werburgh—a Saxon Saint—and for many centuries one of the richest in the realm, “King Alfred’s daughter having brought her remains to Chester and founded a monastic house in her name.” No doubt the fame of its great wealth caused the frequent attacks from which this place suffered at the hands of Danes and Northmen, and notwithstanding its great strength it was taken by the former in 894. Ethelfrida retook it in 904, and rebuilt the walls. For some centuries after the Norman conquest, the Earls of Chester—a title still borne by the Prince of Wales—kept their own courts and parliaments here, and at the present day the city is a county in itself, and returns two members to Parliament. To revert to the cathedral: It is an irregular but massive-looking structure, unfortunately built of sandstone and crumbling to decay despite frequent restorations in early and later days. The architecture is very varied from the above cause, embracing Saxon, Norman, Gothic and Decorated, but the

effect of the whole, thanks to the genius and skill of the last restorer, Sir Gilbert Scott, is very fine. Its interior struck us as being more solemn and perhaps more sombre than that of any other church we saw ; it may be this effect was produced by the cloudiness of the day, as well as by the many tattered banners hanging from its walls. I do not remember being struck by the beauty of its windows ; indeed, our time was far too short for a satisfactory visit.

Two other objects of interest I feel that I must mention, both of which we visited : the ancient church of Saint John, built, like the cathedral, of sandstone, and partly in ruins, said to have been founded by Ethelred in 698, and the former palace of the Stanleys, a timbered building of great antiquity, but to neither of which could we do justice, and our great regret was we had not a week to spare for this most interesting city, which our American kinsmen usually make their first sight-seeing visit to, unless bound straight for London, and I think they are wise.

Returning again to the handsome and important railway station, we took train for Liverpool, passing across the county Palatine of Cheshire, and over the river Mersey, by a fine bridge, at I think Runcorn, whence a few miles through an uninteresting country brought us pretty well fatigued with the day's exertions, to our old quarters at the North-Western Hotel.

While sitting in the parlor of the hotel this same evening engaged in letter writing, a voice at my elbow enquired if my name was L. Replying that it was, and entering into conversation with my interlocutor, we were very pleased to find that he was one of "our American

cousins" who had come to England with his mother chiefly to visit the last resting-place of his father, who had died in Liverpool some quarter of a century ago a few days after landing from America, having been recommended by his physicians to try what his native air would do for him. He recognized me from a photograph he had seen somewhere among our friends, and we were very pleased to meet him and his mother, and enjoyed their society much during the few days we remained together, they, like us, being homeward bound, and sailing for New York the same day we left for Canada.

Why I mention this incident is from its strangeness that two parties of one family, each ignorant of the other's plans or movements, should, after long years of absence from their native land and in widely separated parts of the earth, meet together in a Liverpool hotel! Truly, as some say, steam, electricity and the facilities of travel have made the world but a small place in these days. An immediate consequence of above strange rencounter was the finding of other kinsfolk whose kind and affectionate manners endeared them to us at once, and fully justified our adoption of the titles of uncle and aunt, with which their love invested us. Dr. M. and his charming wife visited us immediately on being made acquainted with our presence in Liverpool, and, as he remarked, it was truly "an unlooked-for gathering of the clans." It resulted in our running down by rail to visit them at their home in Ormskirk, an ancient town situated on the old road between Liverpool and Preston, some dozen miles from the former place, which was once known, as Ormskirkians tell you with perhaps pardonable pride, as

Liverpool near Ormskirk ! Our journey lay through a rather flat but yet a pretty country, and the glorious freshness of a late autumn day, with the geniality of our friends and their charming family, made our visit in every way a memorable one. This is one of those quiet, pleasant towns which you occasionally find in England, robbed of bustle and trade by its vigorous neighbour, and yet pervaded by such a general air of repose that the thought is borne in upon your mind that it could be a peaceful haven in your declining days, though it has known much of turmoil and warfare, especially during the troublous Parliamentary times. In the principal street is a statue of the late Earl Beaconsfield, said to be an excellent likeness of that distinguished statesman, but why clad in a Roman toga I know not, and I fancy that, like him, the townsfolk are very conservative and jealous of England's honour and glory.

An object of great interest to us was the ancient church whose history seems shrouded in much uncertainty as to date of foundation or erection. Tradition attributes church and town to Orm, a Saxon or Danish founder, and it is certain that they both existed in the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion. The present edifice is of various dates and styles, but an undoubted Saxon window exists in the chancel wall. Divided from the church by a screen is the Derby Chapel, the burial place of the house of Stanley for three centuries past, and in the vault beneath lies the coffin containing the remains of the celebrated Countess Charlotte de La Tremouille, whose successful defence of Lathom House against the Parliamentary forces during her husband's enforced absence, has made her name illus-



trious. In the same place are deposited the two coffins containing the head and body of the "great earl," her husband, who was, during the siege of Lathom House, in his Kingdom of Man by orders of King Charles I., and was subsequently taken and executed at Bolton for his adherence to the royal cause and the part he took in the battle of Worcester. The edifice itself, which stands on a hill in a large "God's Acre," literally paved with grave-stones, is peculiar from the fact of its having at the same end two adjoining towers, one large and square and the other surmounted by a spire, the effect of which is very curious. A local tradition says two maiden sisters erected the building, and being of different opinions as to whether it should have tower or steeple and spire, settled the matter each to her own liking by giving it both. Lathom House, so celebrated for its siege and defence by the gallant Countess, was subsequently destroyed by order of Parliament, and we did not feel interest enough in the present building erected on its site to visit it, but returned to Liverpool after a thoroughly enjoyable "outing."

We spent a very pleasant day with the Misses S., daughters of our former bishop, at their fine establishment in New Brighton, all of us mutually delighted with reminiscences of old Honolulu days. What wondrous changes time has effected in this place, like what is now the city of San Francisco when first I knew it. This was at that time a waste of sand and scrub; now man's energy and enterprise within forty short years have converted both into flourishing and handsome cities, but of course the palm for wealth and importance belongs to the latter.

Our short stay in Liverpool was pretty fully occupied

in arranging matters for our homeward trip, bidding adieu to friends, and the multifarious things that crowd upon the traveller on the eve of his journey.

However unwilling we may be to quit old England's shores, the day will come at last when we must do so, and it broke upon us fair with strong westerly winds, but changed after noon to squally weather, with heavy showers of rain.

At 4 P. M., September 24th, we embarked by tug from the landing-stage to join our ship, the "Polynesian," Capt. Ritchie—of the Allan Line—appropriate name for us, lying off the Princes pier in the river and bound for Quebec. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather many kind friends came to bid us adieu, among them C. R., whose good offices, with pleasant memories of Honolulu in former years, will always endear him to us. Our newly found "American cousins," too, were there, and like us, also homeward bound, so that the pilgrims who on their arrival in their native land had none of their own kith and kin to welcome them, on their departure from it were cheered by the presence of many. We lay waiting for the tide to serve, until a glorious full moon arose, and, as Jack says, "scoffed up all the dirt!" when the evening became fair and we were soon under weigh, crossing the bar at about 7 P. M. It was too dark for us to see our friends' (the Misses S.) promised signal from New Brighton, but the long line of lights on either shore and twinkling from the masts and stays of ships in the river, with the moon making her silver pathway on the broad Mersey, was very fair to look upon. Of course some sadness weighed upon our spirits, even though we were bound to our dear ones

in the sunny isles, for we were leaving much-loved ones behind us and, too, the dear land of our birth. We lingered long by the taffrail till the cool breath of the ocean and increased motion of the ship warned M. to go below, and we were fain to say, "My native land, good-night!" and to add from the heart, without quoting further, "God bless you."

Next morning broke fair with a strong nor-west wind, and we were ploughing away through the North Channel. On our right the shores of Old Scotland were plainly visible, and to our left the Emerald Isle. About half-past 10 "Ailsa Craig," rising abruptly in sheer precipice from the sea over 1,000 feet, was on our starboard beam, and three hours later the basaltic columns of the "Giant's Causeway" on our port beam, clear weather and bright sun giving us a good view of each.

At 2:30 P. M. we entered Lough Foyle, passing the pretty village of Green Castle, its disused fortifications overgrown with ivy, and came to anchor off Moville at 3 o'clock, to await the mails from Londonderry. The stillness of the ship in these quiet waters and beauty of the surrounding scenery brought our fellow voyagers on deck, some of whom had friends come off to see them, and we all took advantage of our stay to send last adieus and messages to our loved ones.

The city of Londonderry, so celebrated for its famous siege and defence, is situated some eighteen miles above where the river Foyle empties into this beautiful sheet of water. We could discern with our glasses its towers and steeples, and would fain have visited so interesting a spot, but the speedy arrival of a steamer with the latest

mails from the United Kingdom, for which we were waiting, precluded the possibility of that, so we were fain to be content with the fair view surrounding us, when our anchor was tripped and off we were again. We were not much more than a good-sized family party, numbering some thirty-five or forty in the saloon, but we were a very genial and pleasant one, and I shall ever look back with pleasure to the days spent on board the good ship "Polynesian." Our captain was a thorough seaman and a kind and courteous gentleman, as all masters of these great ocean steamships should be, these virtues being by no means incompatible with thorough seamanship.

Our passage across these Northern seas included almost every variety of weather, but with nearly invariable head winds, and sometimes a sea so heavy as to necessitate the "governor" being put on to prevent racing of the screw. We saw a good many vessels under both steam and sail, otherwise there was but little to relieve the monotony of sea-life, for frequent hazy and foggy weather, with the decline of temperature, the mercury being sometimes down to 40°, precluded the usual ship-board amusement on deck.

On Friday the 2d of October, a fair, cool day with smooth sea, we sighted Belle Isle, and soon were in the straits, with above land on our starboard quarter, the desolate shores of Labrador on the bow, and along our port beam the island of Newfoundland. All honour to the early navigators who dared these wild, tempestuous and unknown seas, whether in search of Noreast or Norwest passages, or as mere adventurers; they were truly gallant spirits, the Cabots, Willoughbys, Hawkins,



Frobishers, Gilberts and many more whose names stand high in the estimation of all sailors. They had not, like us, patent logs, patent sounding-machines—not necessitating the stopping of the ship—perfect nautical instruments, and elaborate charts; as to the latter, of course they had none at all, for they went into these wild, foggy and utterly unknown regions simply trusting in their own good seamanship and a bright lookout; therefore, I say again, all honour to them.

Next day was thick and foggy, so we did not go at our highest speed, the doleful-sounding steam whistle, patent log and sounding-machine being in constant requisition. Oh! what a life of anxiety must the captain of one of these great ocean steamers lead, and I greatly fear they are not recompensed accordingly. During the night we passed the Island of Anticosta, Sunday morning coming clear and fair with light westerly winds and the land of Gaspe lying along our port beam some seven or eight miles off. Soon again the envious fog shut down and hid all from our view till about noon, when the glorious sun asserted his supremacy and we found ourselves steaming along the right bank of the noble St. Lawrence, outlet of five great lakes. The shore was dotted all along with French-Canadian villages and tiny churches, surmounted with the same funny-looking extinguisher-shaped roofs that we had been familiar with in France, the bright rays of the midday sun shining on these and the broad river, making a fair landscape indeed. During the afternoon the weather again assumed a threatening look, so after consultation with our captain, fearing fog might come on, and as we were bound to be in San Francisco on the 14th, we decided

to land at Ramouski with the mails. At 6 P. M. we were at this place, when a small steamer came off for the mail-bags to be transmitted by rail to Point Levi, some hundred miles above and on the opposite shore from the city of Quebec.

Our captain, with his usual thoughtful courtesy, had ordered dinner for us an hour before the usual time, so that when the steamer came alongside we were ready to start at once. By this time the usual hour for the saloon passengers' dinner had arrived, but notwithstanding the continual booming of the gong and imperative calls of the inner man, not one of our "family party" would leave the deck until they had seen us fairly off, amid the parting cheers of the men and waving of handkerchiefs from the gentler sex, for which kindly demonstration I trust we were fully grateful. Stepping on to the crowded and untidy decks of the little steamer, with her queer-looking machinery, what a gabble of Canadian-French assailed our ears, and how unlike in sound to that with which we had been familiar in Paris some two months ago! Surely, said I, this must be the "French of Stratforde atte Bowe," but further acquaintance inclined me to attribute to it a sort of Teutonic character and sound which the slow, easy manners and apparent phlegmatic temperament of the speakers, almost devoid of civility, served to illustrate; not, understand me, that I desire to attribute the latter fault to the Teutonic race.

It was nearly dark when we landed on a miserable wharf, crowded with every possible obstruction in the way of timber, coils of rope and general litter of a badly kept riverside railway, but after nearly tumbling into several

holes and losing our way in the confusion we were glad to gain the shelter of the cars, as it was just beginning to rain heavily. And this is an express train carrying Her Majesty's mails, and we are in a British colony with no language spoken but a French *patois*! Such were my thoughts, given vent to, I fear, in no very amiable language. M's reply was that if "I expected to understand all the dialects spoken in the Queen's dominions my attainments as a linguist would be considerable." I admitted this, but could not be reconciled to our mode or means of transit. Just fancy a bare, dirty car, a good deal like an old wild-beast caravan, with a few hard wooden seats, lighted by a solitary, dirty, smoking oil-lamp, officials all doing the same, and warmed by an open stove in one corner breathing out sulphureous fumes instead of heat, from bad coal, and you have our first impressions of a Canadian railway carriage, for which we had paid to the captain of the river steamer first-class fare.

After a while, the mails being got on board, we left this squalid-looking place, but only to pass through many more looking similarly unfinished, water-soaked and bearing a strong family likeness to it. I am bound to say that our speed was good, but oh! the jolting and jumping of the train was only equalled by that of my heart into my mouth, as we plunged onwards during the rain, storm, lightning, thunder and darkness of the night.

Shortly before midnight we arrived at Point Levi, opposite to the city of Quebec, where the mails are transhipped, and finding that the ferry-boat was in waiting we decided to cross at once, as fortunately for us it had ceased raining for a while. We were soon on board the

huge machine, doubtless well calculated to stem the current of the mighty river and for freighting purposes, but what a contrast to the fine boats crossing from San Francisco to Oakland ; a few bare seats, no upholstery or ornamentation of any kind, and both freight and passengers carried on one deck.

We were soon across, and by this time it was blowing and raining harder than ever ; the captain, who thank goodness spoke English, kindly sent a man on shore to seek for a conveyance, but after a while he returned to say that none could be had. Here was a pretty predicament for the pilgrims, so that we were forced to accept, with thanks, the captain's kind offer of a couple of his hands to carry our valise and pilot us to the St. Louis Hotel. I wonder if we shall ever forget the adventures of that night, the wading through the mud, overflowing kennels and darkness of the lower town, or the incessant climb, climb, climb, necessary to attain the upper town, and all the time raining "cats and dogs." At one point we were confronted by a long flight of steep wooden steps, dimly discernible by a flickering lamp, which our guides called a street and a short cut to our destination, but on M's declaring the ascent to be impracticable and impossible in her drenched and tired condition, on we tramped again on our apparently endless march.

However, all things, good or evil, must have an end and so our arduous task did in time, when a thundering knock at the door of the St. Louis Hotel was answered by a man in his shirt-sleeves and disclosed to our delighted eyes a large hall warmed by a stove and apparently unlimited rows of boots and shoes, so numerous that M.



thought we had made a mistake and got into a shoe-shop. How thankful we were for this haven of refuge and how quickly we got rid of our drenched outward garments I need hardly tell you, but what was our horror to find on asking for refreshments, so necessary after the benefit we had, to be told that everybody was gone to bed, bar and larder locked up and nothing to be got until the morning. Here was a pretty *pilikia*, so as there was nothing better to be done we determined to follow the example of the other inmates of the house and go to bed also, solacing ourselves with the idea that fatigue would make us sleep and thankful that we had a little brandy in a flask that we had brought with us from Liverpool. Before, however, we had got to bed came a rap at the door and our friend "Boots" had somehow or other managed to find some bread and cheese, with a jug of milk, off which we made a regular Lucullan supper, and so to rest. Hardly had we got to sleep when we were disturbed by the sonorous striking of apparently a mad church clock, in some adjacent room or passage; I say mad, for as we were only in the "wee sma hours ayont the twal," this thing appeared to boom on incessantly and did so at intervals throughout the night, we being too tired to count the strokes.

On enquiring of the bell-boy in the morning when he came to fill our bath, where the confounded clock was, he assured us that there was nothing of the kind anywhere near. We hardly knew what to make of this statement; we could not be mistaken, and scarcely had he left the room when boom! boom! boom! went the thing again, and we discovered that the disturber of our slumbers was our own small travelling-clock, whose time had not been altered

since leaving Liverpool, and which I had placed, while unpacking our valise, on the top of a table containing an empty drawer, hence the reverberation and magnitude of sound which we had not noticed during the voyage, as it was always hanging in a leathern case upon a hook in our cabin. We looked at each other and burst into a laugh at our mutual stupidity! And then the beams of the bright morning sun coming streaming through our window, sent us down to breakfast in a good humour and none the worse for the fatigue, wetting and incidents of the previous night.

This important function ended, and our ticket secured by the Grand Trunk Railway for Chicago, we got a carriage and started off to see as much of the celebrated city and its environs as time would permit. It was a glorious morning, bright and clear, with a fresh breeze blowing and cold enough to make the buffalo-robcs with which our carriage was supplied feel very comfortable; and while we are bowling along in it I will tell you something of this celebrated town. It is situated on the left bank of St. Lawrence river, on a promontory formed by its junction with the St. Charles, ending in the point called Cape Diamond, which is surmounted by an impregnable-looking citadel, the land falling in almost inaccessible rocky precipice down three hundred and forty feet to the river. The old French town which lies along the river banks and around toward the St. Charles, apparently nestling under protection of the fort-crowned rock, with its narrow, tortuous, and in some places steep streets and ancient-looking houses, does not seem very imposing, gazing down upon it as we did from above, though St. Peter

street and some others contain many good buildings used as banks, insurance and other offices.

The ascent to the upper portion of the city I told you something of last night, and I do not care to recapitulate, but when seen as we saw it to-day the view from thence, especially from the Durham and Dufferin Terrace, is truly superb. This splendid promenade, which is partly scarped from the side of the cliff and partly built of timber, in places where it juts out and overhangs the town below, almost enabling you to look down the chimneys of the houses, is 1,400 feet in length, of a noble breadth, and 200 feet above the river, protected by a railing on the outside and furnished with frequent seats, roofed over for convenience of promenaders; at its upper end is a long flight of steep steps communicating with the citadel above, where on a platform before a postern-gate was a volunteer sentry pacing up and down, the Imperial troops having been withdrawn in 1870. The other extremity has a hydraulic lift, intended to save visitors the climb from the lower town, but our experience of a similar contrivance at the Whirlpool Rapids on the Niagara River did not induce us to try it. When illumined as it is at night with the electric light the effect is superb, and the prospect from it by day one of the finest in the world; above, below and at your feet is the noble river rolling majestically to the sea, and liberally sprinkled with every description of craft. Below, the view is bounded, if I may use the term, for it is almost illimitable, by the Isle of Orleans, here dividing the noble stream and containing many villa residences; above, by a point of land jutting out and forming one side of what is known as Wolfe's

Cove. On the opposite bank is Point Levi, with the wharves and warehouses of the ocean steamers, and the railway station and depot of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Beyond, and at the back of this, far as the eye can reach, is a grand champaign country, stretching into the far distance, plentifully dotted with villages and farms; go and see it and then you can understand our delight and realize what I cannot find words to tell you. Immediately above the terrace, on a broad, handsome street parallel with it, is the Governor's Garden, looking rather wintry now, but containing a fine monumental obelisk to the memories of Wolfe and Montcalm, who both fell in the great fight. Opposite to our hotel is the house that was the latter's headquarters during the siege, and a short distance off the one where Montgomery, the American general, was laid out after his unsuccessful attack on the place in 1775.

Well, by this time, I think, we have driven through most of the principal streets in the upper town, and seen some fine buildings, and now we emerge through the St. John's gate, and on to the renowned Plains of Abraham; to our left the grim citadel—which we had not time to visit—and in front and around us the scene of the great battle, but now covered with farms, houses and villas. We were soon standing on the spot where Wolfe, the victor, fell; it is marked by a column surmounted with military trophies, and an inscription recording the fact. I have called it a great battle, not from the number of men engaged or that were slain, but from its results, which left the Anglo-Saxon race masters of the continent



of America from the frozen North to Florida, and from one sea to another.

I hardly know how to account for it, but somehow or other the story of this fight excited my imagination in my boyhood more, I think, than that of any other I had read of; perhaps from the glamour of Indian warfare about it, combined with the daring of Wolfe's deed, and the fact that both generals, victor and vanquished, fell in the action, Montcalm dying on the day after. And now here we stood on the spot I had so often wished to see, with a grand prospect around us and an exhilarating breeze sweeping across the plain. No wonder the brave fellows fought well after their arduous climb and with no means of retreat left to them, if they had such a day as this.

Having enjoyed the scene as long as time would admit, we turned to our left, crossing the battle-field in rear of the citadel and beginning the descent from the breezy upland down to the river by a steep and winding road cut along the side of Wolfe's Cove.

Shall I tell you something of the fight? Well, to begin, the British army had been encamped for about three months on the Isle of Orleans, nearly opposite the city, the brave and vigilant Montcalm being ever on the watch to defeat their ends, when Wolfe, having by some means discovered the place that now bears his name, with a sort of goat-track leading up its side and but feebly defended above, conceived the desperate plan of surprising it by a night attack, driven no doubt to this conclusion by the approach of winter. Accordingly after midnight of September 13th, 1759, the British forces embarked on their desperate enterprise, and with muffled oars and in silence

dropped on the tide to their destination, but not without being challenged by the French sentries and averting their suspicions by an answer in their own tongue. 'Tis related of Wolfe that while in the boat in conversation with some of his staff on the evanescence of military fame, he is said to have remarked that "he would rather be the author of 'Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard' than win a great victory." Little did he know then that before another night he should gain one that would immortalize him to all time. Landing in silence "they commenced the difficult ascent, supporting themselves by the boughs and shrubs that skirted the narrow path. The Canadian guard on the summit gave way after a few shots, the road to Quebec was gained, and when day dawned Wolfe and his army, inspirited by their success, stood on the Plains of Abraham." Being unsupported by cannon, although in the rear of the fortress, Montcalm determined to attack them. The fight was short but bloody, and the result you know. Somewhere while in England, I am not sure where, for we had seen so many paintings, but I think at Hampton Court, we saw Benjamin West's celebrated picture of the death of Wolfe. How vividly it returned to memory now you can imagine, notwithstanding the difference of its accessories and our surroundings.

To return to our story: On reaching the beginning of the descent what a beautiful view met our eyes! Far below was the shining river—hitherto hidden by the height; we were above it—woods and hills, and down the path we were pursuing its sides were ablaze with the autumn glories of an American landscape—sumach, maple, beech and other trees unknown to us, resplendent in their liver-

ies of gold, crimson, scarlet, amber and all their intermediate shades, blending one into the other. I had alighted through the steepness of the descent and to ease the horses; when near the foot, being engaged in gathering some of the brilliant leaves, a lady accosted us and invited us into the grounds of a beautiful house close to the river, with a fine cascade falling into them from the elevated land above, where we completed our collection.

Our return route lay along the river's banks, past timber yards, where vessels were loading and vast rafts of spars, lumber, etc., moored to its sides, through narrow streets of squalid, decaying wooden houses built along the foot of the great cliff surmounted by the citadel. Its steep sides are here and there scored by fissures down which water was trickling, and in places mounds of shaly-rock, detached by action of the elements, were heaped up. In one place a large board, half way up the precipice, with the inscription, "Here Montgomery fell," marks the spot where that unfortunate American general met his death in the unsuccessful attack on the place in 1775. "Little wonder!" you involuntarily exclaim; the only marvel is how any man, brave though he were to the verge of foolhardiness, could have had the temerity to dare such a feat as attacking this fortress, unreduced by siege, or how he could have got men to follow him unless assured of the cowardice of its defenders or treachery within the gates.

After driving for some distance along the lower streets of the town we returned by a circuitous route, through the open space whereon the Roman Catholic Cathedral is built, to our hotel. The cathedral is a spacious building, with no great pretensions to beauty of design; it looks

vast in the interior and has in front of the high altar a sort of alcove, resplendent in blue and gold, different from anything I ever saw before. The walls are adorned with some fine paintings, but the effect of the whole was chilling to me for want of worshippers, only one little girl coming rapidly up the steps, laying down her basket, murmuring a short prayer at the shrine of some favourite saint, and out again into the busy paved square.

The other "sights" of Quebec we were forced to forego, and so returned to rest awhile ere we resumed our long journey. I was awakened from a nap on a sofa by girlish voices and merry laughter, to find that the "Polynesian" had arrived, and many of our fellow passengers come up to the *St. Louis*. The storm of the previous night had detained them some hours, but the course we took had enabled us to see the town, arrange our business matters, and be ready for a start again.

Accordingly at 9:30 P. M. we re-crossed the river, and took the Grand Trunk Railway for Montreal. All night we rushed along at good speed on this excellent line, passing no doubt many towns of more or less importance, all lost to us, who were making up for the fatigues of the former night in profound sleep.

Next morning brought a bright, clear, bracing day, with the sun sparkling on grass, trees and shrubs—all covered with the rime of a hoar frost—and on the noble river, which we crossed by the celebrated Victoria bridge, and were in the city of Montreal. This magnificent structure is tubular and built of iron, resting on twenty-four piers of great strength in order to resist the weight of ice in the winter and spring, and with its abutments meas-



ures over one and three-quarter miles in length, leading to a railway station that would be a credit to any place.

The site of this city—like that of Quebec—was discovered by the celebrated Jacques Cartier, and on his first beholding the beautiful hill at whose foot and on whose slope the town is built, called forth from him the exclamation, “Mont Royale!” hence its present name. It is situated on an island formed by two branches of the Ottawa river falling into the St. Lawrence, and the surrounding scenery is very beautiful indeed. The traveller arriving from Quebec cannot fail being struck with the wonderful difference existing between the two towns and their inhabitants. The former seems to be quiet, sleepy, unprogressive, and satisfied with its lot; this one young, brisk and striving, the bustle of a busy people around you, and the English language—a sure sign of progress—spoken on all sides.

Longfellow’s “Evangeline” and “Psalm of Life” were forcibly presented to my thoughts as I mentally compared the two cities. The few streets our limited time permitted us to see were broad and spacious, containing many noble buildings; at the upper end of one of them, near the government offices (which are very fine), is the Windsor Hotel, a first-rate hostelry with every modern elegance and luxury, where we got an excellent breakfast. The view above is bounded by the “Mountain”—or rather mountains, for there are two—of Jacques Cartier, now laid out with roads and drives around and along each, and their sides adorned with many beautiful villa residences. The woods upon its slopes were looking lovely in their autumn dress, the brilliant tints glowing

like fire amid the sombre pines in the bright rays of the morning sun. I am told that along their base the best and most luscious fruit as well as the finest vegetables grown in Canada are produced, and I am quite ready to believe the statement, for I never ate apples that could at all compare with some we purchased here, either for juiciness or delicacy of flavour; neither did I ever see such cauliflowers, you could scarcely put some of them into a flour-barrel! Prominent above the town are the towers of the Roman Catholic Cathedral, said to be the finest ecclesiastical structure in British America; it has also a handsome Anglican Cathedral, and many other fine churches of different denominations, which, with much of this beautiful city, we were forced unwillingly to forego.

At 9 o'clock, hurried by the impatient screaming of the locomotive we were off again, our track lying for the most part along the margin of the shining river, whose surface was enlivened with many craft of different kinds. Soon we entered the Province of Ontario, passing Kingston—where you embark to see the Thousand Isles—and many other thriving towns of more or less importance, with the vast lake gleaming bright on the left, and to your right lovely autumnal woods and a varied, charming landscape. This day's ride was a perfect succession of delights, every fresh turn or bend of the iron road calling forth expressions of pleasure as some new beauty was developed.

What wondrous bodies of water these vast American lakes seem to a native of the British Isles, who dignifies his own small mountain tarns with the same name; so vast are they that you could almost put the Kingdom of

Great Britain into them and yet not fill them up. By half-past 10 at night we had reached the city of Toronto, but nature's demand for sleep was so imperative that I was only aware of some extra bustle, a confusion of many tongues, and gleaming lights flashing to and fro.

Next morning found us at Point Edward, the southern extremity of Lake Huron, where it empties itself by the St. Clair river running down towards Detroit. What a lovely morn it was!—a gentle breeze, just enough to ripple the surface of the lake, but scarcely to fill the sails of the craft on its broad bosom; the rays of the early sun glistening on a landscape covered with hoar-frost, upon the placid lake, the sails of vessels, and white shaft of the light-house. It was a perfect vision of beauty. Nature had seemingly done her best to make all things look fair, but man's performances were mean and sordid in the extreme by comparison, and I was astounded to find so poor accommodations and conveniences at the terminus of an important line. While waiting here for the arrival of another train we got a rough but plentiful breakfast, and then were ferried—cars and all—across the St. Clair river into the State of Michigan, United States of America.

Now occurred the most vexatious incident of our whole journey, which I will relate as briefly as I can, in order to put you on your guard against a similar accident. The agent from whom I purchased our tickets in Quebec had told me that on this morning our baggage would be examined by the customs officers at Fort Gratiot, on entering the United States. While crossing the river they came on board and looked over our hand-baggage, I supposing they would overhaul the remainder when we got

to the above-named place, for a sign-board at our landing proclaimed it to be Port Huron. Being, perhaps, too much interested in the sights and scenes around us, I did not trouble about the matter till off we went again and shortly passed a station with Fort Gratiot written on its front, in (to me) astoundingly big letters, and the engine increasing in speed every minute. Seeking our porter I asked where our baggage would be examined, and received a reply that it was all over, and that Port Huron and Fort Gratiot were "all the same, sah!" On searching in the baggage-car, he came back with the intelligence that ours was left behind, detained by the customs authorities. Here was a pretty fix, our time limited, baggage lost, and we forced to push on at all hazards. From the first station our conductor telegraphed back to forward it to Council Bluffs, and on our arrival in Chicago that night, an hour behind time, and therefore losing the train we had hoped to go on by, I repeated the telegram both from baggage depot and the hotel, paying for return message, and yet got no answer. Vexed and dispirited we retired to rest, but not to much sleep, at the Grand Pacific, a vastly more comfortable and quiet house than the Palmer, where we stayed on our former visit.

Morning found me on the alert again and going from one office to another in search of information, but in vain. At length, after waiting for an hour for an official who never came, a clerk suggested that I had better perhaps go to the General Ticket and Passenger Department of the Grand Trunk Railway, as they were the most likely to help me. I am afraid that after being kept for so long kicking my heels impatiently, while my interlocutor



smoked or gossiped with his acquaintances, I was not as grateful for his advice as I ought to have been, for immediately on arrival at above offices I was asked why I had not come previously, assured of their best endeavours to serve us, and to rest satisfied of our things turning up all right in San Francisco. Thankful for their courtesy I left, with instructions that if no other mode was possible to forward them in bond to our destination.

Now to return to Fort Gratiot and our day's ride through this grand State of Michigan: Despite the anxiety we felt about our luggage we could not but admire the fine scenery we were passing through, the many thriving towns on our way, and in some parts of our route its great resemblance to an English landscape. We passed right through one town of apparently considerable importance—I think Durand—with fine broad streets filled with life and bustle and all the attributes of a thriving town. Subsequently we passed Lansing, capital of the state, with numerous trim villa residences in its suburbs, the dome of the Capitol or State House gleaming above the town, and a general air of comfort and prosperity everywhere.

The afternoon was overcast, as were our spirits, and I fear we neither observed nor enjoyed much the remainder of our journey to Chicago, where, as I told you, we arrived an hour late, vexed at having lost our train. As it turned out this was a fortunate circumstance for us after all, for by the delay which we thought vexatious, we at length discovered the proper place to apply to about our missing things, and through them were put in communication with the chief office of the Chicago, Rock Island &

Pacific Railroad Company, who promised to aid us all they could, and furnished me with a letter to their agent at Council Bluffs.

Each time that we have visited this wonderful city of Chicago it has been our misfortune to do so under untoward circumstances. On our former trip it was wet, miserable, muddy weather, the great lake lashed into fury with a gale of wind, and now the little time we might have utilized for seeing something of it was lost in racing about through, I am bound to admit, considerable mud, after our missing effects.

Shortly after noon we were off again on above-named excellent line of road, passing through the northern end of the State of Illinois, amid much varied park-like scenery, with fine woods, which have not yet so fully assumed their brilliant dress as those of Canada. Many towns and villages lie in our route till at 7:30 p. m. we cross the "Father of Waters" from Rock Island to Davenport, and are in the State of Iowa. Apparently these towns are both of considerable importance. As we were kept here some time shunting to and fro, for to us some inscrutable reason, we had ample time to observe the many lights of both towns shining in their streets and reflected in the grand Mississippi. Off again through a night brilliant with stars, but not affording sufficient light to see much of our surroundings, only that they were very fair.

Half-past 9 o'clock next morning, as lovely a day as heart could wish, found us at Council Bluffs. No intelligence so far as to our lost trunks, but one little gleam of satisfaction in that we found a valise that had not been locked and could therefore be examined in the baggage

depot. Here I gave up my "checks" to the authorities, getting a receipt for them and promise of a telegram at Cheyenne, and soon we were crossing the turbid Missouri river over the grand bridge to Omaha. This was without exception the most miserable day of our long wanderings for months past. The streets of the town, ill-paved and uneven, were hot, dry and dusty, and the general unfinished look of the place dispiriting. We tried a ride into the suburbs on the street cars only to find things worse, with trees and shrubbery looking dry, wilted and forlorn. Add to this my perturbation of spirit and a vile headache that kept me the greater part of the day on a bed at the Paxton House, and you will not wonder that our reminiscences of Omaha are anything but pleasant. No doubt the town occupies a grand site for trade and commerce, situated as it is on the banks of the great river and the line of communication from East to West, and yet it did not strike me as being what our American cousins call "a live town."

In the evening we re-crossed the river to Council Bluffs, and soon after 8 o'clock, glad to get out of this place, started on our long westward journey.

The following morning on the prairies was perfectly lovely, fresh, clear and invigorating, with the erratic waters of the North Platte flashing in silver light on a network of small channels. All day long our course lay over the rolling prairies, gradually ascending, rich with dry grass and herds of fat cattle, enlivened occasionally by the smoke of some lonely homestead or the white-covered wagons of an emigrant party going, ever as they do, toward the setting sun.

Arrived at Cheyenne we found a telegram, "Mr. L's luggage not turned up yet; will telegraph to Ogden." So off we went again satisfied that we were not forgotten and that the railroad people would do their best to help us.

Shortly after 8 P. M. we were at Sherman, summit of the Rocky Mountains, and felt as though we were beginning our descent to our own side of the world.

Another fair day broke upon us, cold enough in the early morn to have large icicles hanging from the water-tanks, but which were soon melted in the sun's ardent rays. The varied landscape of this day's route, with its patches of rocky desert, bright bits of green in vicinity of rivers, grandeur of the cañon scenery and the snowy ranges of mountains north, south and ahead of us, glistening in a bright sun, I have told you of before, so need not recapitulate.

Just before sundown we were among the flourishing fields and homesteads of Mormondom, arriving at Ogden as the god of day was glorifying the amphitheatre of mountains with his departing rays and making all look very fair indeed. Here we got a message, "Baggage all right; will come on to-night."

I think by this time you can understand what a relief it was to know that our belongings would be in San Francisco forty-eight hours after us; so to conclude a long and to you not very interesting episode, such was the case, as it arrived just two hours before we sailed for Honolulu, with the locks forced off, tied up with spun yarn, but all the contents safe.

Left this place at 7:30 P. M. feeling fortified by our good news to face next day's travel over the alkali desolation of



the great American desert. Fortunately it was cool, clear and free from dust, as there had been rain recently. All day long we journeyed on, nothing to relieve the horrid monotony save an occasional short stop at some station, or watching, as on our eastward route before, the myriads of long-eared rabbits, that inhabit parts of this sterile waste, sitting on their haunches, unconcernedly gazing at the passing train or bobbing in and out among the sage-brush.

Night again hid the glorious scenery of the Sierra Nevada from us, and ere day broke we were descending their western slopes through forests and farms, the recently-shorn vast wheat-lands of the latter looking red, parched and dusty. Breakfasted at Sacramento and soon off once more, coursing down the now low, turbid river. Ere noon of October 13th we were in San Francisco again at the "Occidental" and among many familiar faces, from whom we received kindly welcome after our long journey.

















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